THE American MAGAZINE

SUCCESSFUL LIVING FOR THE FAMILY

April 35¢

YOUR HOSPITAL BILL

WHY IT IS SO HIGH AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

by Albert Q. Maisel

★

I HAD A DATE WITH THE QUINTS

by Roul Tunley

★

2 Complete Novels:

THE TALKING CALF MURDER

by Hugh Pentecost

—

VICTORIA, MY WIFE

by Oscar Schisgall

★

TV AND THE 1952 ELECTION

by John Crosby

★

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR COPS?

by Bruce Smith

PLUS 6 SHORT STORIES AND FAMILY OF THE MONTH

Super-Deluxe Model DWA-1150.

LIGHTENS YOUR WORK, BRIGHTENS YOUR KITCHEN!

New Refrigerator by Deepfreeze

Think of the many time-saving features you've always hoped someone would build into a refrigerator. You'll find them *all* in that beautiful refrigerator pictured above. It's the new, improved Refrigerator by Deepfreeze, makers of the world-famous Deepfreeze Home Freezer!

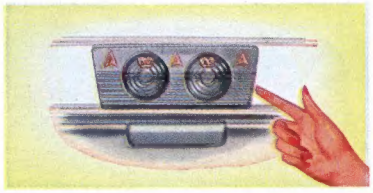
You can store a full week's supply of vitamin-rich, flavorful frozen foods in the Genuine Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment. Lifetime aluminum shelves provide space for items of all shapes and sizes, including gallon milk jugs and a huge turkey. And the transparent twin crispers keep a half-bushel of vegetables and fruits garden-fresh!

The "Door that Stores More" is a story in itself, for it gives you not just shelves, but *features* in the door! In addition to the exclusive "Handy Jugs," there's a Butter Box that keeps butter easy to spread, unique extra-capacity storage for eggs and bottles, and the exclusive, removable "Handy Bin" that preserves small fruits and vegetables.

Choose your new refrigerator from the complete Deepfreeze line of seven models in 9.3 to 11.5 cu. ft. sizes. The familiar name Deepfreeze is your assurance of top quality and long, faithful service. Lighten your work and brighten your kitchen—see your Deepfreeze Dealer!

Genuine Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment

Only the Deepfreeze Refrigerator has this super-efficient genuine Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment. Freezes and stores approximately 50 lbs. of foods, keeps ice cream hard. Separate freezer shelf holds ice cube trays.



Automatic Defrosting—Set It, Forget It!

Deepfreeze does the rest! No pans to empty. No mess. No wiping out the refrigerator interior. No shifting or removing foods from the refrigerator. Defrosting takes place so quickly that frozen foods are not affected.

Exclusive Deepfreeze "Handy Jugs"

At last—practical storage for liquids, just inside the door for instant use! Only the Deepfreeze Refrigerator has these two wonderful quart jugs that fit snugly in their compartments in "The Door that Stores More."

Deepfreeze Home Appliances

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

©1952 Deepfreeze Appliance Division, Motor Products Corporation, North Chicago, Illinois. Makers of genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, Refrigerators, Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Specifications subject to change without notice.

"If he's that way again today I'm Going to Quit!"

SHE whispered it fiercely as she hesitated at the door of his office. This was the dictation that she dreaded every day. The other stenographers felt the same way, yet, of course, none of them would have dared to discuss the real reason with him. It became a matter of general office gossip. And certainly his trouble must have damaged him socially and businesswise outside of the office.

How About You?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And whenever it is, you offend needlessly. Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Be Extra-Careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending because it stops bad breath for hours.

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

When you want that extra assurance, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co. *Division of The Lambert Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . Stops Bad Breath for Hours

SPECIAL ON LISTERINE **TOOTH PASTE, THRIFT-PAK...** TWO 45¢ TUBES 59¢

"Taste that wonderful fresh minty flavor!" SEE THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "WANT TO LEAD A BAND" • ON TELEVISION

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

As a movie-lover, what is your list of the Ten Best Musicals Of All Time? Our own list reaches back to "Broadway Melody" and includes such memorables as "Meet Me In St. Louis", "Anchors Aweigh", "Three Little Words", "Show Boat" and "An American In Paris". And now we are adding another which seems to us the best of them all—M-G-M's new Technicolor extravaganza—"Singin' In The Rain"!

Gay as a rainbow with its hit songs and spectacular dances, inspired by the golden glamor of Hollywood's own fabulous past, "Singin' In The Rain" tells the story of the hectic, halcyon days when movie musicals were born. And for that reason, it is conceived in song-and-dance terms more completely than any other musical ever made.

Light-hearted, wing-footed Gene Kelly is seen as a star at the crossroads of his career. Donald O'Connor has hilarious fun with the role of a Hollywood-and-Vine opportunist. Charming "aba daba" girl Debbie Reynolds is perfect as the screen-struck unknown who sings and dances to fame and romance.

Weaving throughout are the memory-belting songs of Nacio Herb Brown and the picture's producer Arthur Freed. "Fit As A Fiddle" sparks a rollicking vaudeville routine. "All I Do Is Dream Of You" is staged at a studio party. "Good Morning" greets the dawn over Hollywood Boulevard. And these delights are climaxed by "Broadway Melody Ballet", a spectacular sequence.

The actual finale evokes all the dazzle and magic of movietown in a glittering production of "You Are My Lucky Star". Of other songs too numerous to mention, the three strongest contenders for current popularity in our view are "You Were Meant For Me", "Would You?" and the title number, "Singin' In The Rain".

Wearing its heart on its sleeve for Hollywood, "Singin' In The Rain" packs more of everything that makes musicals better than ever. This one is pure sunshine!

★ ★ ★

"SINGIN' IN THE RAIN" starring GENE KELLY, DONALD O'CONNOR, DEBBIE REYNOLDS with Jean Hagen, Millard Mitchell and Cyd Charisse. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor. Story and Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden. Lyrics by Arthur Freed. Music by Nacio Herb Brown. Directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen. Produced by Arthur Freed.

THE American MAGAZINE

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ARTICLES

TV AND THE 1952 ELECTION — John Crosby — 21
Assets and liabilities of Presidential candidates as revealed by the television camera

YOUR HOSPITAL BILL — Albert Q. Maisel — 24
Why it is so high and what you can do about it

I HAD A DATE WITH THE QUINTS — Roul Tunley — 28
A young bachelor goes skating with the 5 most famous young ladies in the world

GAMES ARE GOOD FOR YOU — Marguerite Kohl — 30
A vast storehouse of fun and profit for the whole family

HAPPY LAND OF SKY-BLUE WATERS — Henry Bradshaw — 38
Minnesota and Wisconsin—friendly playground of the fabulous Paul Bunyan

. . . EVERYTHING BUT MONEY! — Clarence Woodbury — 42
How the Parker family achieves happy, successful living on a bus driver's pay

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR COPS? — Bruce Smith — 46
An expert shows you a dozen ways to size up your hometown police force

BY THE WAY— — The Editor — 52
It could happen only in America—this drama of a boy, a man, and a nail

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR TRIP — Thomas Sugrue — 105

WHEN LILIES BLOOM IN BERMUDA — A Vacation Picture Story — 106

A GOOD NAME — John W. McPherrin — 152

NOVELS

VICTORIA, MY WIFE — Oscar Schisgall — 48
She had all the money in the world—but not enough to buy her husband

THE TALKING CALF MURDER—*Mystery* — Hugh Pentecost — 136
A killer stalked the cattle auction, and a calf held a vital clue

STORIES

SHE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR — Charles Tazewell — 22
And she flew right into a man's dreams and into a boy's heart

COMMAND VENGEANCE — John F. Wallace — 26
The sub showed no flag but its identity was clear—and so was its evil mission

WEDDING IN HAITI — Hugh B. Cave — 32
Can a man trust his wife to tell another woman the truth?

INEFFICIENCY EXPERT—*Storiette* — Ruth Harnden — 35
This student counselor knew a few tricks she didn't learn in school

POWER MAN — John and Ward Hawkins — 36
Jake's job was to make life easier for women; the blonde made life hard for Jake

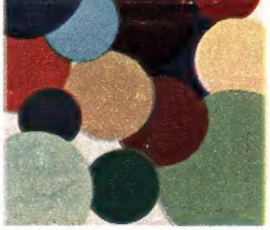
FINDERS KEEPERS—*Short Short* — Herbert Dalmas — 40
It was a real game of cops and robbers, with a girl's happiness at stake

FEATURES

Letters Across the Editors' Desks	4	Easter Quiz	68
Why Don't They?	9	It's the Law!	80
Funny Side of the Street	10	Directory of Schools and Colleges	90
Movies of the Month	12	The Open Door	102
Radio–TV	14	Whodunit	115
Records of the Month	15	Why Is It?	120
Today's Fabulous Figures	16	All in the Family	124
Help for Your House	18	American Buy-Ways	150
Interesting People	53	Cover: *Painting by Peter Stevens*	

EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN EVERY ISSUE

New Royal-Tone Styling. Radiant new colors and harmonizing interiors introduce Royal-Tone Styling.



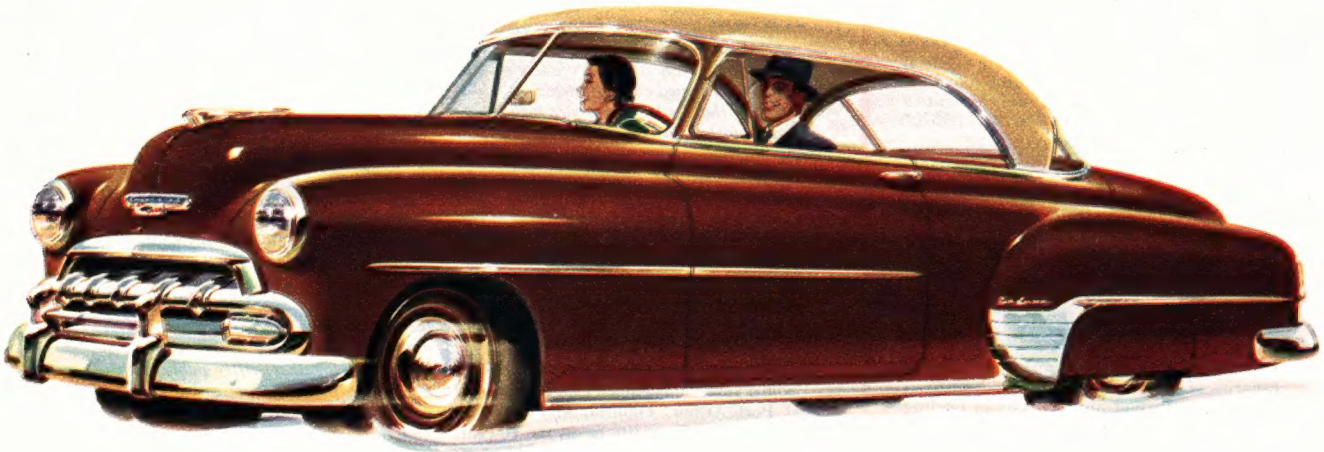
Exciting New Exterior Colors. 26 solid colors and two-tones lend sparkle to outside appearance.

Harmonizing Interiors. Two-tone blue, green or gray interiors distinguish De Luxe sedans and coupe.

New Centerpoise Power. Engine vibration and power impulses are "screened out," isolated from car interior.

Trend-Setting Valve-in-Head Engine. Improved and refined by nearly 40 years of development.

Brilliantly NEW *for '52!*



THIS '52 Chevrolet is brilliantly new, excitingly new, in many wonderful ways. It's smarter looking with brighter solid colors and two-tones to choose from and harmonizing color-matched interiors in De Luxe models. It's smoother running, with new Centerpoise Power that "screens out" engine vibration. It's softer-riding, with new Quick-Reflex shock absorber action. And Chevrolet is the lowest priced line in the low-price field! You'll see why more people buy Chevrolets than any other car when you see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

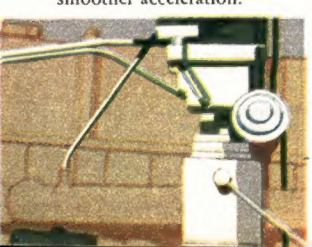
LOWEST PRICED IN ITS FIELD!

This big, beautiful Chevrolet Bel Air—like so many other Chevrolet body types—lists for less than any comparable model in its field! (Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

CHEVROLET

The Only Fine Cars **PRICED SO LOW!**

Improved Power-Jet Carburetion (with Automatic Choke in Powerglide models) gives smoother acceleration.



Powerglide. Even smoother now with new Automatic Choke. Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

New Smoother Ride. Knee-Action ride now softer than ever with new Quick-Reflex shock absorber action.

Easy Center-Point Steering. Control is *centered between* the front wheels . . . giving smoother feel to wheel.

Extra-Safe Jumbo-Drum Brakes. Big 11" brake drums apply more *leverage*, for more stopping power.

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

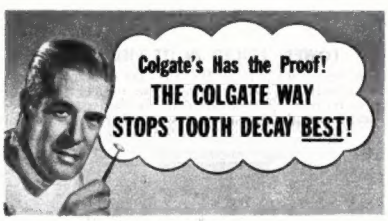
HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*!

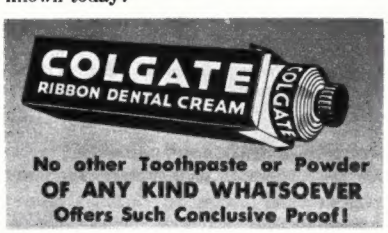
***SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!**

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S *Today!*

LETTERS

ACROSS THE EDITORS' DESKS

We heard the other day about a laundry man in Spring Valley, N. Y., who got back from a pick-up trip and noticed that one of his customers' bags of soiled linen seemed to be alive. Turned out that a 2-month-old kitten named Monster had hitched a ride. After letting Monster out of the bag, the laundry operator explained that it was all in the day's work. In the past he's found a pound of coffee, a frozen chicken, a Stillson wrench, a can of motor oil, an auto spark plug, wrist watches, fountain pens, and toothbrushes in his laundry sacks. He doesn't know how they get there, but they do.

We can understand the laundry man's problem perfectly, and we hope he gets as much fun out of guessing what will turn up in the wash as we do wondering what the next mailsack will bring. Last week we hit the jackpot with a crate of oranges, a pound of creamed cottage cheese, a lady's handbag that looks like a wire bird cage, and a block of perfumed wood to burn in our fireplace. Readers gave us advice on our life-insurance program and on improving our diet (including a recipe for baked horse meat), and told us some of the bright sayings of their children. After reading the article on tropical fish, Angels in Your Living Room *(Feb.), dozens of people asked for advice on how to start a home aquarium.*

The sweetest surprise of all was a letter from a young lady named Ella Donaldson, of Port Arthur, Ontario, who took the trouble to congratulate us on the 10-cent increase in our newsstand price which we reluctantly put into effect a few months ago to help meet rising production costs. "I thought all along that your magazine should cost us, your reading public, the extra, for you were always putting something extra in the magazine for us to peruse," she wrote. We hasten to thank Miss Donaldson, not just for her extra dime, but for the assurance that we're worth it.

Our February cover brought two interesting points of view on the role of the modern male in the American family. Mrs. Daisy West, Houston, Texas, told us it was one of the funniest covers she ever saw—"where the man is trying to sew a button on his trousers while his wife is looking in the mirror admiring her beauty." Mrs. West adds, "Whoever did that picture is a genius."

On the other hand, Mrs. Milton Mitchell, Washington, D. C., didn't think that particular cover was funny at all. "The longer I look at it," she wrote, "the more disgusted I get. You're making a pussyfoot out of today's man. We see pictures of men feeding babies, wearing dainty aprons in the kitchen, and cartoons depicting how wormy men have become. Ugh! Decadence, thy name is man." While we were still trying to catch our breath, we noticed that Mrs. Mitchell had added the following P.S., which cheered us up a little: "Thank heaven, my husband is still a man."

When Roul Tunley wrote his recent article on crusading Senator John J. Williams, of Delaware, The Man Who Broke the Tax Scandal, *he found that the Senator had an odd tendency—especially odd in a politician—to forget people's names. In fact, the Senator never did manage to memorize author Tunley's name during all the time they spent together. After publication of the article the most interesting comment on this point came from Senator Williams himself. "You don't know how right you are when you say I cannot remember names," he wrote to Mr. Tunley (having by this time seen his signature on the story). "However, you can consider my forgetting yours a compliment. Those I am suspicious of I never forget."*

You'll find Roul Tunley's latest adventure—and one we'll wager *he'll* never forget—on page 28 this month. *I Had a*

(*Continued on page* 6)

The characters in all short stories and novels in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Will they inherit socialism?

You wouldn't want to leave a socialistic America to your children. Most Americans wouldn't.

But you may — without realizing it. For socialism wears many false faces. You can't always tell it at a glance.

It's socialism, for example, when the federal government takes over for keeps the rights and responsibilities of its citizens on any pretext.

It's socialism when the government steps into and takes over a business or industry.

It's socialism when people urge you to give up the freedom to run your own life and let the government run it for you.

Today in America, there are people who would like to see an all-powerful federal government own and operate our railroads, our medical profession, our electric light and power companies and other businesses and services. Perhaps they're not all socialists, but what they suggest is socialism — even though they never call it that.

And they'll have their way unless you act now. Here's what you can do: Start thinking of your future and your children's. Exercise your rights as a citizen. Discuss this danger with your friends and neighbors. Use your ballot wisely. And above all, learn to recognize socialism behind the many false faces it wears.

• • • •

America's *business*-managed, tax-paying ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES* publish this advertisement to expose some of the many disguises behind which socialism operates in this country.

**Names on request from this magazine*

- **"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"**
  ABC—Sundays
  9:15 P. M., Eastern Time.
- **Look for the "ELECTRIC THEATRE" on Television.**

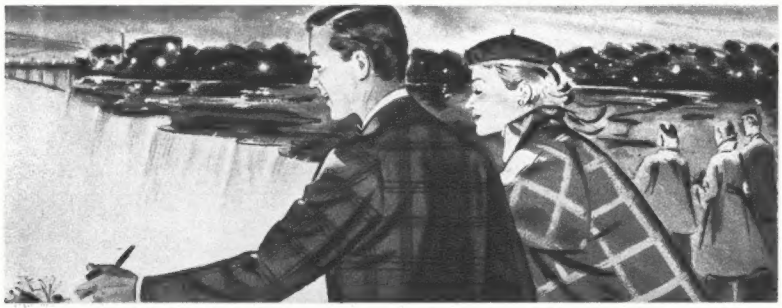
Electric power is the key to U. S. production strength. We need more and more of it to produce more steel, aluminum and other materials, and to make them into more planes, ships, tanks and guns.

America's electric light and power companies have planned ahead to have enough electricity ready on time to meet foreseeable demands.

They'll *have* it ready . . . *if* their suppliers can get the steel and other materials they need to finish the new power plants, new lines and equipment they've started.

North East Vacation "Chit-Chat"

...with fun as the CENTRAL idea!



We felt married at last! We missed Niagara on our honeymoon. But we saw it on a FREE side tour as part of our New York Central trip east. The Falls are world's number one sight . . . especially lighted at night by 1,320,000,000 candlepower!

We enjoyed the rough and the smooth in the Adirondacks. Hiking and fishing along mountain trails and streams . . . swimming and dancing at world-famous resorts. All within easy reach of New York Central's *Water Level Route.*

We did the Big Town in a big way! Museums . . . theatres . . . Fifth Avenue shops . . . Coney Island . . . night spots . . . nearby beaches. New York Central delivers you at Grand Central Terminal, in the heart of everything, rested and ready for all the fun.

FREE! 1952 Year-Round Travel Guide to many exciting playgrounds, east and west. Send coupon to New York Central, Room 1336-A4, 466 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

A4

New York Central

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 4)

Date with the Quints is the title of the article, and it's also a statement which no other young man can make. Naturally, we were pretty curious about Roul's adventure when he returned from the Dionne home in Canada, and the first question we asked was, "What kind of presents do you take along when you have a date with five girls at once?" Roul admits he debated that one for quite a while, then decided that instead of 5 separate gifts he'd take one 5-pound box of candy. We pass the idea along for future suitors of the famous five, with one small word of warning. When Roul arrived he was greeted at the door by Papa Dionne, and delivered the candy to him. "There was a twinkle in his eye when he saw the box," Roul says, "so I'm not quite sure who finally ate the candy."

From a reader in Westport, Conn., comes a letter enclosing a vest-pocket memo book distributed by a local bank and entitled, Things I Want to Remember. *There's a sundial on the cover and the motto, "I record only the sunny hours." So, bright and early Monday morning we opened to Monday's page, and read: "Life is a predicament which precedes death."—Henry James.*

By Tuesday we'd recovered sufficiently to turn the page to the following: "Why don't you get a haircut? You look like a chrysanthemum."—P. G. Wodehouse.

Wednesday's cheerful gem was: "Many a father who worked his way through college is now working his boy's way through."—Mutual Moments.

Thursday we were offered this encouragement: "When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And for Friday: "When you're down and out, something always turns up, and it's usually the noses of your friends."—Orson Welles.

Thank you, Westport, for a week of sunny hours.

Where's the best place for a girl to find a husband? Most readers agree that Robert Crandall was right when he came back with the results of a nation-wide Leap Year survey and suggested: *Why Not Marry the Boy Next Door?* **(Feb.). A typical comment came from Mrs. John G. Quinn, New York, N. Y., who says: "Although my husband-to-be lived around the corner, I never saw him till I met him at a USO dance 4 miles away. I'm sure I couldn't have done any better had I traveled 4,000 miles and wouldn't have had such a darling baby!"**

•

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editors, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Want to be in this boat some day?

...then call your "MONY" adviser!

It will come as a happy surprise to learn how small a part of each paycheck will buy a "MONY" plan to provide the income you want for your retirement... while you're young enough to enjoy it!

And, until you do retire, the "MONY" plan guarantees a steadily growing fund that you can use for emergencies or opportunities. If you should become permanently disabled, Mutual Of New York will complete the plan for you... in the event of death, your family would receive payment in one sum or as income.

You know, most people live too long—or die too soon. That is, most people live *longer* than the money they've set aside can be made to stretch... or they die before they've saved enough for the future. But with "MONY" in back of you, your money worries melt away!

So call in your local "MONY" adviser to get the benefit of his experience and intensive training in fitting life insurance to individual needs. The security he offers you is guaranteed by one of the oldest and strongest life insurance companies in America! For further information, mail the coupon today to Dept. A-252.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.
Dept. A-252
Broadway at 55th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

I would like information about a "MONY" policy to meet the following needs: (please check).

( ) *Retirement*
( ) *Mortgage Cancellation*
( ) *College Education for My Children*
( ) *Protection for My Family*
( ) *Social Security*

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ County_____

State_____

Date of Birth_____

WEATHER STAR SIGNALS
ON TOP OF OUR HOME OFFICE

Green.....Fair
Orange.....Cloudy
Orange flashing....Rain
White flashing....Snow

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

"FIRST IN AMERICA"

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
Broadway at 55th Street **New York 19, N. Y.**

DOROTHY KIRSTEN, LOVELY STAR OF OPERA AND COLUMBIA RECORDS, SELECTS AVON COSMETICS WITH THE HELP OF MRS. HORTENSE BARRERE, AVON REPRESENTATIVE.

"Avon Cream Lotion smoothes on so beautifully!" Dorothy Kirsten

"Avon Powder is so fine and soft . . . and the compacts are so beautiful!"—Dorothy Kirsten

"It's such a joy to use Avon Cream Lotion," says Dorothy Kirsten. "It leaves the skin so soft and smooth—has such a delicate fragrance. And it's so convenient to choose Avon cosmetics—at home, with the Avon Representative."

You, too, will find it most agreeable and economical to choose your fine cosmetics the Avon way. Your Avon Representative will help you.

. . . Welcome her when she calls.

Avon COSMETICS

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK
MONTREAL, CANADA

©

WHY DON'T THEY ?

MANUFACTURE measuring spoons with longer handles to reach deep into boxes of baking powder, soda, etc.?—*Mrs. M. E. Tyner, McLean, Ill.*

PACKAGE dehydrated grated lemon and orange peel as a time- and money-saver for the busy cook who otherwise has to use up a whole piece of fruit for a smidgeon of gratings?—*Frances H. Hess, Chadron, Nebr.*

Seedling picture

PRINT pictures of sprouts as well as the mature flower or vegetable on seed packages, so inexperienced planters won't rip up seedlings for weeds?—*Joe Clark, Bloomfield, N. J.*

MARKET a cutter-dispenser for adhesive tape similar to the ones used with cellulose tape?—*Virginia Threlkeld, Titusville, Fla.*

PRODUCE a meat platter with several quarter-inch prongs standing in the middle to hold a roast or fowl still for carving?—*Vyvian Williams, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.*

Mailbox stamp seller

SHIP beer and other beverages overseas in square containers, such as milk comes in, to conserve storage space and make for easier handling?—*Pfc. Donald W. Marshall, USMC, Korea.*

HAVE postage-stamp vending machines attached to street-corner mailboxes to save endless trips to the post office and standing in line?—*Mrs. Robert Kenegy, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

STAMP the name of the pattern on each piece of table silver under the manufacturer's name to eliminate guesswork when replacing or adding pieces?—*Mrs. W. L. Breeding, Ft. Worth, Texas.*

Soft drinking spout

PUT a coffee-can-type key on tubes of tooth paste and shaving cream, as they did prior to World War II, to make it easier to roll them from the bottom?—*Mrs. Jean Horton, Norfolk, Va.*

DIVIDE frozen-food packages into individual portions to cut down waste by small families?—*Margie Westcott, Mission, Kans.*

USE rubber or soft plastic spouts on drinking fountains, especially in schools and playgrounds, to keep youngsters from chipping their teeth when they drink?—*Mrs. William Ellsberg, Coronado, Calif.*

PROVIDE men's overcoats with loops to hold a scarf in place, so it won't be lost when the coat is removed or checked?—*Mrs. Findley Pepper, Dayton, Ohio.*

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them on a postcard to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

SEE PAGES 150 AND 151 FOR AMERICAN BUY-WAYS

*HOSPITAL BILLS CAN WRECK YOU IF YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH HOSPITALIZATION . . .

GET EXTRA CASH TO HELP MEET TODAY'S HIGH HOSPITAL COSTS!

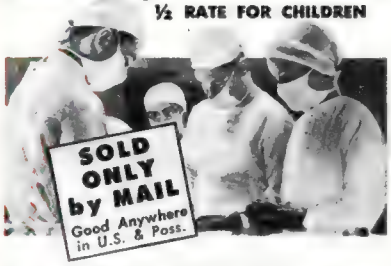
NO TIME LIMIT HOSPITAL PLAN

PAYS CASH DIRECT TO YOU . . as long as you remain in Hospital

*And Pays in Addition to Other Insurance You May Already Have

Protects You & Your Entire Family IN CASE OF SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Costs Only 3¢ a Day for Adults ½ RATE FOR CHILDREN



Let's talk plainly. Most Hospital Insurance Policies won't meet the full costs of a hospital confinement. Either benefits are too small, or time limited. Then you must dig into family savings to pay the difference. The remarkable NORTH AMERICAN PLAN pays benefits as long as you stay in the hospital — NO TIME LIMIT! Pays cash direct to you — regardless of what you collect from any other insurance for same disability. Costs only 3c a day — half rate for children! Vitally needed EXTRA protection if already insured! Best protection at lowest cost if not insured!

ACCIDENTAL DEATH and POLIO INCLUDED!

One Policy covers individual or entire family, birth to age 70. In addition to Hospital Room and Board Benefits (Rest homes, sanitariums and Govt. Hospitals excluded) — you get Cash Benefits for 74 Surgical Operations . . . Lump Cash for Accidental Death . . . Cash Payment for Loss of Eyes, Hands, Feet . . . special Polio Protection, plus other valuable protection included. Maternity Rider available at slight extra cost. No waiting period. We pay CASH DIRECT TO YOU!

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Be wise! Mail coupon for valuable FREE BOOK! No obligation! NO AGENT WILL CALL!

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Please send me, without obligation, full details about your new low cost NO TIME LIMIT HOSPITAL PLAN. No agent will call.

Name .....
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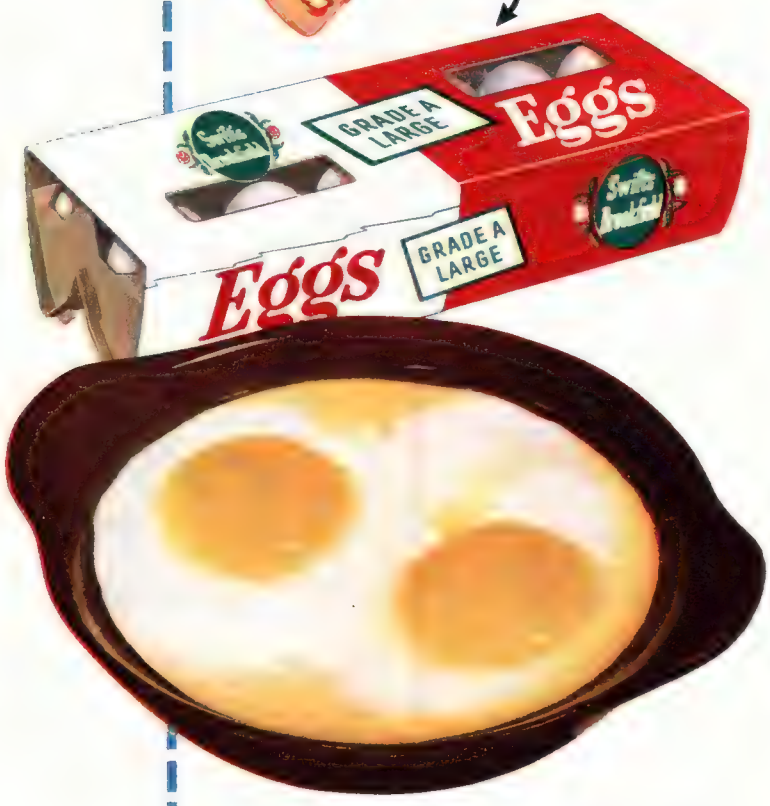
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Paste on postal or mail in envelope.

Swift's Brookfield

"picture-book beauties!"



"Saucer test" quality every one! When you break a Swift's Brookfield Egg into a saucer the white stays firm . . . the rounded yolk stands high and *stays* that way. That's the test of a quality egg.

fine dairy foods

You'll enjoy Swift's Brookfield Cheese Food —a smooth combination of tangy cheddar and mild cheese; and try Swift's Brookfield Cheese Spreads in 5-oz. jars.

FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

REVERSE: An 87-year-old woman in Ithaca, Mich., was granted a divorce from her 97-year-old husband after charging that when he dumped anti-freeze in her bath water, her love had been chilled.

VOTERS' GUIDE: In Kentucky, to make sure voters won't miss him, a legislator named Rogers had his nickname, "Dirty Ear," printed on the ballot, explaining that a lot of people wouldn't recognize him by his first name, Earl.

FINAL SCORE: In Caldwell, Ohio, a woman whose 10 previous children all weighed more than 10 pounds when born, gave up when her eleventh weighed in at 17 pounds, 2 ounces. No more, she announced firmly.

SALES TAX, TOO: A disconsolate woman in Detroit, Mich., sued for divorce, charging that her husband not only put all their food in a freezer, kept it locked, and made her pay for any food she ate; he also charged her the 3 per cent Michigan State Sales Tax.

ANXIOUS: A congressman in Washington, D. C., got an earnest request from an enterprising inventor-constituent to "please go down to the Patent Office and get me a list of things that haven't been invented. Get me the answers by return mail as I am anxious to get to work."

GROWING HAZARD: In Glens Falls, N. Y., a couple who'd produced a boy the first time and twin boys the second time, ended their third effort to get the daughter they wanted with triplets—all boys.

ALL IN THE FAMILY: After losing control of his car and smashing into a parked vehicle when the lights of a third parked car blinded him temporarily, a hapless motorist in Lancaster, Pa., discovered that the damaged car was his father-in-law's, the car which had blinded him his brother-in-law's.

NOT OTITIS: The Veterans Administration in Washington, D. C., requested a veteran who had applied for a disability pension to "send us evidence to support your claim for Otitis Media" (middle ear

trouble); promptly got back an indignant note from the applicant's wife: "My husband never had no woman named Otitis Media."

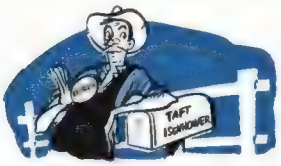
REFORMED: After getting an application for a tavern permit from a former stripteaser, the mayor of Des Moines, Iowa, announced he heartily approved it: "Here's a girl who wants to get her clothes on and go to work."

JOIN 'EM: A meat packer in Reno, Nev., who went out of business last year after declaring he couldn't operate at a profit under OPS ceiling prices, made use of the old axiom—"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em"—got a job as head of the OPS food section.

FAIR PLAY: In New Orleans, La., the driver of a city truck which tows illegally parked cars to a police pound was found guilty of parking illegally.

DIVIDED DUTIES: In Hartford, a Connecticut state job survey committee sent out a questionnaire to employees asking how much time they spent daily at each of their various duties, got back a prompt answer from an elevator operator: "Up, 50 per cent. Down, 50 per cent."

EIGHT TIMES? A man in Woodlake, Calif., explained why he had beaten his wife 8 times with a baseball bat: "It seemed like the thing to do."



NAMES' SAKES: In Chatworth, Ga., a farmer named Taft Isenhower announced that he is going to vote for Senator Kefauver if the Tennessee lawmaker is nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic Party.

JUST TOO MUCH: A bowling-alley owner in Tulsa, Okla., complained indignantly to police that not only had burglars cracked his safe and taken $600, they'd also sent him a $16 due bill for the burglary tools, which they'd charged in his name at a local store.

DECAMPED: A mining company in Flin Flon, Manitoba, offered a $100 reward for the return of a complete mining camp. Included in the stolen goods: 5 frame buildings, a mess hall, office, and bunkhouse.

BULL'S EYE: A policeman in Corpus Christi, Texas, who used up all the bullets in his pistol without result while chasing a fugitive, disgustedly threw the weapon away, made an accidental direct hit, got his man.

ARTHUR LANSING

FUN—and then some!100 and 1 things to do. Count 'em. Swim . . . sail . . . fish . . . golf. And more—lots more! What a time you'll have—touring . . . hiking . . . shopping for bargains. And that's not all! Picnics . . . dancing and beach barbecues. Everything's here! Plan your vacation now! Send for your FREE booklet FUN IN ONTARIO today!

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Marshall Thompson, John Beal, and Alf Kjellin in a dramatic moment behind prison bars

A PEEK AT THE

Movies of

MY SIX CONVICTS. Here's a prison picture that's different. Some time ago Donald Powell Wilson, prison psychologist at Fort Leavenworth, wrote an account of his experiences working with men behind the bars. Stanley Kramer, who produced *Death of a Salesman*, read the book, and immediately saw it as a hard-hitting movie. The result is this deeply probing film in which prisoners, instead of becoming mere numbers with a record, remain flesh-and-blood human beings. John Beal plays the part of the young psychologist who must give aptitude tests to the reluctant inmates. How he wins their confidence and starts a system of reform makes this a film well worth seeing. (*Columbia*)

THE GREEN GLOVE. If mysteries intrigue you, you'll enjoy this tense story which stars Glenn Ford with Geraldine Brooks and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. During World War II, Paratrooper Ford is offered a priceless jeweled gauntlet in exchange for the freedom of a strange man he has cornered in a bombed-out building. An artillery explosion interrupts them, and Ford doesn't learn anything more about the gauntlet until he returns to France after the War to look for it. He finds it—but also finds himself in a vicious nest of intrigue, murder, and suspense. (*United Artists*)

Above: Geraldine Brooks and Glenn Ford find romance. Left: Ford recovers the mysterious gauntlet

ALSO RECOMMENDED for family enjoyment

MY SON JOHN. What would you do if you suddenly found a member of your family infected with communism? Helen Hayes, making her first picture in sixteen years, faces and solves the problem. Robert Walker, Van Heflin, and Dean Jagger make up the supporting cast. (*Paramount*)

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK finds Abbott and Costello having a hilarious time with the old fairy tale. (*Warner Bros.*)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. A young generation has come up since this joyous picture was first released. Now the youngsters who missed it and the parents who want to see it again have the opportunity. (*Walt Disney-RKO release*)

STEEL TOWN, with its background of fiery furnaces, is an exciting he-man story of life in the mills of the nation's greatest industry. Ann Sheridan and John Lund play the leads. (*Universal*)

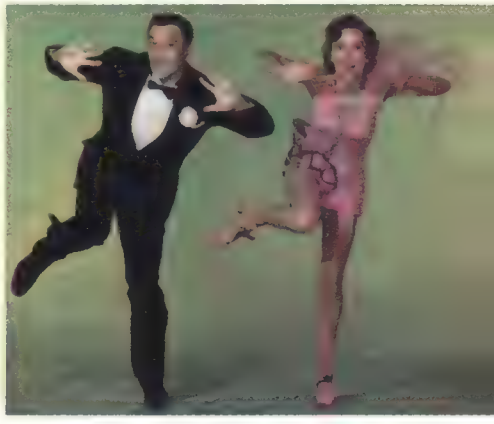
the Month

Susan Hayward relaxes between scenes

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART. Jane Froman's own life story comes to the screen in a heart-warming musical starring Susan Hayward as Jane. In 1943, on her way to sing for servicemen, Jane Froman's plane crashed in the Tagus River in Portugal. After years of heartbreak and 25 painful operations, Jane learned to walk again and made a singing comeback. Though Susan acts the role in the picture, it's the real Jane's voice you'll hear in *Blue Moon*, *Embraceable You*, *Home on the Range*, and the other songs. Supporting roles are played by Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, and Thelma Ritter. (*20th Century-Fox*)

Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds meet, then . . .

. . . Gene and Donald O'Connor fiddle before . . .



. . . He and Debbie do their terrific dance

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN. Shades of Hollywood in the rip, roarin' 20's! Flappers, the Charleston, those who claimed that "talkies" were just a passing fad, and all the razzle-dazzle of the "Jazz Age" play a part in this new colorful musical. You'll see some brilliant dance routines and you'll thrill as Debbie Reynolds, playing a newcomer to the newfangled talkies, scores a triumph. Gene Kelly, as leading man, sings, dances, and acts with his usual gusto. A real treat. (*M-G-M*)

OKLAHOMA ANNIE. Like Westerns? Like Judy Canova? Here they are combined in a zany story with Judy, "Queen of the Cowgals," handling the shootin'-irons. As storekeeper at Canova Corners (population: 1) Judy gets riled up aplenty when a bandit gang invades the county. Rather than track down the varmints, the sheriff resigns, leaving everyone unprotected. What might have happened could be pitiful—except that Judy, in the tradition of her grandmaw, the original Oklahoma Annie, rounds up the female battle-axes of nearby Eureka and starts a wham-bang crusade against crime. From that time on, podner, the going is rough on the bad boys, but good for the audience. (*Republic*)

Crime buster of the year, Judy Canova, with her best pal

start your album of memories
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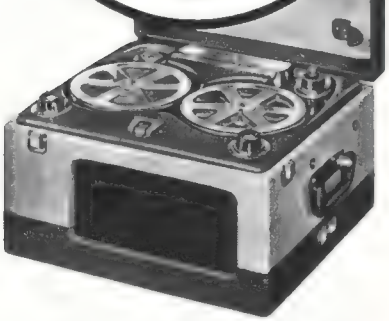
TAPE RECORDER



Now you can keep an album of sound as well as photographs—making the precious memories of your family life-like forever! With a new Webcor **Electronic Memory** tape recorder, made by **Webster-Chicago**, you can record everything—from baby's first words to a symphony—to play back anytime. **$187.50** west $189.75

Recordings made with Webcor **pre-tested** recording tape are more life-like. It can be used on the Webcor tape recorder and other tape recorders. Webcor is the only tape that comes in the handy "Album Carton".

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RADIO - TV

Four top shows of the month selected for family enjoyment

Happy winners of $4,200 are congratulated by Emcee Parks and Host Collyer

BREAK THE BANK is the perennially popular program which pays good, hard cash to those who give the right answers, and provides plenty of entertainment in the form of impromptu exchanges between the emcee and the eager contestants. An occasional fortunate guest hits the jackpot for $5,000 or more, while the audience yells encouragement. Bud Collyer emcees the ABC daily radio program and acts as host on the weekly CBS-TV show where Bert Parks is in charge of the fun-making.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD brings two special programs to its listeners this month. On Palm Sunday, April 6, a presentation of *The Betrayal and the Crucifixion* will be given, and on Easter Sunday *The Resurrection* will be broadcast. These two performances are being repeated for the fourth year on this ABC radio program which dramatizes Bible stories.

Meet the Olcotts: Left to right, Mary (Hazel Dawn Jr.), Father Olcott (Howard St. John), Mother Olcott (Ruth Matteson), Jim (Tom Taylor) and Evvie (Mildred Strongin).

FAIRMEADOWS, U.S.A., NBC-TV's Sunday-afternoon half-hour family drama, introduces the Olcott family to your living room. Father and Mother Olcott and their three children, after a series of misfortunes in a well-to-do suburb, re-settle in their old hometown of Fairmeadows, where they find new enjoyment and interest in life. Each week chronicles a new heart-warming episode in the Olcotts' new pattern of life.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR takes you behind the scenes of a large newspaper to share the excitement and romance of its two top columnists, Bette Davis as Tess Harding, who, in the story, has been named "Woman of the Year" for her outstanding writing, and George Brent as Sam Craig, popular sports scribbler. Mutual broadcasts the program every Monday evening.

Bette Davis gets a kick out of one of George Brent's wisecracks

AMERICAN ENTERTAINMENT

Records of the Month

Don't know whether it's just spring or if we should blame it all on Leonard Warren's singing *On the Road to Mandalay* and *Rolling Down to Rio* in his new album of *Songs of Rudyard Kipling* (RCA Victor). But ever since hearing him we've been feeling the call of distant places!

If you have, too, you'll enjoy being swept along into the fascinating mysteries of the Caribbean—this time with André Kostelanetz and his Orchestra playing Gershwin's *Cuban Overture*. (There's *Mine, Love Walked In, Highlights from Porgy and Bess* for you also in this Columbia album.)

Dinah Shore: "Take Me Home"

If your armchair itinerary includes a stopover in Spain, Victoria de los Angeles will make your trip even more pleasant. Her rendition of *Spanish Folk Songs* for RCA Victor deserves a special tribute of castanets all its own!

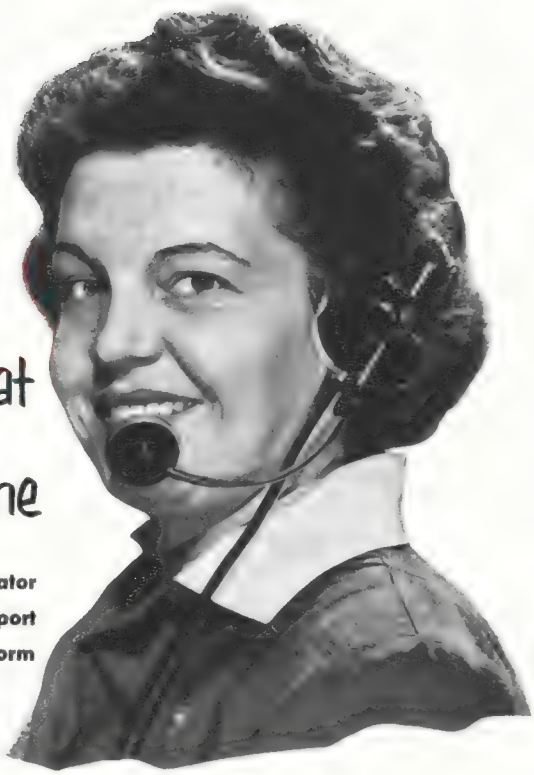
And Jo Stafford's *Ay-round the Corner* (Columbia) should give you a new slant on the South African veldt.

Then, why not let Dinah Shore's *Take Me Home* (RCA Victor) climax your musical journey? On the back is *Until*, an Americanized version in beguine tempo of the No. 1 tune on the Italian hit parade.

This month's "don't miss" singles: Cole Porter's *I Love You* and *Ev'ry Day*, with Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan (M-G-M); Guy Lombardo's version of *Stolen Love* and *Marshmallow Moon* (Decca); Kay Armen's *Love Me a Little Bit Less* (King); Bill Hayes singing *Tulips and Heather* and *We Won't Live in a Castle* (M-G-M).

M.R.W.

The Call that Saved a Plane



How a telephone operator helped a military transport plane land in a snowstorm in the dead of night

A heavy snow was falling in the winter darkness when Mrs. Lucille Wilson, night operator at Alamosa, Colorado, heard the sound of a low-flying airplane. It was well past midnight and Mrs. Wilson knew that the last scheduled airliner had gone over many hours before.

Then she heard the sound of the low-flying plane again as it circled back over the town.

A light flashed on Mrs. Wilson's switchboard. Soon as she said "Number please" an anxious voice said—

"This is Ralph Zook, dispatcher down at the railroad depot. Did you hear a plane? Didn't sound right, somehow. It's flying pretty low."

The landing lights were turned on and the big C-46 came safely to earth.

"I heard it, too," said Mrs. Wilson. "And there's no plane scheduled this time of night."

"That plane could be in trouble," said Mr. Zook. "We ought to do something about it."

"I'll try to reach someone to turn on the lights at the airport," said Mrs. Wilson. "Listen! There it is again! It's lost!"

Quickly Mrs. Wilson went into action. She called the airport, the government weather station, and a private flying service. But no one answered.

Then she reached Stamy Edmisten, an airline employee, at his home. He rushed to the airport and turned on the landing lights. A few minutes later a C-46 military transport loomed out of the snowstorm and came in for a safe landing. Thirteen men stepped out, none the worse for the experience.

What could have been tragedy was prevented by quick-acting Ralph Zook and Stamy Edmisten and the alert, cool-thinking operator, Mrs. Lucille Wilson—one of about 650,000 telephone men and women guarding and serving America, twenty-four hours a day, in every kind of weather.

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THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

The important thing about a pen is the point. So buy an Esterbrook—the pen that gives you *the right point for the way YOU write.*

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TODAY'S FABULOUS FIGURES

ABOUT 416,000,000,000 CIGARETTES were produced in the United States in 1951.

NEARLY ONE IN EVERY 20 students now enrolled in American colleges, universities, graduate and professional schools, can get a scholarship or fellowship ranging in value from less than $10 to the complete cost of a college education.

ONLY 18 OF EVERY 100 ADULTS in the United States have made wills, although legal authorities emphasize that everybody should have one.

LAST YEAR AIRLINES IN AMERICA carried 25,000,000 passengers and for the first time became a billion-dollar industry. Total operating revenue amounted to $1,043,324,812, a gain of 21 per cent over 1950.

ABOUT 2,750,000 TELEPHONES were installed in the U.S.A. last year, bringing the total to more than 45,000,000.

YOU PROBABLY FOUND IT OUT—parents of children under 10 run a greater risk of getting colds and sore throats than parents of older children. Recent studies of 1,000 families in Westchester County, N. Y., show that fathers with children under 10 had from 17 to 88 per cent more colds and sore throats than fathers of children aged 10 to 18. Mothers of young children had 36 to 61 per cent more colds and respiratory trouble than mothers of older children.

THERE ARE NOW 315,000 MILES of natural gas pipe lines in the United States—more than the total mileage of all our railroads.

PEOPLE VARY GREATLY in their individual eye-blinking rates while reading. In one recent test, 40 people reading the same material under the same conditions covered a range from about 1 blink a minute to 25, with an average of 6.

BETWEEN $3 AND $4 OF EVERY $100 spent for operations by the Atomic Energy Commission has gone for radiation protection. Only 5 radiation injuries have occurred since 1946.

TO EQUIP A BASIC ARMY infantry division cost $19,000,000 in World War II. The cost now is $91,000,000. For an armored division, cost has jumped from $40,000,000 to $293,000,000.

WHILE THE AMOUNT OF PAPER or "folding" money in circulation rose from $17 per person in 1900 to $170 in 1951, there is still only a little more than $10 worth of coin per capita in circulation, about the same as 50 years ago, which helps explain the present national shortage of small change.

NEARLY $1,000,000,000 was spent for dental care in 1950—60,000,000 people received treatment, and the average dental bill per patient was $16.50.

THE CHANCES ARE 98 OUT OF A 100 that today's baby will have a birth certificate. Almost one half of the nation's 88,000,000 native-born adults 20 years old and over have no official birth record and are often unable to prove age, birthplace, parents' names, and other vital information.

OF THE ESTIMATED 1,000 VIOLINS MADE BY STRADIVARIUS (1644–1737), 400 are still in existence and 200 in good playing condition. A Stradivarius violin worth $7,500 fifty years ago is now worth $25,000.

THE DANCE BUSINESS IS BOOMING to record proportions. An estimated 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 Americans will spend about $100,000,000 on dancing instruction this year.

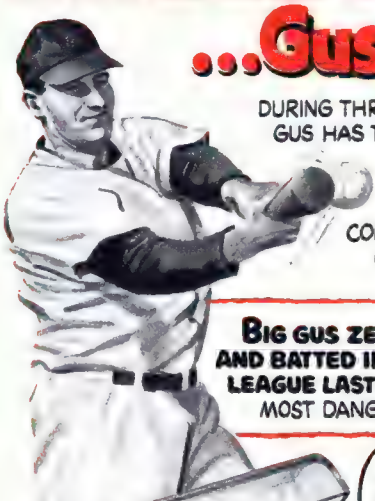
INSOMNIA? In one out of every 4 American homes, someone listens to the radio between midnight and 6 A. M.

A PREMATURE BABY IS BORN every 3 minutes in the United States.

MORE THAN 5,714,000 AMERICANS are employed in manufacturing, selling, servicing, and operating motortrucks—equivalent to 1 out of every 11 workers in the United States.

LAWRENCE GALTON

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Gus Zernial



DURING THREE YEARS IN THE MAJORS, GUS HAS TIED THREE RECORDS FOR "MOST HOME RUNS": IN A DOUBLE-HEADER—4, IN THREE CONSECUTIVE GAMES—6, IN FOUR CONSECUTIVE GAMES (A.L.)—7!

BIG GUS ZERNIAL SLAMMED 33 HOMERS AND BATTED IN 129 RUNS TO LEAD THE AMERICAN LEAGUE LAST YEAR. HE IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SLUGGERS IN BASEBALL!

IN MY EXPERIENCE, THE HANDY **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR** TOPS 'EM ALL FOR SLICK, COMFORTABLE SHAVES!

Gus Zernial

IN BRAND-NEW, STYRENE CASE THAT SPRINGS OPEN AT A TOUCH

SHAVING VALUE WITHOUT EQUAL!

Gillette SUPER-SPEED RAZOR

AND IMPROVED* 10-BLADE DISPENSER

$1.00

$1.75 Value

* HAS HANDY COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

FOR EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST, GET A **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR SET.** YOU ENJOY **INSTANT** BLADE CHANGING, REAL SHAVING **COMFORT** AND DOUBLE-EDGE **ECONOMY** ... THREE BIG ADVANTAGES THAT ONLY GILLETTE COMBINES.

You Whisk Off Whiskers 1-2-3 With

Gillette Blue Blades

● Shaving's faster, smoother and far more convenient when you use superkeen Gillette Blue Blades in the modern dispenser. You ZIP out a new, unwrapped blade *presto* and store the used blade safely in a special compartment. And, remember, Gillette's double edges mean double economy.

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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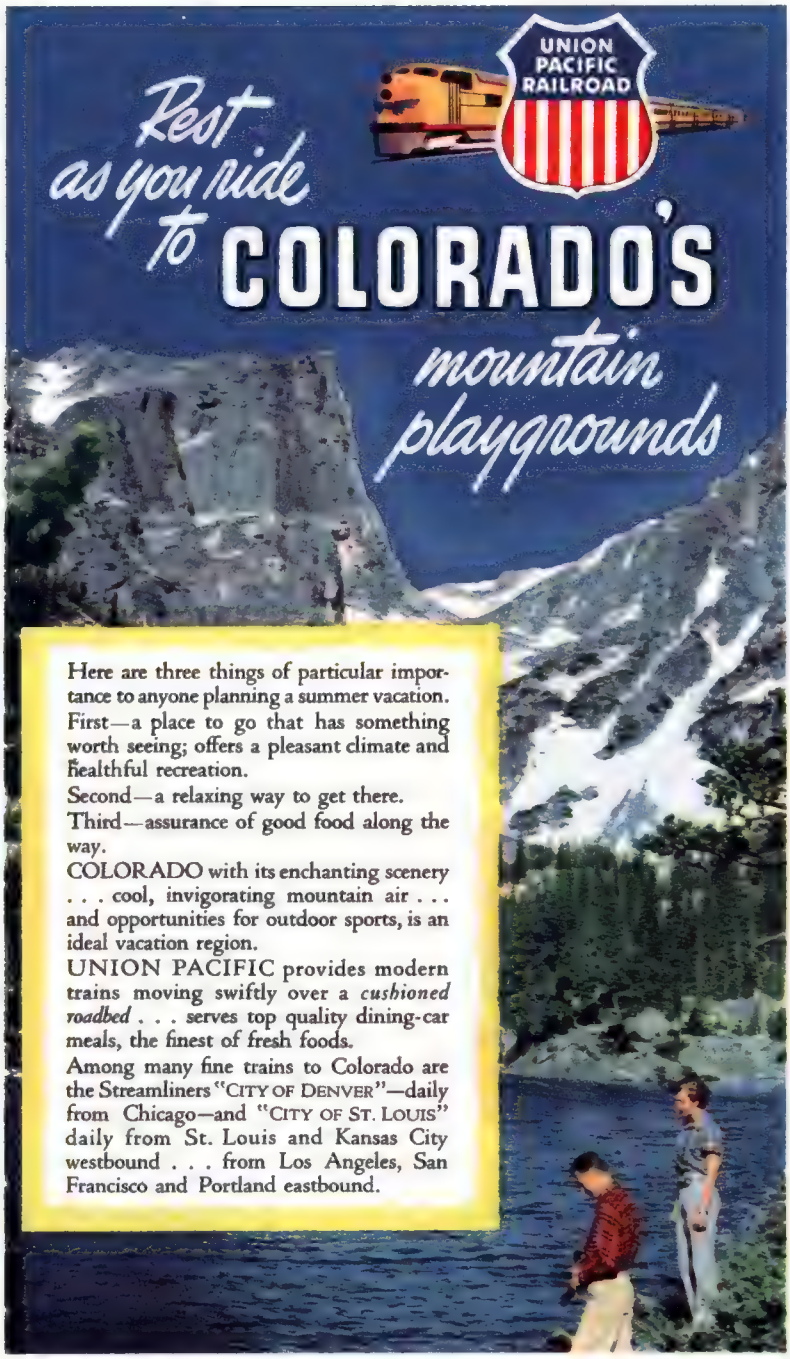
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Rest as you ride to COLORADO'S mountain playgrounds
Here are three things of particular importance to anyone planning a summer vacation.
First—a place to go that has something worth seeing; offers a pleasant climate and healthful recreation.
Second—a relaxing way to get there.
Third—assurance of good food along the way.
COLORADO with its enchanting scenery . . . cool, invigorating mountain air . . . and opportunities for outdoor sports, is an ideal vacation region.
UNION PACIFIC provides modern trains moving swiftly over a cushioned roadbed . . . serves top quality dining-car meals, the finest of fresh foods.
Among many fine trains to Colorado are the Streamliners "CITY OF DENVER"—daily from Chicago—and "CITY OF ST. LOUIS" daily from St. Louis and Kansas City westbound . . . from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland eastbound.

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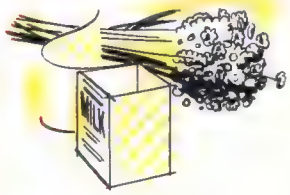
If student state age____ and special material will be sent.

HELP

YOU'LL FIND MANY USES FOR IT if you keep a lump of children's modeling clay in your kitchen emergency drawer. A small piece wrapped in waxed paper can double for a cork or stopper for any size bottle or small jar. A lump makes a satisfactory standard or base to hold those little notes you sometimes must leave propped up on the table. A toothpick will hold the notes nicely. And a bit of clay will temporarily stop all sorts of leaks.—*Mrs. Ellen Bell, Lodge, S.C.*



YOU CAN MAKE ATTRACTIVE CONTAINERS in which to take flowers to hospitals or shut-ins by utilizing empty milk cartons. Cut off tops to desired size, then cover with gay paper. These hold water for the life of a bouquet.—*Mildred G. Curl, Portland, Ore.*

LIPSTICK SMEARS ON NAPKINS should first be softened with glycerin before washing the napkins in warm soapsuds.

IF YOU HAVE A TAR-PAPER ROOF that needs painting, you may find one of the newer aluminum-asphalt paints advantageous. They contain black asphalt varnishes in which aluminum powder or paste is mixed and, when applied, the aluminum flakes float to the top and give a metallic luster to the coating. Besides providing good durability, these paints reflect the sun's rays and keep your home appreciably cooler in hot weather.

WHEN LEANING YOUR LADDER AGAINST A WALL, make sure the base posts rest a distance from the wall equal to one quarter of the height of the ladder. Then you can be sure the top will not swing back under your pull and weight, insurance company experts advise.

FOR YOUR HOUSE

TO WEATHERPROOF a cracked pane of glass, temporarily, put a coat of fresh white shellac on the inside. Vision will not be obstructed and breezes and rain will be kept out until the pane can be replaced.

TO UNSTOP GREASE-CLOGGED DRAIN PIPES in your kitchen sink, apply the heat from a household heat lamp to the elbow in the pipe under the sink. After several minutes, run scalding water through the drain. The heat lamp melts the collected grease, and the scalding water washes it out.—*Morton Susman, Dallas, Texas.*

A DEEP, UNSIGHTLY CHIP IN A PORCELAIN-FINISHED FIXTURE can be filled with a patching stick made from melting dry white shellac with powdered titanium oxide (obtainable at paint stores). Heat the surface to be repaired with a torch or soldering iron and rub your patching stick over the area until the depression is filled with the melted mixture, which can be smoothed out with a heated knife blade. A brisk sanding and a coat of porcelain enamel finishes the job.—*Mrs. Ruth M. Smith, Newark, Ohio.*

LIMITED SPACE FOR YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN? Try using your air rights by growing crops that like to climb—cucumbers, pole beans, pole limas, small melons, zuccini squash, tall peas, for example. You'll have room, then, for other vegetables. Any cucumber will be happy climbing a fence or trellis, and you'll be surprised at the luxuriant background climbing vegetables make for your flowering borders. You'd think cucumbers, melons, and squash would need support; I've found it is rarely needed. And be ready for a huge harvest; these vegetables seem to produce abundantly as they climb toward the sun.—*Mary T. Smith, Cheyenne, Wyo.*

TO ELIMINATE CHEESE MOLD, store the cheese in a covered container together with a couple of lumps of sugar. This not only keeps mold from accumulating, but also removes mold already formed.—*Mrs. Alice Daubert, Buffalo, N.Y.*

TO GET A FROSTED EFFECT ON GLASS, brush or spray it with equal parts of paste wood filler and varnish. After the coating has set for a few minutes, use a wad of crumpled paper to stipple it. You can also get prepared paints for this effect.

TO KEEP YOUR SILVER CUTLERY ALWAYS SPARKLING, rinse an old, soft bath towel in a solution of silver polish slightly diluted with water. Dry, shake out excess powder, then use the towel exclusively for drying your silver each time it is washed. The damp cutlery wets the towel sufficiently to make the powder do a wonderfully efficient job of cleaning and polishing.—*Mrs. S. L. Eaton, Leeds, England.*

ADD PAINTING KNOW-HOW: To determine whether a concrete floor is dry enough to paint, lay down a 3- or 4-foot-square piece of linoleum. If, after 2 days, no dampness shows under the linoleum, the concrete is dry enough to paint. . . . Before repainting walls on which oil paint has previously been used, wash thoroughly with a detergent to remove all grease and dirt. This is especially true in the kitchen, where cooking deposits a film of grease, which, if not removed, will interfere with the drying and adhesion of new paint.

TO WHITEN WOOLENS THAT HAVE YELLOWED, make a solution of one part hydrogen peroxide (3 per cent type) with 20 parts of water and add a small amount of household ammonia or sodium perborate. Soak articles for 30 minutes to several hours to whiten, then rinse thoroughly. Don't let the peroxide solution stand before using; it loses strength rapidly.

A SAUCER OF ICE placed on top of a pitcher or other container full of hot liquid will cool it in a short time, since hot air rises and cold air falls.

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, and might be useful to others, send it in. We will pay $10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. No suggestions can be returned.

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TV *and the 1952 ELECTION*

Can television elect our next President? One of the country's foremost radio-TV critics turns the camera's pitiless eye on the top candidates, revealing the acting techniques, good and bad, which may influence your vote next fall

by John Crosby

THE AUTHOR'S column, "Radio and Television," which appears in daily newspapers, is read by millions from New York to Oakland, Calif., from Boston, Mass., to Houston, Texas—and even in Paris, France. He's a native of Milwaukee, Wis.

TELEVISION, man and boy, has hung around quite a few elections, but this is the first year in which its influence might be decisive. Television could very easily elect the next President of the United States. It could, on the other hand, defeat a potential President.

There isn't a professional politician in either party, whether he's running for office or not, who is not deeply concerned about television. Just how effective and unmanageable TV can be is illustrated by the separate candidacies of General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Senator Robert A. Taft. Taft is the professionals' candidate; Eisenhower is a people's candidate, a man many of the Republican professionals would just as soon forget, if it were possible. But television won't let them.

There is an old bromide that the people have little, if anything, to say about the selection of Presidential nominees. Television, which can create a popular clamor for a candidate the politicians can't afford to ignore, is changing all that.

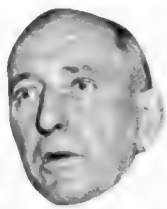
Probably the best example of TV's potency (and the politicians' inability to stop a man built up by television) is Rudolph Halley. An obscure New York lawyer, Halley was catapulted into national prominence by his dramatic role as government attorney in the telecast of the Kefauver crime investigation hearings, and he went on to win election to the presidency of the New York City Council, the city's second highest office, over the opposition of *both* major parties.

The same hearings made U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver a contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination. President Truman, titular head of the Democratic Party, can't abide the junior Senator from Tennessee, and in previous years this distaste from the party boss would have been enough to kill off a Presidential aspirant on the first ballot. But not any more. The politicos can't afford to ignore a popular candidate.

In 1948, the last Presidential election year, the campaigns were waged on television screens concentrated only in the Northeastern United States. This year the office seekers will (*Continued on page* 108)

HARRY TRUMAN

DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR



RICHARD RUSSELL

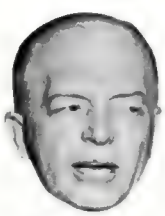
DWIGHT EISENHOWER

PAUL DOUGLAS

WIDE WORLD

ROBERT TAFT

ADLAI STEVENSON



HAROLD STASSEN

ESTES KEFAUVER

EARL WARREN

by Charles Tazewell

ILLUSTRATION BY GWEN FREMLIN

She flew through the air

There was magic about her—that beautiful trapezer. No man who saw her could ever forget her. We don't think you will either

IT WAS the very same summer that Teddy Roosevelt went clear off to Africa to look for lions that Granpuh and I found one in the alley that ran back of our house on Cherry Street in Des Moines.

I thought it was a plenty tough lion, myself, but Granpuh looked it straight in the eye and said, "These things ain't even half as fierce as they used to be, Charley. Why, when I was your age I didn't dast come up this alley after dark the whole month of July!" Granpuh scratched a match on the lion's front teeth to light his pipe. "Dang Amighty, when one of those old-time circuses came to town—and *they* had a lion—they stuck up a poster of the creature on this back fence that would scare anybody plumb spitless!"

I couldn't tell Granpuh that this animal pasted on our fence was plenty mean enough to do that to me, because when you're nine years old you can't own up to sissy things like that even to your own grandfather.

"What do you think of this lady trapezer, Granpuh?" I asked, not wanting him to insult the lion any more, because Mom would be sending me out here alone with the trash right after supper. "Isn't the lady trapezer pretty, Granpuh?"

Granpuh studied the next poster on our fence, clicking his false teeth the way he always did when he weighed something on his mind and slid each pro and con point to its proper side of the scale for a fair balance. "Well," he said, after a full minute, "I'd say this one shows more muscle than she does charm."

"But a trapezer's got to have muscles, Granpuh!"

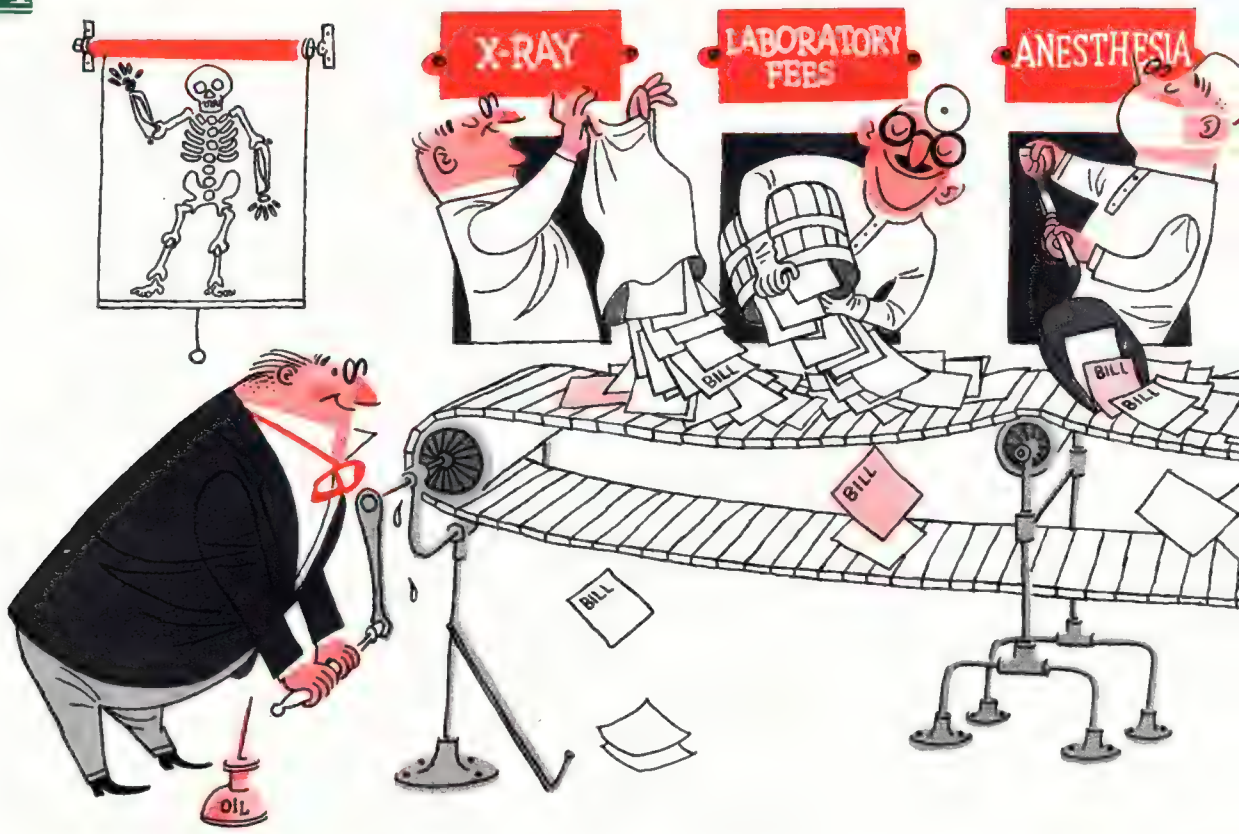
"Granted," he replied, tapping with his cane on her portion that always went over the trapeze last. "But we men demand something more than mere beam or brawn to shake us right down to our very gizzards, Charley!"

"Golly!" I tried to think back and remember if Granpuh had bought himself a bottle of gizzard remedy at the last medicine show. "Did any lady trapezer ever shake up your gizzard, Granpuh?"

"Yes," he said, after a moment—speaking in that faraway tone that grown (*Continued on page* 122)

"In my day," Granpuh said, "La Belle Fleur shook a man right down to his very gizzard"

LA BELLE FLEUR



YOUR HOSPITAL BILL:

Why it is so high and what you can do about it

HE WAS an ordinarily mild-mannered Midwestern businessman. But, as I sat in his office, he banged his desk and waved a sheaf of bills before my eyes.

"Hospitals!" he roared. "Once they get you flat on your back, they skin the hide off you. Here's the bill for my wife's hospital room back in 1939. $12 a day, including everything, for a private room. $20 for the operating room. The total: $140, plus the surgeon's fee.

"Well, last month I had the same sort of room, for the same sort of operation, in the same hospital. They'd jacked the rate up to $28.75 a day. On top of that, they charged $50 instead of $20 for the operating room. They nicked me $25 for a pint of blood and $10 extra for something they labeled blood-bank service. They tacked on $28 for medications, $35 for laboratory fees, and $45 more for anesthesia. By the time they got done with all the extras, the same hospital care that cost my wife $140, cost me $480.50 . . ."

"But the cost of everything has gone up," I protested.

"Sure it has," he snorted. "The cost of living has gone up about 88 per cent. My surgeon's bill went up too. But the cost of my ten days in the hospital jumped more than 300 per cent! Hospitals are always wailing about their deficits. They're always campaigning for funds. They're tax-exempt. They call themselves nonprofit institutions. And then they hand me a bill like this!"

While this may be an extreme case, I have, since listening to this businessman's story, interviewed dozens of other patients all over America. Many of them voiced the same complaints—skyrocketing room rates, poorer service, unforeseen and staggering "extras," a final bill

by Albert Q. Maisel

that made even a minor operation a financial disaster.

In hospitals widely scattered from coast to coast, I have checked recent private patients' bills against the charges for similar services 5 and 10 years ago. The evidence points to the conclusion that my incensed friend in the Midwest had some basis for his complaint.

Many hospitals have been putting a strain on the taut-stretched budgets of their private patients who ask no charity. They have been making up for the increasing losses they take on charity and welfare cases by adding extra after extra to the bills of men and women in private and semi-private rooms. Middle-income people who pay their own bills or pay for hospital insurance are getting it in the neck in many institutions.

In addition, some hospitals have granted at the expense of their patients profitable concessions to specialists, in anesthesia, X-ray work, pathology, and other services.

Many hospitals have fought such trends, and, as public-spirited institutions whole-heartedly devoted to the welfare of their patients, have refused to take advantage of the public. Hospital administrations and associations in a number of states have insisted upon increases in public welfare bureau payments for indigents instead of loading the burden of charity ever more heavily upon the paying patients (*Continued on page* 128)

BILLS, BILLS, BILLS are what the paying patient gets for even a short stay in some hospitals, which grant profitable concessions allowing specialists to levy heavy charges for "extras"

Only in one way could the secret
of the marauder be kept.
None of us could live

COMMAND VENGEANCE

by John F. Wallace

ILLUSTRATION BY AL MUENCHEN

I AM Joseph Buckner, second assistant engineer, and the only part I played that blue and sunny day when the Irenic was pirated of her command was that of a witness. But it will be a long time before I forget two men who served the ship, or what I learned about an integrity of the sea called command.

Of the two men, MacReady was my friend. Irenic's chief engineer looked the man he was. A tall man, long-boned, and sweated lean and hard by a lifetime below. A redhead and a warm man, MacReady; friendly, but with a certain terrible coldness to his rare anger. He got the work out of the black gang because they liked him and because he was a fine engineer.

On the bridge, Jack Haag, a captain who called no man friend. He was endowed with high temper and a gigantic frame and ox-felling fists. The legend of his ebullient days still clung to him, but somewhere in a past that began before my time Jack Haag had turned from a brawling fo'c'sle bully into a respected and feared master of ships.

Some men conquer themselves, and it broadens them and gives them a heightened humanity. Jack Haag had conquered himself, and it had narrowed him to the point where the ship was his whole life. He was arrogant, a martinet. To him, men were tools to be heated, hammered, forged to the needs of the ship, forged to his command.

None of this was pose. The ship, the command, and the captain were a unity, in his view, and although he would never (*Continued on page* 132)

Then, as the sub came bearing down on us, the mate yelled, "Scatter!"

This spring the famous Dionne quintuplets come of age. Do they live like other 18-year-old girls? Can they go out alone with boys? What are they really like? Have they made plans for the future? Our reporter, a young bachelor, takes you with him straight into their lives and answers questions everyone wants to know about the five most famous young ladies in the world

I Had a Date with the Quints

by Roul Tunley

MATRIMONIALLY speaking, the Dionne quintuplets—the most famous sister act in history—have come of age. In fact, I've just had a "date" with them.

This may come as a shock to a lot of people to whom the quints are still regarded as children. But the Dionne girls, I found, are now grown women—two years older than their own mother was when she was married. In a few weeks—May 28, to be exact—they will have their 18th birthday. Although that does not entitle them to vote or to claim the $1,000,000 fortune which they have accumulated (the Province of Ontario is holding it in trust for them until they're 21), it does entitle them to marry without their parents' consent.

SKATING WITH THE QUINTS: Left to right, Emilie, Marie, Cecile, the author, Yvonne, and Annette lock arms for a spin around the Dionnes' lake

There is as much likelihood of that, however, as there is of their mother having another set of quintuplets. For these celebrated young ladies have almost no contact with the outside world. I am convinced that I was the first "date" they'd ever had.

The quints, of course, are unique. Or perhaps "quinique." More has been written about them than about any other youngsters in the world. They have met kings, queens, cardinals, and prime ministers. They have launched a fleet of ships. With nothing very much to say and little physical beauty in the Hollywood sense, they have merely to arrive in a city to attract a crowd of 200 reporters and photographers. And yet fame has made them lonely, set them apart. Any American high-school girl has more freedom.

The simple fact is that the world's insistent and continuing curiosity about the most astonishing multiple birth in history has forced them to retire behind a high steel wall.

Nevertheless, that wall, which has surrounded them actually as well as figuratively for most of their lives, will be torn down this year. One of the most important things I learned from them is that they will soon split up and go their separate ways. The school that they have been attending at home for 10 years—a school created especially for them—will be discontinued this June. When it is, these renowned girls will seek their destinies singly. In that way they hope to lead normal lives, which would be impossible if they went through life as a 5-girl "act."

Until a few weeks ago, my own interest in the quints was strictly amateur. I had read the usual news stories about them and I had seen them as infants with Jean Hersholt in *The Country Doctor* movie. Recent photos of them had made me content with that status.

Then my interest suddenly (*Continued on page* 117)

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AND HOW THEY GREW! Author Tunley chats with Cecile (seated) as Annette, Yvonne, Emilie, and Marie listen. The painting above the mantel shows the quints at the age of 5, when they first started in school

AMERICAN FAMILY RECREATION

Games

$50,000,000 WORTH OF GAMES, ranging in price from $1 to $4, were sold last year in the U.S. They included such popular choices as Sorry, Boom, Clue, Monopoly, Labyrinth, Safari, and many other favorites

ARE GOOD FOR YOU

by

Marguerite Kohl

CO-AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "GAMES FOR GROWNUPS"

PHOTOS BY NELSON MORRIS

IN HOMES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY a favorite amusement is playing some form of Charades. Here a group of CBS television people engage in the pastime

Everyone from 3 to 93 can enjoy them, whether you play those you buy in stores or the ones you act out yourself. Whatever your interests—from crime-detection to high finance—the vast storehouse of fun and make-believe provides a game to challenge your wits and your luck

IT WAS a long train ride. As the cornfields and red barns flashed endlessly by I began nodding over my book. Then suddenly I perked up my ears.

"It was unbelievable," came a man's voice from the seat behind me. "I'd have sworn it was Mrs. Peacock who killed him in the billiard room with the candlestick. Instead, it was Colonel Mustard in the library with the revolver. There I was ready to accuse Mrs. Peacock when Doris, one of the guests at the party, says it's the Colonel and proves she's right."

If you should overhear a similar conversation, don't worry. You won't be listening to someone who has inside dope on a murder, but to an addict of an exciting game called *Clue* which has caught the fancy of thousands of families throughout the country.

Clue calls for from 3 to 6 players. You move suspects, according to the throw of dice, across a board representing the first-floor rooms of a house. The object: to find out which of 6 house guests murdered the owner, who lies dead on the staircase.

I'll have to admit I've guessed the wrong answer as often as the right. But, right or wrong, I find trying for a solution is a whale of a lot of fun. So do lots of other families I know, because people everywhere are playing indoor games again.

Reports I get from game manufacturers, publishers of game books, managers of game departments in large city stores, and owners of small game and gift shops all over the country tell the same story. They are enjoying their largest sales in recent history. One New York toy store has a sale of about 1,000,000 games a year. National retail games sales amount to around $50,000,000. These terrific sales are spread over the hundreds of different games available, most of them selling for between $1 and $4. All are fundamentally sound, lots of fun, but only a few are likely to catch the national fancy and become household necessities the way Chinese checkers and *Monopoly* did.

Monopoly, born during the depression, when Charles Darrow and his wife in Atlantic City entertained first themselves and then their friends by carving out the miniature hotels and houses and printing the fake money to pass the dull evenings, zoomed to international success once a large game manufacturer marketed the product. Although it has been banned in communist countries as capitalistic, it's still (*Continued on page* 112)

A ceremony can mean a lot

Wedding in Haiti

to a woman who has

forgotten what marriage means

by Hugh B. Cave

"YOU'RE not going ashore in that shirt, I hope," Neva Bradley said to Jonathan Bradley's back. "You look like a refugee."

With a hand on the stateroom doorknob Jonathan halted. He exhaled a small sigh. He turned. "It's hot in Port-au-Prince, Neva," he said in mild protest. "Besides, no one in Haiti knows me."

"Don't be silly. Everyone from the ship will know you."

Jonathan looked down at his open-necked, slightly rumpled sport shirt. She was right, he supposed. It was a little difficult at times, being the husband of a woman who at thirty-seven still could look sleek and beautiful even in a casual sport dress. He was aware that he, at thirty-nine, looked comfortably middle-aged.

But there was Bradley Tours Incorporated to think of. More than thirty of the Caribbean Queen's hundred cruise passengers were Bradley clients. It wouldn't do for Neva Bradley's husband to go around looking moth-eaten.

He put on a clean white shirt and a jacket. "That's better," Neva said.

"*Fleur de—fleur—*"

"*Fleur du Soleil.* For heaven's sake, Jonathan, write it down. You know how you are about such things. And don't pay a cent more than eighteen dollars."

He wrote in a pocket notebook the name of the perfume she wanted. "Are you sure you won't come?"

"Go away, Jonathan. Let me relax."

Jonathan touched his lips to her cheek. After sixteen years of marriage he was still deeply fond

Jonathan watched Neva smile as she returned the golden bottle to Celeste

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE GARLAND

of her. He went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

Sometimes he felt sorry for Neva. She gave so much of herself on these cruises. For days on end she drove herself to make sure everyone on the agency list was getting the most out of every minute. Games, parties, contests, shore trips . . . she amazed the tourists with her unflagging energy.

That was the secret, of course, of Bradley Tours' phenomenal success. The agency was Jonathan's. He had bought it for a song, six years ago, when the doctors had wagged their heads over him and advised him to get out of banking. But Neva was its guiding spirit. He was just extra baggage, always there but never needed.

He didn't mind being extra baggage. He did mind the price Neva paid, the times when the light fled her eyes, the gay smile from her lips, and solitude became so precious to her. He wanted then to hold her hand and be comforting, but of course he couldn't. When she was that tired he was quite unwanted.

On deck he paused to watch a native fishing boat with feed-bag sails glide past the end of the pier. Captain Osterban, smoking a pipe, walked up to him. "Going ashore, Johnny?"

"Neva has her heart set on a bottle of perfume," Jonathan said, smiling.

The captain chuckled. "You're a fine one to be buying perfume, you are. I'd give a lot to go with you, Johnny. Where's your crowd?"

"They've gone with Mike on a motor trip Neva cooked up for them."

"Nice boy, Mike." Captain Osterban gazed reflectively at his pipe smoke. "They haven't all gone, though. Miss Smith was on the pier just a little while back. She waved to me."

"Oh?" Jonathan said. "Perhaps I'll bump into her," he thought.

He rather liked Susan Smith. She was a plain little thing, a schoolteacher from some small town in upstate New York, and she hadn't much to say, but he enjoyed sitting with her while the others worked so hard at amusing themselves. She was a comfortable sort of person, despite her youth.

On the other hand, perhaps he had better avoid Susan just now. The situation was awkward. Mike Lannigan was heels over head in love with her and hadn't told Neva about it, which was bad, because Mike was a good deal more than just an employee of Bradley Tours. Mike was practically a son to Neva and Jonathan, who had no children of their own.

Anyway, Susan was obviously not in love with Mike. She'd been avoiding him.

"Ever been in Port-au-Prince before, Johnny?" the captain asked.

"Once, fourteen years ago. I suppose everything is different now."

"A little, maybe. Haiti doesn't change much. You'll see."

Alone, Jonathan made his way up from the water front to Grand Rue, walking slowly because the noon sun was hot. He remembered the sun only too well. The captain was right, he saw. Streets were paved that hadn't been, and the city's main thoroughfare boasted some handsome new buildings, but the changes were mostly superficial. Peasant women still rode their little clop-clopping donkeys everywhere. *Marchands* walked about with basketfuls of fruit on their heads. The dusty heat was vibrant with a pleasant babel of voices.

He saw bottles of perfume in a window of one of the nicer shops and went inside. On the counter stood a revolving tower of picture post cards. He had a weakness for picture post cards.

Some of these were scenes he remembered. The country marketplace at Croix des Bouquets—the little town, a few miles outside the city, where he had gone guinea-hen hunting and walked too far in the sun. A peasant hut on a dusty road, very like the one to which they had carried him. A little dark-skinned girl with a water calabash on her head, the image of Jean Bauvet's little daughter . . .

"Something, *monsieur?*"

Startled, he faced the young lady behind the counter. "Oh, yes, excuse me. *Fleur de—*" He had to consult to notebook. "A bottle of *Fleur du Soleil*, please."

They hadn't it. "I don't believe you will find any in the city," the woman said. "It isn't made any more."

He tried other shops. In one, the obliging proprietor looked through his entire stock. In another, an energetic woman became insulting when he refused to buy something else. In a third, he was told bluntly, "There is no such thing."

The heat bothered him a bit. The sun's glare bounced from the sidewalks like golden rain. He took off his coat. Then he saw Miss Smith.

She was buying peanuts from a very old woman seated in a doorway near the marketplace. As Jonathan approached he heard the woman say, "*Merci, madame, merci!*"

"Hello, Susan," he said solemnly. "I see you didn't read the shipboard warning about buying food on the streets."

"Of course I did." She thrust the paper bag at him. "Have some?"

Jonathan was fond of peanuts. He bought a bagful. "I helped a little Haitian girl roast some of these once," he said. "What are you doing here by yourself?"

"Walking."

"So I see. But Mike and the others—"

"I like to walk."

"Help me find a bottle of *Fleur du Soleil*, then," Jonathan said, sensing a need to change the subject.

They walked along, trying shop after shop, and Jonathan could not remember when he had had such a good time. Susan had a child's curiosity for everything new to her. Funny. On the first night of the cruise Neva had noticed the girl sitting alone with a book and decided something was wrong. Nothing upset (*Continued on page* 99)

Murder stops at a wayside motel—and pays off in terror

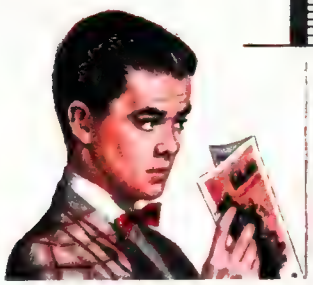
WEAPON OF FEAR

By George Harmon Coxe

COMPLETE IN THE MAY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

Inefficiency Expert



DR. ALICE LANE

They sat there trying not to look at each other

By Ruth Harnden

THEY sat opposite each other in the stark anteroom, the thin, shy girl and the shy, thin boy, trying to find something to look at that wasn't each other. Behind the opaque glass door marked "Dr. Alice Lane," the psychologist would be sitting with some other student who needed counseling; some other freshman, perhaps, who was not making friends, or was homesick. If it was simply a question of grades they'd be called to the Dean's office. Dr. Lane's guidance was needed for other failures. That is why the girl and the boy had been sent for.

"She can't help me," the girl was thinking. "She must be forty, at least. What could she know of the problems you have at seventeen?" She wouldn't think it important that you'd never learned to dance, or that you had to wear glasses in order to see, and when you wore them no one could see you! Psychologists were for deeper problems.

The girl's eyes strayed to the boy opposite. Everything was so easy for boys, she decided. All they had to do was ask, "How about a movie Friday night?" or "Want to go to the game?" They never had to sit and wait, even if they wore glasses. He's quite good-looking, she observed. He must have something very deep the matter with him, since there wasn't anything wrong on the surface. And then he looked at her. So, naturally, she looked away.

"She looks like a grind," the boy thought. Not homely. Just snooty. One of the select crowd, no doubt. "Well, snoot away, sister. I'm used to it."

When the glass door opened at eleven o'clock the boy got to his feet. And the girl did, too.

"Which one of you is next?" Dr. Lane asked. "Oh, dear," she fluttered when they both answered at once, "you mean I gave you *both* eleven o'clock?"

The boy and the girl looked at each other. Wouldn't you think, they were thinking, that she would be efficient?

Dr. Lane made a helpless gesture. "Well, since you are both here, come in. We'll see what we can figure out."

So they went in and sat down.

"Haven't you a brother on the football team, Dave?" Dr. Lane asked.

The boy shook his head. Hadn't she read his folder? "I'm an only child," he said with polite resignation.

"Then *you* have, Nancy!" Dr. Lane said to the girl.

Oh, really! the girl thought. "No, Dr. Lane," she said. "I'm an only child, too."

The boy and the girl looked at each other and smiled.

"There were eight in my family," Dr. Lane said irrelevantly. "I guess it's easier being part of a large family."

"It sure is," the boy said with feeling, though he couldn't see that it had done Dr. Lane much good. "Parents expect too much of an only child. They think fraternities are going to knock each other down to pledge you." He stopped short. He didn't want this girl to know that he hadn't been pledged, that he wasn't one of the select circle just because he had never learned how to make friends.

The girl was looking at him wide-eyed. "It's easier for a boy, though," she said. "If I had been a boy, or had a brother . . ." She became lost in her embarrassment. "I mean, well, he at least might have taught me to dance."

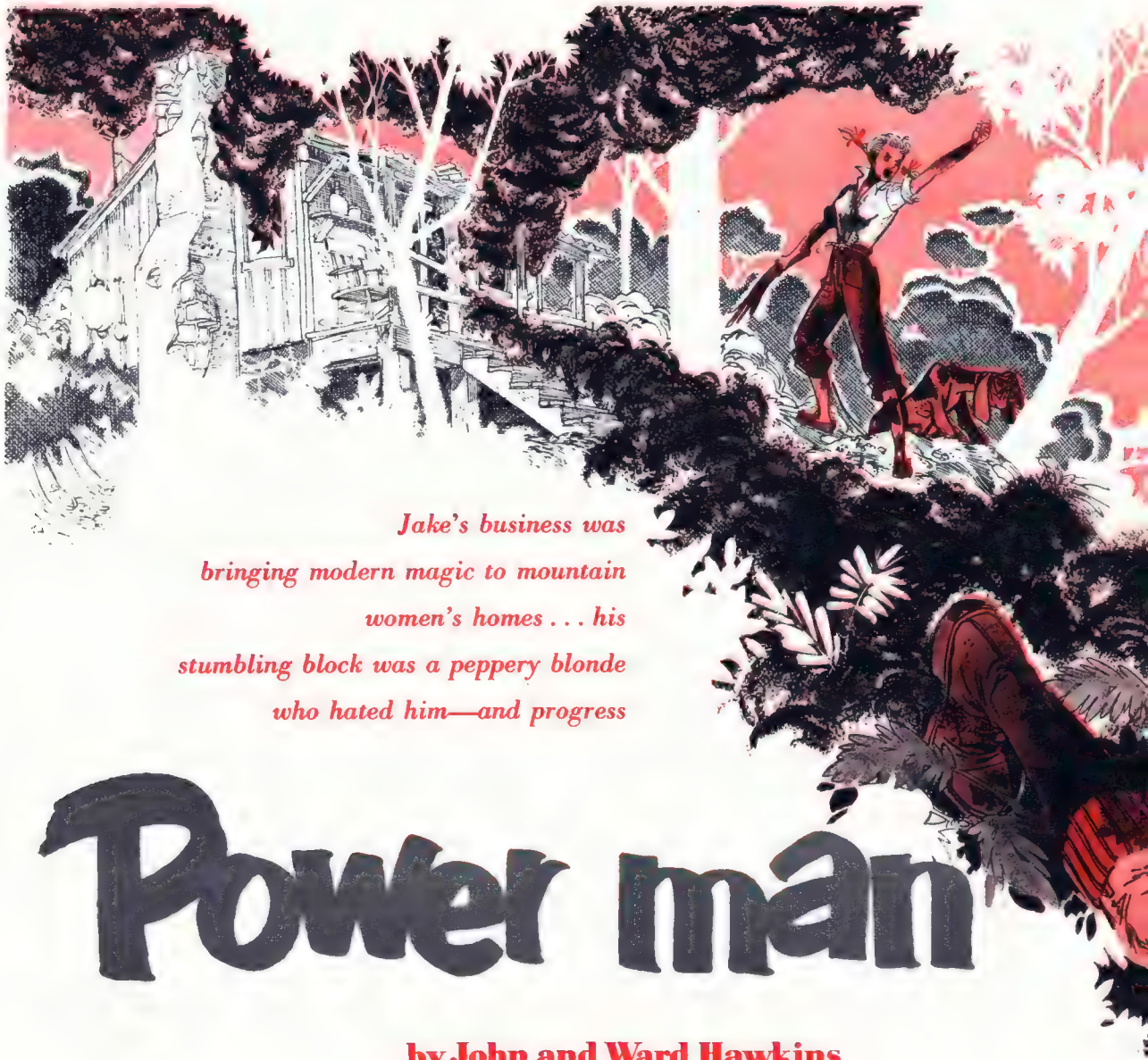
"Anybody can teach you to dance," the boy said with authority. "I can dance." And he noticed that Nancy's hair was beautiful with the sun shining on it.

"Could you?" she said, leaning forward. And he saw that her eyes were blue and clear and lovely.

"Just plain stuff," he said modestly. And then he grinned. "Sure!"

Dr. Lane cleared her throat. "You must excuse me," she said. "I have an early lunch date. I think we should discuss your problems separately at another time." She stood up, and they did, too.

They left the office, but Dr. Lane could hear their voices, eager and buoyant, asking questions, answering, cramming to catch up on everything that two lonely freshmen had in common. Dr. Alice Lane looked down at the two names bracketed together on her appointment calendar: Nancy Carter—David Woods, eleven o'clock. And she circled the names with a heart, because she was not only a very wise but also a very sentimental psychologist.



Jake's business was bringing modern magic to mountain women's homes . . . his stumbling block was a peppery blonde who hated him—and progress

Power man

by John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIAN ARCHER

JAKE MAWHINNEY had laid his ambush carefully. He was inside a hollow, fire-blackened stump a scant ten feet from the trail. A knothole gave him a view in the direction from which she would come. The broken-out back of the stump gave him an easy exit. Once she'd passed, he'd be able to reach her in a couple of long hops and a jump. He didn't know exactly what he would do then, except that somehow or other he had to keep away from the front end of her rifle.

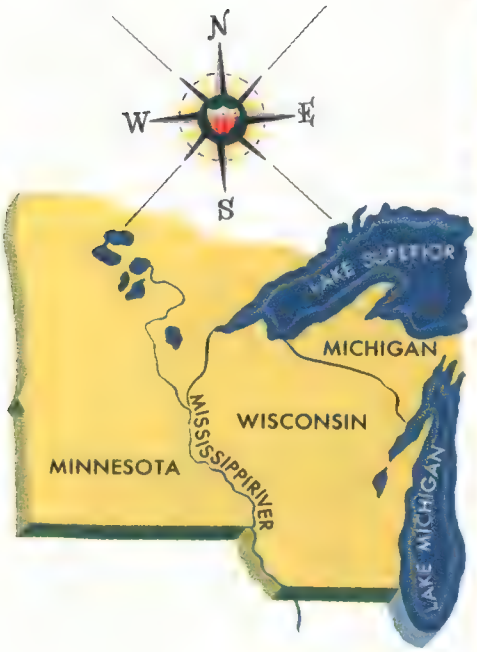
Let that happen—no more Mawhinney.

And this was no joke. As lovely as Lubelle Wilson was—and Jake blushed, now, thinking how lovely—she was a woods-wise girl, quick as a kitten and a dead shot. The hole Jake wore in the crown of his hat hadn't been a miss; it had been a warning. Jake never doubted she would shoot if he fumbled. What hill-girl wouldn't if a man sprang at her suddenly out of a stump, grabbing? Jake slapped a mosquito angrily. If there was a wilder, dizzier way to hold a job, he'd surely like to see it.

"But what else can you do?" he asked himself gloomily.

He hadn't come to this madness until he'd exhausted every sane, sober, and civilized means. He'd gone to her house, a little cabin tucked high in the hills, thinking that two people, even mortal enemies, should be able to sit down and negotiate a simple business proposition. All he'd got for his knock was a scamper of feet. Rounding a corner at a dead run, he'd had a last glimpse of her vanishing into the brush, yellow braids flying. Her father, an apple-cheeked old blister (*Continued on page 89*)

"This way, son! Step on it!" yelled the old man. Jake stepped on it and slid home, safe from his fair assailant



Happy Land of SKY-BLUE WATERS

by Henry Bradshaw

WASKISH, MINN.: Mallard ducks take off from the Tamarac River

For fish, fun, friendliness, and the freedom of the forests, don't miss Minnesota

HAYWARD, WIS.: Vera, the author's wife, who shares his vacation trip, enjoys feeding fawns caramel corn at deer farm

WISCONSIN DELLS: Sight-seers at these amazing rock formations see a dog make the jump to Stand Rock

TEAL LAKE, WIS.: Phil Johnson, son of the author's guide, holds up a musky, for which this section is famous

BEMIDJI, MINN.: Every visitor photographs Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe

MINNESOTA: In the North Woods, which they love, the author and his wife watch their prize catch cooking over a lakeside campfire. Whenever they get a vacation this is the country they head for

PHOTOS BY VERA AND HENRY BRADSHAW

and Wisconsin, playground of the fabulous Paul Bunyan

GRAND MARAIS, MINN.: A vacationing family looks across Lake Superior at town near Canadian border

MY FISHING rod must be a water wand. I set it in my closet at home in Iowa, and the tip tips. It bends toward the north woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin. It's right, too! There *is* water up there—over 18,500 lakes and a multitude of rivers. Fishing water, swimming water, boating water, and that good old stand-by of Wisconsin, water from the Waukesha River—the mineralized drinking fluid guaranteed to cure everything but vacation fever.

But water isn't all we have found there. Cool woods, good highways, grassy airports, railroads, bus routes, sand and rock beaches, sculptured scenery—these, too, are added gold stars in the crown of Minnesota and Wisconsin. It's a northland vacation paradise—a happy land of waters—available to all.

And wherever my wife, Vera, and I have gone—from the Canadian border south to Madison, Minneapolis, and St. Paul; from Alexandria and Detroit Lakes east to Lake Michigan—our vacations have been flavored with the folklore aura of a giant lumberjack, Paul Bunyan, that mythical, humorous hippodrome (*Continued on page* 93)

Finders Keepers

by Herbert Dalmas

ALEC CAMPBELL wanted to marry Molly Shanahan, and Molly wanted to marry him; neither of them had any doubts about that. Alec was a rookie cop, and he would have preferred to wait until he had been appointed to one of the plain-clothes details before entering upon family life. But love makes lovers impatient.

The real obstacle was Molly's father, Lieutenant Timothy Shanahan, head of the Pickpocket Detail in the Police Department. Lieutenant Shanahan was an old-line policeman, and while he never actually stated that no cop could be any good unless he was Irish, he made it plain that he considered anyone named Campbell an object of suspicion.

"Your father," Alec said to Molly, "is a wonderful man. He is also cantankerous, pigheaded, and unreasonable."

"I know," Molly agreed. "But I love him. And I'd be awfully unhappy if we got married and fought with my family. Besides, Dad's above you in the Department. It would be better for everybody if he liked you."

"Would it help," Alec suggested, "if I tried harder to win him over? I might bring him a present once in a while—"

Molly shook her head. "He'd call that attempted bribery," she said. "Leave it to me. I'll get around him sooner or later. We'll just have to wait."

When she looked at him with those lovely blue eyes, Alec didn't see how she could be wrong about anything. But that didn't make him like her decision.

And then James R. Knight had his pocket picked.

James R. Knight was the governor of another state; young, glamorous, and slated for an important political future. He landed at the airport one September morning, and his feet were hardly on the ground before the crowd broke through the gates to get at him. He had to be extricated from the churning mob by the police.

It was while he was being escorted to a cab, entirely surrounded by cops, that he discovered his wallet had been stolen.

There had been more than three hundred dollars in it, and it made a nice story for the afternoon papers—a visiting dignitary being robbed, with cops all over the place. For the next ten days the local columnists made at least one wisecrack a day on the subject.

On the tenth day one of them wrote, "The cops know who lifted Governor Knight's wallet, and they aren't doing anything about it," and on the eleventh day Lieutenant Timothy Shanahan found himself facing the Chief across the latter's desk.

"I won't say we know who did it," Shanahan said, "but we'd be saps if we didn't have a pretty good idea. Packy Farris is the only pickpocket in the business with nerve enough to try a stunt like that."

"You'd better bring him in," the Chief said.

"And have his lawyer crucify us?" Shanahan replied. "What would we use for evidence? You don't think he's kept Knight's wallet for a souvenir, do you?"

"Probably not," the Chief said. "But I want some action. The papers are trying to whip this into an administration scandal. Have you tried tailing Farris?"

"Sure, but he knows every plain-clothes man on the force. Besides, he's a three-time loser. The next time he gets caught he goes up for life. He's not taking any chances."

"Well," the Chief said, "I hate to be rough, Tim, but you know how it is in this work. You're on the spot. The mayor wants the guy who took Knight's wallet. You bring him in or the very *best* I can do is put you back on the beat."

Lieutenant Shanahan could see the Chief's position, but bringing a man in with no evidence to back up the arrest is worse than not arresting him at all. Faced with demotion after thirty-five years of spotless record, Shanahan became very tense, indeed. Molly told Alec it would be helpful to their particular problem if he didn't appear at the house until the affair blew over.

SO THEY met somewhere else for their dates. But the stories kept running and editorials began to appear.

One night Alec said, "If it's going to blow over, it'll need help. How would you feel about calling off our date tomorrow?"

"What are you going to do?" Molly asked.

The next day was Alec's day off, and they had planned to go driving in the country.

"I'll tell you if it works," Alec said.

"All right," Molly said promptly. "But be careful!"

The next morning Alec left his car with a friend to have

some work done on it. He went down to the Identification Bureau and studied the rogue's gallery photographs of Packy Farris. Then he went to the offices of the Pickpocket Detail and talked to one of the inspectors, who agreed to take the tail off Farris for the day.

Just before noon, Alec sauntered toward a cigar store the inspector had told him about. He waited, and finally he saw his man coming along the street.

Alec fell in beside him and said, "Farris?" in a low voice.

Farris stopped and looked at him.

"Let's keep walking," Alec said in the same tone. "They may be tailing me."

They continued to saunter.

"I was out at the airport the day Knight came in," Alec said. "I got a couple pictures of the crowd around him. They interest you?"

Farris glanced at him.

"I might be interested," he said. "I collect pictures of famous people. What's the deal?"

"I can't talk here," Alec said. "I'll be in my car at Fifth and Elm this afternoon at two." He walked on. . . .

ALEC was in his car at the specified corner a little ahead of time. Exactly at two, the door opened, and Farris slid in alongside of him.

"If you're interested in looking at the pictures," Alec said, "they're up in the country where I know they'll be safe."

Farris nodded. Alec started the car and nothing more was said until Alec turned off on a narrow country road. He stopped in front of an isolated farmhouse. A weed-grown driveway circled the house. Trees partially screened it from the road, and it was obviously empty.

"Well?" Farris said. "What about the pictures?"

"These are pretty good pictures," Alec said. "I figure they're worth about a grand."

"It's high," Farris said. "That include the negatives?"

"Sure," Alec told him. "And all the prints, of course."

Farris grunted. "Drive around to the back," he said. "We'll talk it over."

"We'll talk it over here," Alec said.

A gun appeared in Farris's hand. "Drive around to the back," he repeated.

Alec looked at the gun a moment, then started the car.

WHEN they were in back, Farris said, "You get out first."

"I'll stay here," Alec said. "I might as well be dead here as anywhere. Murder's not going to help you," he added.

"You didn't think I'd run the chance of you holding out a print, did you?" Farris said. "Or talking afterward? I'm a three-time loser, kiddy. You know I got Knight's wallet, and I'll go up for life if they can prove it. So fixing you won't leave me much worse off—"

"Wait a minute," Alec interrupted.

Farris stopped.

"You've been talking into an open mike," Alex said.

He gestured toward the dashboard and, as he expected, Farris's eyes flickered involuntarily in the same direction.

In that split second Alec smashed his right fist at the gun and his left at Farris's jaw. The gun thumped to the floor. Farris's reactions were quick; he came back fighting. But Alec had the advantage because he had known what was coming. On the third punch Farris wilted in the corner.

Alec picked up the gun. He got out and went around and opened the rear door.

The portable tape recorder—which his friend had rigged up so he could start it by stepping on a button next to the clutch pedal—was still turning. He stopped it.

He had a coil of rope back there, too. He took it and wrapped it around Farris like a cocoon.

"I'm sorry," Alec said to the slumbering Farris as he started the car, "that I can't deliver you gift-wrapped. But you're sure one present my future father-in-law's going to love."

Molly's father regarded Alec with distrust . . . as a cop and as a son-in-law

SPRING PAINTING at the Parker home. George Parker hands shutter to son Bob, 14, while 6 other Parker children watch from windows

HEAD OF THE FAMILY, George is such a happy man that he sings every day at wheel of bus he drives for a living, and often gets passengers to sing with him

LIVING ROOM VARIETY SHOWS are a popular source of fun for the Parkers. Joyce, 16, does a tap dance while family looks on

MRS. EILEEN PARKER saves over $100 a year by cutting husband's and boys' hair and giving girls permanents at home. Here she barbers Ronnie, 8

Each day brings gay adventure to the 9 enterprising Parkers of Cochituate, Mass., who found a way to successful living on a bus driver's pay. They've got a fine big house, a luxury car, television, the latest in home appliances—in fact, they have almost everything . . .

but money!

by Clarence Woodbury

A LONG time ago, perhaps far back in the Bronze Age, when some primitive scoundrel hammered the first coins out of metal, the rumor got started that money is essential to happiness. Over the centuries, the myth has persisted, and a good many people still think you've got to have a bundle of cash if you want to be happy.

But that silly idea is being kicked all over the lot by the gay Parker family of 9 who live in Cochituate, Mass. The Parkers, whom THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has chosen as its Family of the Month, haven't got any money. They have never had any money to speak of. They cheerfully predict they'll never have any. But they have everything except money and they wouldn't trade places with any gold-plated family from here to Zanzibar.

The head of the family, 39-year-old George Parker, is such a happy man that he sings every day at the wheel of the bus which he drives for a living. His pretty blue-eyed wife, Eileen, who is 35, bubbles with laughter all day long as she goes about the business of making his $3,500-a-year wages support 9 souls. And the 7 children, aged 4 to 16, make the Parker home explosive with joy and high jinks from morning till night.

The Parkers are all as happy as larks because, while they haven't got a dime in the bank and are usually head-over-heels in debt, they manage, through scheming, bartering, swapping, bargain-hunting, co-operative enterprises, and all kinds of delightful dodges, to live like lords of the manor.

I was immediately made aware of this when I visited them in Cochituate, which is a small town 17 miles west of Boston, to find out how a family of 9 gets by these days on an income averaging slightly less than $68 a week. I suspected the Parkers would be living in pretty crimped style. With stern economy and budgeting, they might just scrape along, I figured. But I

WORKING PART-TIME as a saleswoman, Mrs. Parker helps pay for family's Christmas and clothing needs. She is shown here waiting on a customer

didn't see how they could have many luxuries. . . . I was in for a lot of surprises.

George Parker, a slim, debonair young man who was nicknamed "Bullet" in high school because he was so fast on his feet and is still nimble as a cat, met me at the station. He gave me an athletic handshake and a friendly grin, then ushered me into the family car. I had rather expected that if the Parkers owned a car at all it would be a tired old jalopy but, lo, it turned out to be a black limousine as long as the proverbial city block—the kind of chariot in which Wall Street tycoons and visiting foreign dignitaries are wafted about their business.

"Quite a car you've got here," I said, gasping a bit.

It was a 1939 model with only 33,000 miles on it, George Parker explained, which had formerly belonged to a prominent undertaker who had used it as a funeral car. But the motor had gotten out of whack from running it so slow at funerals, and the undertaker had sold it to him for only $200. He and his wife had taken it apart and fixed it up, George said, and now it was just dandy for their family. All nine of them could ride in it at once.

I HAD hardly gotten over that surprise when we pulled up in front of the Parkers' home on Main Street. Again I had to gulp for breath. Instead of viewing a small or dilapidated dwelling, I found myself gaping at a gleaming white mansion—a 12-room house on a beautifully landscaped plot with a 4-car garage in back of it. It was the kind of place you expect a banker or industrial bigwig to occupy, but not a bus-driver with seven kids.

But I hadn't seen anything yet. George Parker led me into the house through the back door, and we entered a huge, sunny kitchen where I met his wife, Eileen, and the couple's youngest child, Susie, 4, who was licking a spoon with which her mother had just spread icing on a big, heart-shaped chocolate cake. Like all the Parkers, they were nice to look at, but what made my eyes pop was the array of modern appliances with which the kitchen was equipped. These included an electric washing machine, ironer, dishwasher, twin-oven electric stove, and a massive refrigerator with a big freezing compartment. The Parkers' kitchen was more completely equipped than those of some millionaires I have visited on my reportorial travels.

I commenced to think I had gotten in the wrong house. Or perhaps there was a catch to the story. Maybe the Parkers had inherited wealth or discovered a diamond mine in their back yard. But after we sat down and started talking I soon learned they were just as strapped as I had been led to believe. They had never had a financial windfall of any kind, they have lived from hand to mouth ever since they gaily embarked on matrimony on an income of $12 a week 17 years ago, and they don't mind it a bit.

"We've found money is just a worry," Eileen said with a carefree laugh, "because if you have it, you're always afraid it will get away from you—and it always does."

ONLY a few months before, she said, she and George had made the mistake of saving $75 and putting it in a bank. It had worried them so much they could hardly sleep at night. They had known something would happen, and, sure enough, something had. George split his thumb while fiddling with a windshield wiper and they'd had to spend the $75 on doctors. Now that they were broke again and wholesomely in debt, they felt a lot better.

"I suppose you live on a close budget," I said.

That made both the happy-go-lucky Parkers howl with laughter. A thrifty-minded friend had once given them a budget box, they said, with little slots to put money in for various purposes. But they had found it just got them all mixed up about finances, so they had given it to the children to make a doll house out of. A budget box might be all right for dolls, they said, but not for them.

"But how do you do it?" I asked. "How do you feed and clothe the children and get all these fine things—this big house, that fine radio and television set which I see over there, all those expensive gadgets you have in the kitchen?"

I was to spend several days with the Parker family be-

READY FOR BERRY PICKING: The Parker family line up in front of their big limousine: George Parker, 39; Eileen Parker, 35, with Susie, 4; Joyce, 16; Bob, 14; Gloria, 12; Beverly 10; Judy, 9; and Ronnie, 8

fore I obtained complete answers to these questions, but right away they gave me one important clue to their success: Instead of scrimping and fretting about tomorrow, they go merrily along their way from day to day and, through all kinds of ingenious devices, solve their problems as they arise.

A couple of years ago, for example, when they were especially broke because of the illness of a relative they were helping to support, they ran up a big grocery bill. When it amounted to $110, George scouted around for some way of paying it and, being a man of imagination, soon found one. He discovered the grocer's house needed a coat of paint and, consequently, made him a business offer. He and his family would paint the house, George said, if the groceryman would cancel their food bill.

The grocer liked the proposition. The whole Parker family turned out with paint pails and brushes and, with much shouting and laughter, had a magnificent time paying off their indebtedness with work. And they made new friends while doing so. The groceryman and his wife, who were childless, liked the Parkers so much that they became quite thick with them and, later, were inspired by them to adopt two youngsters of their own.

That is pretty typical of the way things are done by the Parker family. They are drastically independent and never mooch or ask for financial help from anybody, but by taking advantage of all kinds of opportunities which most families would never think about they manage to stay well fed, well clothed, and in terrifically high spirits.

Their love of gaiety was impressed upon me that first day, when the six older children came bouncing home from school. I have never seen handsomer, healthier, or more obedient youngsters, but they were all as lively as crickets and, almost before I knew it, were putting on a riotous variety show for my benefit.

Joyce, 16, who is the oldest, got into a tricky black costume, rolled up the living room rug, and did an exciting tap dance. Bob, 14, who has a lot of mechanical ability, roared into the room in a remarkable "buggy" which he built, himself, out of old odds and ends—a vehicle equipped with electric directional signals which he made out of Christmas-tree lights. Gloria, 12, and Beverly, 10, who are wonderful mimics, gave a funny imitation of a room full of people having an argument. Judy, 9, who resembles Imogene Coca, did a droll impersonation of that television star. Ronnie, 8, showed me amusing tricks which he has taught the family dog, Rascal, and little Susie climbed on the sofa and stood on her head, a feat which she performs several times daily. I soon found there is never a dull moment in the Parker household.

Just for the fun of it, the whole family is apt to engage in some nonsensical antic at any moment, such as dressing up and staging a mock wedding or taking their old-fashioned player piano apart to see what's inside of it, but a lot of their most uproarious fun is closely related to practical family enterprises.

One day last summer, for instance, Eileen heard that blueberries were ripe in some marshes a few miles from their home. That was all she needed to hear. The next day was George's day off, so the whole family arose at dawn, packed lunches, got into their car, and headed for the marshes.

They had a bang-up picnic there, played games, took naps after their lunch, and, quite incidentally, picked 73 quarts of berries. Eileen canned most of them, but there were enough left over for the kids to play store with. They set up a stand in their front yard and earned several dollars spending money by selling the (*Continued on page* 125)

BOB GIVES JUDY A RIDE in a "buggy" which he made himself out of odds and ends. Both kids are wearing Dad's bus-driver caps

PHOTOS BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

JOYCE AND GLORIA WASH DISHES in family's new electric dishwasher in their modern kitchen

IN WORKSHOP OVER GARAGE George and Eileen Parker put finishing touches on new trellises for their home

How good are

Is your main street well patrolled when you go shopping during the day? Is it easy to get a traffic ticket fixed? . . . A noted police authority tells you how to determine whether your cops are on their toes and what you can do to make your hometown safe for your family

THE AUTHOR is acting director of the Institute of Public Administration, New York City. For 35 years he has been a member of the staff of that nonprofit institution, with administration of justice as his field. At the request of state or city officials, or members who were dissatisfied with their police forces, he has surveyed the police systems of 15 states and more than 50 cities. He also has studied the police systems of England, France, Belgium, and Germany. At this writing he is surveying the Police Department of the City of New York.

THESE days, the average good citizen of the average city—you, for instance—sometimes is pretty jumpy as black night settles down over his family and his home. That very day, in his newspaper, he may have read that in communities just like his, dishonest cops are in the saddle, police are taking bribes, politicians are fixing things for gangsters, and no man, woman, or child is safe from thugs and thieves.

Many a worried citizen is saying, "In my house, I'm snug, all right. But am I safe? Is our police force any good? How can I tell for sure?"

It's difficult if you don't know how; it's so simple for a police chief to fool you. But it's easy, if you do know how.

A metropolitan police force is a bulky, complicated organization. Whenever I make a survey my recommendations fill a book, covering such categories as crime records, fingerprint bureaus, the selection, training, and assignment of men, use and repair of squad cars, alarm systems, detective bureaus, and traffic regulations. The force is like a dynamo with 100 moving parts, each of which must function properly if the machine is to operate at full capacity.

My reorganization plans usually point out dozens of repairs that must be made if the police are to give proper service and reduce crime—and if you and your wife no longer are to be afraid at night when you put out the cat.

However, to determine whether your force is bad, good, or so-so, whether it is run by grafters or honest men, you need not spend 6 months studying it. If you know where to look, signs of decay are obvious. One sign is the manner in which patrolmen are distributed about the town. This sign will indicate within half an hour whether the cops are well trained and properly disciplined and whether they are being directed by a

your COPS?

by
Bruce Smith

IF YOU HAVE A WELL-RUN POLICE FORCE a night-patrolling squad car should arrive, in average circumstances, within 3 minutes after you phone in a distress call

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK MANNING

commissioner or chief who knows how to fight crime.

Recently, for instance, I arrived in the afternoon in a small Eastern city in which crime was increasing and whose mayor had asked me to tell him why. He had written me, "I admit that I know little about the details of police work, but it appears that the chief is competent and is doing the best he can."

I GOT my first clue as to the competency of the chief as I rode down the main street from the station to my hotel. There was a patrolman in almost every block. The stores, the crowds of shoppers, and the parked cars were well guarded, and probably most citizens thought, "That's good police work. That's where cops are needed."

In truth, however, it was the worst kind of police work, and proof that the chief (*Continued on page* 84)

Victoria,

She had everything I ever hoped for in a woman. But I lacked the one thing she wanted in a man

by Oscar Schisgall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LOVELL

YOU can argue sensibly up to a point, but then you become desperate. Now that Vic's bags were down in the car, the one clear fact was that I didn't want her to leave.

She was folding a nightgown into the overnight case on the bed. I went to her. I caught her shoulders from behind, shook her. "Vic," I said. "Vic, for heaven's sake—"

Her whole body went stiff. We faced the mirror together, my chin just above the waves of her blond hair. She was very pale. "Don't, Joe," she said.

"You don't want to go!"

"But I am going, anyway."

"It's crazy!"

"Not the way I see it."

"It's crazy any way you see it!"

Another thing was crazy, too. The reflection in the glass reminded me of one of our wedding pictures. Can you imagine thinking of that—now, of all times? Now that she was leaving for Reno? Fourteen months ago I'd held her like this at the airport, and we'd smiled at the cameras of the local newsmen. The marriage of Victoria Keller had been a major Otisburg event, just as her divorce would be a major event. She was, after all, the owner of the Keller Department Store. . . . I put all that out of my mind.

"We're supposed to be intelligent people," I said. "There must be a—a smarter way than to break up."

"Of course there is," she said. "But you prefer this."

"You know this is the *last* thing I want!"

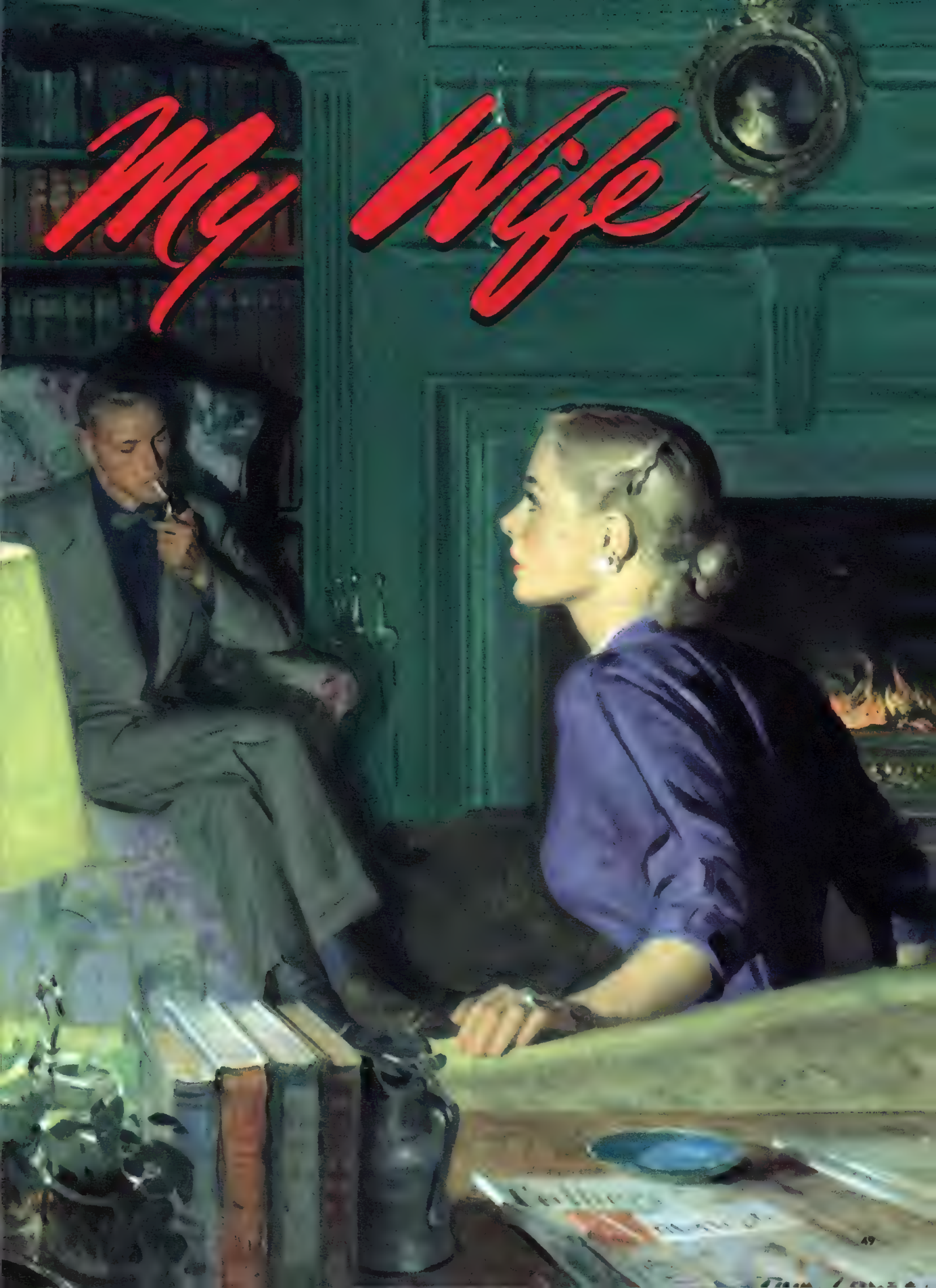
"You certainly have an odd way of showing it."

"Vic," I said, "don't you realize what you're asking? What do you expect me to be—a kept man?"

"That's ridiculous." Her voice was impatient as she

It was a shock seeing Vic again. Someone should have told me she was coming back

An American Short Novel Complete in this issue


My Wife

went on, "I'm asking you to share what I've got, that's all."

"It amounts to the same thing!"

"Only if you take a narrow, stuffed-shirt view—"

So there we were, back at the old hopeless argument, deadlocked again. I could have groaned. Why couldn't she understand that a guy had to hang on to something in his own right, even if it was only pride?

Framed in the mirror, in her dark suit, she was still the most beautiful person I'd ever known, slender and tall, perfect in every line. My fingers tightened on her shoulders. I wanted to swing her around, to take her into my arms, to hold her against all argument. Maybe she sensed it, because her eyes began to soften. They even began to yield. . . . But almost at once the hardness came back. She shook off my hands and went to the closet, took out the mink jacket—a jacket for which she'd paid as much as I earned in six months on the *Globe*.

"It's no use, Joe," she said. "Let's not make it more painful than it is." She looked at her wrist watch. "I've got forty-five minutes to make the plane. Connie's waiting with the car."

I leaned against the chest of drawers and pushed a hand through my hair. For the first time I felt beaten. All my arguments were gone, used up in months of struggle.

VIC snapped the overnight case shut. She looked around the room to make sure she hadn't forgotten anything. Finally she brought her glance back to me, and something happened in her eyes. I'd never before seen them so full of despair.

"Joe," she whispered, "Joe, why do you *have* to be so —so stubborn?"

"Do you want a husband," I asked, "or a dependent?"

"I want *you!*"

"Sure. Me." I almost laughed at that. She wanted me, all right, provided I signed up to trail her around like a pet dog. Vic's contention was that the $120,000 a year she got from the Keller Department Store made it foolish for me to stick to my newspaper job. The way she saw it, I was chaining us both down for a stupid hundred a week. We should have been traveling, following the seasons—Europe, South America, anywhere except Otisburg. We were rich, weren't we? We were entitled to play.

Well, maybe Vic was right by her own standards. Maybe if my father had left me a department store, as her father had left her one, I'd be inclined to play around a bit, too. But all my father had left me was the conviction that if a man was going to amount to anything in this world he had to buckle down to a serious job.

I watched her take the envelope of airplane tickets from the dresser. "So this," I said, "is love."

Her gray eyes flashed. "Love isn't the whole answer! Any two people can be in love! There's got to be more. For me, anyway. Some—some compatibility of spirit. We've got to *want* the same things!"

"You don't mean compatibility, Vic. You mean having your own way."

I knew it was a cruel thing to say. Even unfair. But talking like that, in anger, gave me the strength to face her departure. It almost convinced me that she was right in going to Reno, that I was a fool for protesting. I walked over to the window and thought, "Let her go if that's what she wants! I've said everything I'm going to say!"

THERE had been no sound to tell us her cousin Connie had come up the stairs. Yet there she stood now in the bedroom door, slim, dark-haired, looking from one of us to the other, her hands in the pockets of a tweed coat. Her lips were set in a tight, forbidding line.

We had always accepted Connie Stark as one of the family. That was inevitable. Until I'd married Vic, Connie had lived here, herself. She'd been brought up by the Kellers—as they might have brought up another daughter —ever since her own parents had died, and that had happened in her childhood. Now, of course, she had an apartment of her own near the store. But she still spent a good deal of time at our Allingford Street house. In fact, she and Vic, apart from being cousins, were the closest possible friends. That was why Connie had fought so hard to prevent our marriage from going on the rocks.

"You're both acting like spoiled kids," she said. She was only twenty-six, a year older than Vic, but she had one of those deep, quiet voices that go with emotional maturity. "What," she asked, "has become of the common sense in this family?"

Neither Vic nor I answered.

"Vic," Connie said, "you're unreasonable. How can you expect a man like Joe to loaf his life away?"

Vic was still silent, still pale.

CONNIE watched her a moment, then turned to me: "And you, Joe. Haven't you ever heard of compromise?"

"You can't compromise on a thing like this."

"Why don't you give Vic's way a try? See how it works for a month or two? Get a leave of absence—"

"Vic wouldn't be satisfied. She wants me to quit for good. You know."

Vic flung out, "What's wrong with wanting to enjoy life while we're young enough to make the most of it?"

She waited for an answer. When it didn't come she picked up her overnight bag and walked out of the door. "It's no use, Connie! I'm going."

I shoved my hands into my pockets and stared at the floor. If anyone had told me a thing like this could happen to us—to Vic and me—I'd have called him insane.

Downstairs we heard Vic saying good-by to our housekeeper, Mrs. Wooley.

"She'll come back, Joe," Connie said in a low tone. "She—she really doesn't want a divorce."

She was doing her best to comfort me, and I appreciated it. But it didn't help. I felt numb.

I said, "Go on, Connie. Take her to the airport. It's all settled." . . .

A thing like that hits you, and you can react in one of two ways: You can brood and feel sorry for yourself. Or else you can say it was inevitable and the sooner you put it behind you the better.

NEXT MONTH'S SHORT NOVEL

Not until she stopped hiding her secret could Sheila be free from it

Girl with a PAST

by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

Complete in the May AMERICAN MAGAZINE

I tried to take the second way. I'd done everything I could to keep Vic from going to Reno, but, now that she was gone, I made an effort to face facts realistically. I told myself plenty of people go through divorce. Plenty even find happiness.

But it was useless. After Vic had been away four weeks I still couldn't believe it had happened. It didn't seem real. Working in my office at the *Globe*, I half expected the telephone to ring at any moment, and her gay voice to say, "I'm out at the club, Joe. Just finished eighteen holes. How about running out?" That was the Vic I knew. This girl who had gone out to Reno was a hallucination, a bad dream.

I tried to work on the column, but all sorts of memories kept confusing my thoughts.

This cluttered cubbyhole, I remembered, had depressed Vic the one time she had come to see it. She had studied the scarred desk with two generations of cigarette burns along its edges. She had considered the small window which nobody ever bothered to clean, since it looked out on nothing better than a back alley. Wrinkling her nose, she had said, "Joe, there are nicer cells at the county jail."

I put it out of my mind now. My fingers kept tapping at the typewriter, running off the last paragraphs of my daily 700-word column, *Talk About Sports*.

But it was no use kidding myself. I wanted Vic back. I wanted her so desperately that it hurt.

Somebody stopped in the doorway behind me. Herbie, the copy boy, I thought. Herbie was always there when the clock pointed to five-thirty. I said, without turning, "Beat it, kid. Five minutes more. Don't bother me now."

A girl's voice answered: "Take your time, Joe. I'll wait."

I turned in my chair. Connie Stark looked down at me with calm brown eyes. Because of the October drizzle she wore a green raincoat. It had a monk's hood that hung on her back. Her dark hair was just damp enough to shine.

"Come in," I said.

I saw Herbie and waved him away. At the same time I pushed the door shut.

Connie sat beside the desk and helped herself to a cigarette. I held a match for her. This wasn't the first time she'd dropped in at the office. The past four weeks we'd had lunch together several times, and one evening, when she'd had a long letter from Vic, she'd stopped by to talk with me at my mother's house on Reardon Street. I'd moved back there the day Vic had left, back to my old room.

In a way, Connie had followed the same procedure. Though she hadn't given up her apartment, she was back in the Allingford Street house now, at Vic's urging, so that Vic wouldn't be alone after the divorce.

Keeping in close touch with me, I guessed, was her way of holding the remnants of a marriage together as best she could, as if it were a family trust. For all I knew, she still believed it possible her cousin would change her mind and come home.

"Joe," she asked, "take me to dinner?"

I smiled. "You bet. Another letter from Vic?"

"Well, ye-es, but that isn't—"

"How is she?"

"All right, I suppose. Got bored with Reno. She's in Las Vegas now."

I reached for my pipe. I held it over the tobacco jar and began to fill it. What I saw wasn't tobacco. It was Vic trying to kill six empty weeks in Nevada, probably riding horses every morning, probably wasting the evenings in tossing ten-dollar chips onto roulette tables.

Connie looked back as she deliberately led Tickem and Raffberger away from Vic

"Joe," Connie said in a changed tone, worried now, "The real reason I came—there's trouble at the store."

I gave her a puzzled look. Connie worked in Keller's. For her the store was a career. At college with Vic she had majored in merchandising and advertising, both of which served her well. Apart from such training, however, Vic and I had never underestimated her innate ability. Even without Vic's backing, I'd always felt, Connie would have reached the executive spot she held now. She was assistant to Pop Leeds, the general manager, which gave her the top woman's post in the store. I had genuine respect for Connie. Also, I liked her.

"Pop Leeds," she told me, "is retiring."

I put down the pipe. This was one of those events which you had to expect sooner or later, and yet when it came it seemed unbelievable. Pop had been general manager of the Keller Department Store for more than thirty years. He was a fixture, an institution, a symbol. Since the death of Jeffery M. Keller five years ago he had run the place with singlehanded authority, for Vic had gladly entrusted all decisions to him.

I asked in surprise, "Pop sick?"

"He's past seventy, Joe. He feels it's time to turn the management over to a younger man."

I thought about it a moment. "Well," I said, "I'll be sorry to see Pop go, but a change of managers needn't be a calamity. Some good men in the store—Walsh, Raffberger, Purdy." Bill Walsh was promotion head. Henry Raffberger was chief merchandise manager. And Ed Purdy was treasurer and controller. All three had been with Keller's for years.

But Connie shook her head. "No, Joe. Pop says they're not the answer. They're (*Continued on page* 65)

By the Way–

It Could Happen Only in America— This Little Drama of a Boy, a Man, and a Nail

THIS space was set aside for me to pontificate on something or other. But the opinions and conclusions of a professional observer are often wanting in wallop when contrasted with realities. So the space goes to William E. Meuse, of Baltimore, Md., and his adventure in living. Mr. Meuse is general passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He told his story to a friend, and the friend sent it to me. Here it is:

★ ★ ★

The long line of cars wound its way slowly out of the Rural Cemetery in Albany, N.Y.—through the big gates and into Broadway. George Peterson, my oldest sister's husband, had been laid to rest in that ancient burial place overlooking the Hudson River.

My second oldest sister, Mabel, had invited me to ride in her car. Mabel was at the wheel.

"Let's take a short ride in the country," she said. She didn't feel like going home just then. None of us did.

It had been a long time since I had taken a ride through the countryside that borders Albany and Watervliet. Yes, a long time. Over thirty years, I figured. The path I had followed in earning a living had taken me to distant places years ago.

We climbed a hill. There, on the left, was a sprawling group of buildings. Large lawns and giant old trees tried to add some beauty to an old crumbling institution.

"That's the orphanage. That's Fairview Home, Bill," said Mabel.

The buildings reflected a sad loneliness, as if even they were orphans. I felt a sudden impulse. "Mabel, I'd like to stop there, if you're in no hurry."

"Sure, Bill," she replied.

I rang the bell at the door marked "Office," but aroused no one. I tried the door and found it locked. To the left I could see a high fence and, beyond, a group of boys trying to play baseball on a makeshift diamond. I walked over that way and stood by the fence. I wanted to talk to somebody.

The area inside the fence was covered with gravel. Tough on bare feet, I thought. And then I saw the boy.

He was kneeling in the gravel, pawing at it, searching for something. I watched him. His head was down.

"What are you looking for, son?" I called.

He looked up. In that instant, when I first saw his clean-cut face, clear eyes, and tousled hair, my arms wanted to reach for him. But he was behind a fence.

"I'm looking for a nail," he replied simply.

"A nail? What do you want a nail for?"

"I'm trying to build something."

Trying to build something and looking for a nail in the gravel! Are nails so scarce? Why, boys ought to have plenty of nails—all kinds of nails!

"Come here, son," I said.

He came without a word. His face alive with interest.

"What's your name?" I asked. "How old are you?"

"Anthony—Anthony Bennett. I'm thirteen."

"How long have you been here?"

"Five years."

"Do you like it?"

"It's okay."

"I've found a nail," I said. "I'll give it to you."

He pushed his arm through the fence. I put a half-dollar into his smudgy hand.

He stared at it a moment in surprise. "This ain't a nail," he exclaimed; "it's fifty cents!"

"That's right, son. I haven't a nail. I was fooling you."

"You're giving me this money, mister? . . . Why?"

"Well, fella," I replied, "I don't rightly know. Maybe so you can buy some nails. But maybe not exactly that, either. More likely it's because, years ago, I may have searched for a nail right there where you did. I know I've stood at this fence many times. See that window up there in the corner of the second floor—where the glass is gone and a board has been nailed up to keep out the rain? Well, right in that corner was my bed. That's where I slept."

His eyes widened. "You mean you were here yourself? When was that?"

Sometimes memories are so dim it seems like it never happened at all; sometimes they are so plain it seems like yesterday. Sometimes it is easy to forget how much a little kindness can mean to a boy.

"Son," I said, "if you'll ask the superintendent to open the record book and look back to about 1912, you'll find the name of Meuse." . . . I spelled out the name. . . . "You'll find the names of my three sisters. And you'll find William. That's me."

. . . During the rest of the ride I couldn't think of much else but Anthony—Anthony looking for a nail in the gravel; Anthony, and days of my own at Fairview.

All Mabel said was: "It's been a long time, Bill." . . .

★ ★ ★

As I understand it, Anthony has plenty of nails now and other things that might delight a small boy. The plans are that he will spend part of next summer at the Meuse fishing camp on Chesapeake Bay, the guest of Mr. Meuse's 14-year-old son. More than that, when the time comes for Anthony to leave the Fairview Home, Watervliet, N.Y., there will be a job for him on the Baltimore and Ohio if he wants it.

You know now why the space went to Mr. Meuse and his story. It is a story that could happen only here, in America. It's a heart-warming slice of American life.

The Editor

YOUR MODEL HOME

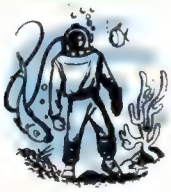
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORIN A. SEALY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Model home maker, Hoyt Rust, of Denver, Colo. Above: Looking at their model home are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Buchanan, of Denver, Colo., and their 2 children, Timmy, 8, and Helen, 6, while the family dog snoozes

HOYT RUST, a Denver, Colo., engineer, has designed a kit that contains material from which you can build, furnish, and decorate, at a nominal cost, a scale model of any home, from a Cape Cod cottage to a California ranch house. He originally devised this kit for his daughter, who complained to him that she couldn't visualize her dream house from a set of blueprints.

At 56, Rust has made a brand-new career for himself. Into his kits, which have gone all over the land, he includes materials for furniture, walls, stairs, shutters, fireplaces, windows, doors, roofs, and even simulated stone and brick siding. For color-scheming housewives, he supplies 12 capsules of oil paints. Scaled ¼ inch to the foot, Rust's models can be built right on a blueprint. Amateur architects will find ruled planning paper on which they can draw their own designs. By showing how the house will actually look, Rust's models permit you to make construction changes beforehand, at great saving. While scale modeling is not new, Rust's kits are. A family can model a future home in a couple of hours. The secret is a special clip Rust devised which anchors walls securely, yet permits them to be switched around easily. His kits can be adapted to 150 different types of buildings.

A former electrical engineer, Rust has made his new career a full-time job, aided by his wife, daughter, and a handicapped veteran. A University of Colorado graduate, Rust served in the Navy in two wars.



HE FISHES FOR SECRET WEAPONS

IT TAKES ALL KINDS of jobs and talents to keep Uncle Sam prepared for any war emergency, but none is stranger than that of Robert W. Love, of Oxnard, Calif. He dives to retrieve from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean guided missiles and rockets that have been used in tests. Last year Love's top secret catch was valued at $35,000. More important, he is credited with saving the Government's guided-missile program millions of dollars' worth of delay, since data taken from the recovered missiles have advanced experiments to perfect the missiles.

The Navy launches the weapons from its testing center at Point Mugu, Calif. To keep track of them, Love pilots his 30-foot diving yacht, the Chota Peg, to an anchorage just outside the designated firing range. There he and his partner, Frank De Pue, watch the "flying fish" and note where they fall into the Pacific. Next, they mark the general area with a float and a red flag. Then, Love climbs into his 150-pound diving suit and goes down as far as 125 feet.

While De Pue, above water, mans the air pump and maneuvers the boat, according to phone instructions from below, Love roams the bottom of the sea in search of his "fish." Upon finding it, Love secures it with rope, wires, and chains. Back aboard the yacht, he and his partner hoist the 500-pound rocket or missile to the deck with a winch. They recover about 3 a week and have never lost one. While Love's "fish" don't bite, many are explosive and, because of this danger, he can't get a nickel's worth of insurance.

Love says he never gets lonely during his deep-sea strolls. Nearly always he has an audience of sea cows, sea lions, 6-foot octopi, man-eating eels, and other ocean occupants. He sometimes has to spear them before he can go to work locating his guided missile.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MALMIN OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

Praying for peace is Hervé L'Heureux (center), State Department's visa division chief, with several members of his staff

EVERY DAY, AT THE STROKE OF NOON, Hervé L'Heureux, chief of the visa division of the State Department in Washington, D.C., stops whatever he is doing and spends a full minute in silent prayer for peace. So do several thousand other men and women in all parts of the world. When L'Heureux is in his office, members of his staff join him. If he is on his way to lunch or an appointment, he stops and privately makes his 60-second plea. L'Heureux calls this practice The-Prayers-For-Peace Movement.

It began 3½ years ago when he addressed the American Legion Post in Manchester, N.H., his home town, and suggested asking God's help in the pursuit of peace. The Post adopted a resolution pledging members to pray for one minute at noon each day, and urged other organizations to do the same. Since then more than 6,000 organizations of all faiths have adopted L'Heureux's idea. There is no formal organization and no money is collected. In fact, it has cost L'Heureux many hundreds of dollars in postage to answer some of the 40,000 inquiring letters he has received. At Christmas, his wife and 3 children give him stamps for gifts.

L'Heureux is 52 and was an Army sergeant during World War I, serving overseas. Shortly after his discharge he obtained a job running an elevator in the Capitol. In his spare time he attended George Washington University, and then decided on a career in diplomacy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A telephone company came with the house Alston D. Mugnier, civil engineer, bought in Granby, Mass., 6 years ago and which he (shown at switchboard) runs as a hobby. His wife, Pauline (right), is chief operator

THEY'VE GOT EVERYBODY'S NUMBER

WHEN ALSTON D. MUGNIER, a civil engineer, was transferred 6 years ago from Cranston, R.I., to the Holyoke, Mass., Water Power Co., a house with a built-in telephone company in nearby Granby was the best he could find. The owner, who operated the Granby Telephone and Telegraph Co., wanted to retire as well as move. Mugnier bought the whole business and put himself and his family to work. He's president, treasurer, director, manager, and sometimes assistant lineman of the phone company. His wife, Pauline, is secretary, director, bookkeeper, and chief operator. Alston Jr., 20, is lineman, installer, and trouble shooter. Paul, 16, a junior in high school, sleeps in the room with the switchboard and takes emergency calls from midnight to 7 A.M. Mary Jo, 14, is office assistant, sorts out toll tickets, delivers telegrams, and cleans up. Only George, 18, escapes, because he's in the Navy.

Mugnier regards the job as a pastime and a community service. He has never drawn a salary from the company, but pays other members of the family and some outside help. When the Mugniers took over, the town had 125 phone subscribers and one operator could handle it all. Now there are nearly 500 subscribers and 100 on the waiting list. It has been necessary to install a new switchboard, and recently the Government approved a $165,000 loan to install a dial system.

Mary Jo Mugnier, 14 (above), is office assistant and sorts toll tickets. She also cleans up

Alston Mugnier Jr., 20 (left), is the family firm's chief lineman, installer, trouble shooter

Ready for an emergency is Paul Mugnier, 16, who sleeps beside the switchboard

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE WOODRUFF FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

NINE YEARS in a tuberculosis sanitarium ordinarily can do a lot of damage to a guy's career. But Bill May, of Rockville, Ind., is the exception. He managed to turn his confinement into a golden opportunity—in more ways than one—not only for himself, but for a number of his fellow patients. A former insurance salesman who had never designed or made a thing in his life before he was stricken, Bill left the hospital 4 years ago with a business of his own—manufacturing his unique style of gold-wire jewelry. Today he not only makes a nice living for himself and his 4 partners—all ex-patients—but he has provided added income and a healthy interest for a dozen patients still in the sanitarium.

Here's how it all happened: Originally, Bill learned to make jewelry as a hobby to pass the time in the hospital. Then, one day, listeners to a radio program were asked to write cheering letters to patients in Indiana State TB Sanitarium, where Bill was confined. In answering his share of these letters, Bill, as a gesture of gratitude, also included pieces of "thank you" jewelry. Immediately, he received requests from correspondents for more jewelry and for a price. Bill was in business. To fill the orders, Bill taught other patients to make the costume jewelry. Doctors approved the project as a morale builder.

When Bill left the hospital in 1948 he knew what he wanted to do. Instead of going back to his hometown, Chicago, and the insurance business, he and his wife settled near the hospital. He opened a shop called the Hillcraft Jewelry Co. and began filling orders from all over the country. The business has expanded into plated as well as wire jewelry and has steadily increased in volume each year. Many welfare organizations sell the jewelry to raise funds.

Bill May (left) shows William Dixon, a hospital patient, how to fasten a link in a piece of jewelry. Bill employs many patients to make costume jewelry

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOWER STUDIOS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Home-grown opera flourishes in North Carolina, where housewives and businessmen put on productions. Above are 6 members in Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte*

NORTH CAROLINA'S

ALL OVER NORTH CAROLINA just about everybody is going to the opera these days. And we mean grand opera, not horse or soap. Reason for this is a music-lovin' lawyer, A. J. Fletcher, of Raleigh, N.C., and a band of home-grown tenors, sopranos, and bassos who are also accountants, dentists, clerks, housewives, plumbers, stenographers, students, and even a doctor.

Attorney A. J. Fletcher, founder of opera company, in his law office at Raleigh, and in the role of Don Alfonso in *Cosi Fan Tutte*

Opera director Robert Bird, in action in Raleigh theater, and in his professional capacity as radio singer

Housewife Aileen Lynn plays piano at all performances. She is shown below in her kitchen, and at the keyboard

Voice teacher Bonnie-Jean Wold instructing one of her classes, and also dressed for the role of Norina in *Don Pasquale*

Auditor David Witherspoon at a desk in his office, and singing an aria as Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*

HOMETOWN OPERA

Fletcher & Co. call themselves the Grass Roots Opera Company and tour the state by bus and car to bring good music to towns that never had opera before. While they have only a piano accompaniment in place of an orchestra, the voices are excellent, the costumes fresh, and the performances professional. They put on their operas in local halls and school auditoriums, and average 60 performances a year from a repertory of 5 different operas: *Carmen, La Traviata, Cosi Fan Tutte, Don Pasquale,* and *The Marriage of Figaro.*

It all began 3 years ago, when Fletcher, long an opera enthusiast, got tired of traveling to New York all the time to hear opera at the Met. He first formed a small group of local singers in Raleigh, and they toured the state singing excerpts from operas in English, without scenery or costumes. Audiences were so enthusiastic that Fletcher decided to form the Grass Roots Company and put on full-scale productions.

Deborah Alden, at typewriter, is a secretary; Anna Applewhite is a file clerk. Together they sing a duet in *Cosi Fan Tutte*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY LEVITON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FOUR EQUALS NINE

WHEN EDDIE "KING" FEIGNER, of College Place, Wash., and his softball team move from coast to coast playing exhibitions, they really travel light. Instead of the usual team of 9 men, there are only 4. The full squad consists of a pitcher, catcher, first baseman, and shortstop. But shortage of manpower appears to be no handicap. Playing against fully manned top professional teams, they win two thirds of their games. The key to their phenomenal success is King's pitching. He figures if he doesn't throw anything the batter can belt out of the infield, he doesn't need an outfield. Often, he adds insult to injury by pitching to his opponents blindfolded. He is a master of 14 different deliveries and uses 5 speeds, from a slow ball to a blazing fast one which has been measured at 104 miles an hour. He averages 16 strike-outs per game and has pitched more than 250 no-hit games.

King began developing his pitching technique as a kid. Small for his age, he got pushed around by the bigger boys and, as compensation, he determined to become the world's greatest softball pitcher. He practiced constantly. In grade school, at College Place, he started playing with Meade Kinzer, catcher, Ken White, first baseman, and Gordon Meilicke, shortstop. Later they joined a team in an industrial league. Soon they noted in the box scores that the 4 of them were responsible for most of the put-outs and most of the runs. Why not play as a 4-man team? Thus, "King and His Court" was formed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"King and His Court," remarkable 4-man softball team, on the field. Inset: Pitcher Eddie "King" Feigner

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A group of youngsters playing pipes they made themselves under direction of Prof. Arthur L. Williams of Oberlin (Ohio) College

TOOTERS

GETTING JUNIOR TO PRACTICE the instrument he wants to learn to play often takes a bit of doing. Arthur L. Williams, associate professor of wind instruments and musical education at Oberlin (Ohio) College, says the reason is frequently because the youngsters don't fully appreciate what wonderfully complex things their instruments are, since they get them too easily. So he teaches youngsters how to build their own tooters. In addition to flutes, fifes, and bamboo pipes, the instruments include fiddles, drums, xylophones, gongs and wood castanets.

Williams has worked out a set of instructions which he provides music teachers and kids themselves, so that they can make their own noisemakers. Take a cigar box with a hole in it, plus a length of wood and tennis-racquet strings, and you have a ukulele. A length of wood, a piece of string becomes a crude fiddle. Youngsters will not play these instruments for any length of time, but making them whets their musical enthusiasm.

FEATHERS

USING TURKEY FEATHERS to get money to buy a turkey farm may sound a little cart-before-the-horsish, but it makes sense to Mrs. Hazel Laird, of Pawnee, Okla. She and her husband, Virgil, run a termite business and want a gobbler farm. To raise the money, she decided to make use of the feathers that most turkey farmers discard. Today she creates feather Easter bonnets, table decorations, corsages, and toys. She has taught herself to clean, dye, clip, and twist the feathers into almost any shape she wants.

At first, she used the feathers of turkeys bought for home consumption. When her family finally balked at eating any more turkey just to keep her in feathers, she made a deal with a nearby turkey farmer. She'd sell his dressed birds in exchange for the feathers. She donated hats for the school band and raised money for a polio drive by selling other creations.

Mrs. Hazel Laird and daughter, Pamela, 11, try on Easter bonnets created by Mrs. Laird from turkey feathers

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLAND PATTERSON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

COED OF THE MONTH

Denny Chimes, the university's bell tower and one of the outstanding landmarks on the Alabama U. campus

'BAMA CHAMP

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE coed of the month is not only a leader on the University of Alabama campus, but is 'Bama's woman tennis champion. She is Virginia Dumas, one of the top tennis players in the South.

Virginia has much more to her credit than just net triumphs. She has an A-minus scholastic average, is president of her sorority, Alpha Gamma Delta, is a member of The Mortar Board, national scholarship and leadership honor society, and is also a member of the Women's Student Government Association. During vacations she is a counselor and playground director getting experience which will be useful when she achieves her goal—physical education and recreation teacher. When she was 16, four years ago, Virginia was ranked as the South's No. 1 girl tennis player, and later captured the Georgia State Women's title. Since 1948, she has been Birmingham, Ala., women's titlist. Virginia was born in Mobile, Ala., and now makes her home in Birmingham.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY LEVITON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Tennis champ Virginia Dumas, of the University of Alabama, displays her net worth

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Art talent scout Mrs. L. R. Smith inspects the work of a new young artist, Harold Hoover, of Washington, D.C.

GOOD SCOUT

IF YOU KNOW OF a budding artist in your hometown who seems ready for public recognition, you might tell him about Mrs. Little Ricks Smith, of Washington, D.C. FOR 33 years, she has been discovering hidden artistic talent and bringing it before the public by putting on local art shows. She has conducted 13,000 of them, rung up $350,000 on cash registers in Cleveland, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Louis, Mo., and Washington. Some of her discoveries, like the Allbright brothers, Charles Birchfield, Stephan Dohanos, and Carl Gaertner, have achieved considerable national renown; others have become known regionally or locally. Perhaps, more important, she has helped average-salaried Americans to buy good original paintings.

It began when her husband died and, having time on her hands, she started attending art shows in Cleveland. Asked to handle the sales of the first local talent show at the art museum there, she sold $2,000 worth of paintings. It was so far beyond expectations she was invited back. The show is now an annual 6-week display and brings in over $25,000 a year. Other cities became interested, and Mrs. Smith was in business.

CASH AND CARRYALL

EVER SINCE HE WAS 13 and began to hunt, Cash E. Giovannoni, of Boulder City, Nev., wished somebody would invent a "carrier" that would take the place of the old-fashioned pack horse. Finally, tired of waiting, he built one himself. He calls it a "packmobile" and it is now used to carry game and hunting gear, to haul crates for fruit and vegetable pickers, and as a two-man stretcher. Cash's carryall runs either by motor or by muscle on just about any kind of trail. Ordinarily, it runs on a single center wheel, but skis can be attached for snow country.

Cash built his first packmobile 6 years ago, using a wheel from a plane. The present model is 18 inches high, 14 inches wide, and its 4½-foot frame expands to stretcher size. It weighs only 30 pounds and can carry over 200 pounds. Cash, 58, is a power operator at Boulder Dam. In addition to hunting, he likes to fish, play golf, and bowl, and once was quite a league baseball player on the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIFF SEGERBLOM FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

His packmobile carrying a week's supplies, Cash E. Giovannoni (in front), inventor of the carrier, goes hunting with a friend, Bernie Mohlenkamp

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE WOODRUFF FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Five days after cutting, Myer S. Selby inspects two spring bouquets of the same age. The fresh bouquet at the right has been treated by his chemical

LIFE PRESERVER

HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED at a vase full of Easter flowers or a garden bouquet and wished they'd last longer? Well, thanks to Myer S. Selby, 34, of Revere, Mass., a chemist and food technologist, you can have your wish. Selby, director of the Survival Equipment Laboratory in Boston, has developed a synthetic chemical powder which keeps cut flowers fresh longer. For instance, iris last 5 days instead of the customary 3; so do jonquils. Tulips double their ordinary life span, and you can enjoy orchids for 2½ weeks.

Selby came upon his flower preserver by accident. At the time he started experimenting with preservatives 2 years ago, he barely knew a daffodil from a dandelion. In his laboratory he was seeking a preservative for fish, when one morning a girl employee brought in a bunch of cut flowers from her garden and, for want of anything else, used one of Selby's unwashed flasks as a vase. She was amazed to discover that the flowers lasted long after others from the same group wilted in a vase at home. She reported to Selby, and he began a series of tests lasting nearly 2 years. The result is his new bloom retainer.

Selby mixes his powder with the water in the vase —an ounce of preservative to a quart of water. The preservative is said to double the life of most cut flowers and is used extensively by wholesale and retail florists. Selby is hoping it will be even more valuable to truck farmers, who now lose millions when vegetables are spoiled in shipping. He is experimenting on ways to introduce his chemical into growing plants. Most of Selby's experiments have been aimed at lengthening life. He developed a mixture that makes it possible to can live lobsters, and is experimenting with spoilproof food-packaging methods, including a survival kit for ship- or plane-wrecked persons.

A SHORT NOVEL

VICTORIA, MY WIFE

(*Continued from page* 51)

good, but not good enough. They lack something."

"Who's Pop's choice?"

She considered the ashes of her cigarette. "He's sent for Walter Tickem of Tickem Associates."

"Who's Walter Tickem?"

Connie gave me an odd glance, as if to imply I should have known the name. "Tickem Associates are business engineers, consultants," she said. "Specializing in department stores. They step into a store that's in a slump like ours, and their job is to revitalize it. Walter Tickem is supposed to be a wizard. Young, full of modern ideas. Pop says he just finished a three-year job on Clyde and Harmer's in Philadelphia. Boosted sales from fifteen to almost twenty million."

"Sounds fine to me. What's worrying you about it?"

Connie frowned. "I don't know, Joe. Matter of policy, I guess. After all, Vic owns Keller's, not Pop Leeds. To put the store into the hands of a complete stranger while Vic isn't here to approve or disapprove, to hand it over to a man she doesn't even know—" Her troubled eyes met mine. "Seems to me this is a family problem, Joe. I thought we might talk it over."

So she still considered me in the family. Some family, I thought. I was part of it now only in a technical sense, until a court decreed otherwise.

Something in Connie's steady eyes struck me. She seemed to be saying things she hadn't put into words. And suddenly I understood what she meant. I said, "You think she'll come back for this?"

"If I send her a wire, she ought to. To meet Walter Tickem before we sign any contracts."

For a second I held my breath. Then I swung back to the typewriter. "Give me five minutes," I said. "We'll go eat and talk at Hall's. If you want to save time, ring my mother and tell her I won't be home for dinner."

The prospect of bringing Vic back to Otisburg before a divorce was granted went to my head. I felt flushed and lightheaded as I finished the column.

It was quarter of six when we went down to the street and I sank into the seat of Connie's convertible. She drove up Sherman Avenue through a twilight misty with drizzle. Neon lights were already blazing everywhere, their hard, bright colors reflected in the wet sidewalks. For a city of only 160,000, Otisburg had a spectacular main street. Up ahead I watched the great sign of the Keller Department Store flash on and off, proclaiming "Keller" in alternate reds and yellows—five floors of merchandise from all over the world, with almost a thousand in personnel to help sell it.

We drove on toward Hall's Inn, and all the way the promise of having Vic come home kept my heart hammering.

Connie must have known how I felt. From time to time, while she drove, she glanced at me. "You know, Joe," she said, "I often think you never understood Vic at all."

"If you're going to give me a poor-little-rich-girl routine—"

"Vic's never been rich. That's where you miss the point. Vic's never had a chance to enjoy her money. She certainly wasn't brought up as a rich kid. She never had a cent more allowance than I did."

I looked at Connie curiously. This was something Vic and I had never discussed.

The road we were following was dark. Only the faint light of the dashboard shone on Connie. I couldn't be sure of her expression. But her voice was low and steady. She looked straight ahead. It struck me that at moments like this Connie Stark was, well, maybe not beautiful, but certainly striking.

"Uncle Jeff," Connie said, "was afraid of spoiling her. Having to be both father and mother, he felt a double responsibility, I suppose. Not that he wasn't generous. I never knew a more generous man in my life."

She had good reason to say that, I knew.

"Yet, he was afraid of his generosity," she added. "Afraid he might overdo it with Vic. So he leaned backward. Until she was twenty or so, he kept Vic on the kind of allowance any average girl might get. Many a time Vic and I had to borrow from each other. Naturally, she knew there was a fortune in the background. But it was never any good to her, never hers to *use*. Not until after her father died, anyway."

I watched the dark road ahead.

"By the time she finished college and could have enjoyed the money she'd inherited, Vic had met you."

"Now, look, Connie," I said, with a start. "I was in the Air Force when I met Vic. I didn't see her more than three or four times a year before we were engaged. Are you trying to tell me I stood in the way of Vic's having herself a time?"

Now I could see Connie smile. It was a baffling, Mona Lisa smile. "You think you didn't?" she said.

"Of course not!"

"See? That's what I mean, Joe. You've never known Vic. She fell in love with you from the start." She paused. "After she met you she wasn't interested in running around. All she wanted, all she lived for, was to have you come back. And when you did, finally—" Connie drew in a deep breath. "Well, at the beginning she was afraid the money might frighten you off. So she never did the things she could have done. Surely you must have noticed."

"Well—I did, yes."

"Don't you see how—how *frustrating* it can be, Joe? To have all that money and never get anything out of it?"

I didn't answer.

"The time comes," Connie said, "when you feel you're wasting the years, wasting heaven-sent opportunities. Vic's marriage oughtn't to be something that cages her in. She wants the money to be a way of making *both* of you happy. Why don't you see it that way, Joe?"

How can you tell a girl, without sounding stuffy, that you can't allow a woman to make you soft and spineless and useless, a guy without purpose? Some of the old-fashioned words, like "gigolo," you can't even use any more without having people think you're slightly wacky and living in your grandfather's age. So I didn't say anything at all.

Connie sighed as we drew up to Hall's Inn. "You don't even want to talk about it, do you?"

"I've talked it all out with Vic a hundred times. You ought to know." I gave her a narrow look. "Why always pound away at Vic's side of it? What about mine?"

"I hold up your side of it," Connie said in a calm tone, "when I'm with her." She opened the door and got out of the car. "Come on," she said, her manner suddenly brisk. "We'll talk business. You haven't talked *that* out with Vic."

She was right. Over the broiled chops she made me realize how little Vic had ever told me, or understood, herself, about the store. Vic simply wasn't meant for business, I reflected. Beautiful, spirited, intelligent, yes. But nothing would ever make her a businesswoman.

Occasionally during our married life

I'd urged her to get detailed statements from Pop Leeds.

"He used to send them to me every month," she'd admitted, "but he doesn't bother now. I guess he knows I don't doubt the job he's doing."

Couldn't she tell him, I'd suggested, that her husband was interested in seeing reports? Nothing ever came of it. Vic laughed and asked, "Since when are you an expert on department stores?" So I let it go.

The truth was, as I later realized, Vic had never wanted me to become too closely associated with Keller's. It might have been another bond to chain me to Otisburg.

I did know, however, that the store's sales had slipped. Pop Leeds attributed it to increased competition and a general tightening of the economy. But because he had assured everybody that "things would adjust themselves" I hadn't worried. Every business had an off year now and then. And Vic was still getting her $120,000 a year.

So the things Connie told me now, over the dinner table, came as a shock.

"I'm scared, Joe," she said. "If Keller's keeps slipping at this rate it's headed for a crash."

"Now, wait," I said. "Last year Keller's did seven million. You can't starve on that. What's there to be scared about?"

"Seven million may sound like a lot, but not when you remember that before Uncle Jeff died we were doing eleven million. As for this year—we don't expect to reach even five million. We're going downhill, Joe. Fast."

A drop from eleven to five million was something for nightmares. "Pop Leeds' fault?" I asked.

"There are other reasons. Lots of them."

I THOUGHT I knew what she meant. One of the national chains, Bentley's, had built a large store in Otisburg just three years ago. It had been drawing off a sizable share of local business. At the same time Latham's, an old independent establishment, had expanded, remodeled its interior, and gone ahead, too.

"Even our advertising doesn't click," Connie said. "Last year we poured $227,000 into advertising, more than either Bentley's or Latham's. And still we're slipping."

"To a layman it doesn't make sense," I said. "Keller prices meet competition, don't they?"

"Of course. Some ways we're ahead of competition. No, that isn't the trouble, Joe. The real trouble is that Keller's is no longer the store people *think* about first, or talk about. It isn't *the* Otisburg store. Don't ask me why. All I know is we've faded."

I frowned at my plate. "Maybe this Walter Tickem is the answer, then," I said. "New ideas. Youth. Pep. Ability."

"Maybe. . . . Still, I—I wish we who know Otisburg could figure out something, something we could do without dragging in a complete stranger, without turning the works over to him—"

I tried to think about it. But I was shooting at the moon. What did I, Joe Tobey, sports writer, know about merchandising? Besides, I was practically out of the family. Why should all this concern me?

Nevertheless, Connie and I spoke about it for two full hours. And during that time she never again referred to the divorce. But I kept wondering, in the back of my mind, if this crisis at Keller's *would* bring Vic home.

A LITTLE after ten, when I entered our house on Reardon Street, I saw that my mother was entertaining a Civic League committee. She was quite a figure in civic affairs. I always felt proud of her when I saw her like this—brisk, self-assured, her hair white, but her face still young and alive and intelligent. She sat behind the coffee table, passing out her best blue cups, meanwhile keeping up a flow of crisp conversation about Otisburg's inadequate police force. She tossed off statistics about the police in other cities as if she'd studied every department in the country. The others watched her, it seemed to me, like disciples.

I went in to be polite. But I didn't want coffee and I wasn't in a mood to help entertain company. So, after a few minutes, on the pretext of not wishing to interrupt the meeting, I excused myself and went to my room.

I got into bed but I couldn't sleep.

I heard the committee leave before midnight. I heard my mother shut her door. Then I switched off the light, but my nerves were as fidgety as ever. I kept tossing in the darkness.

Maybe it was because I had silly visions of Vic wandering around the gambling rooms of Las Vegas. It occurred to me that I might fly out there, plead with her again. But if I went, what could I say? What argument was there I hadn't already used a hundred times? I'd simply make a fool of myself.

I put the idea aside. Instead, I focused on Connie's problem.

How could you build up the business of a failing store? How could you make people talk about Keller's, become interested in it, patronize it?

For hours I lay thinking. It must have been three or four in the morning when I got this odd idea.

It didn't excite me. On the contrary, it was as if I'd finally come to something that allowed my nerves to relax. I had an impulse to call Connie, but at this hour it was ridiculous. "Tomorrow," I thought, "I'll write it out. See if it holds up in daylight."

But the next day, Saturday, I had to cover a college game for the *Globe*, and on Sunday it was the Fairview Golf Tournament. So it was Monday before I could test my idea.

The day's column, a profile on the new football coach at Otisburg College, was finished by four o'clock. I put a fresh sheet of yellow paper in the typewriter and began to tap out an editorial, the one that had come into my mind at 3 A.M. the other night. I wrote:

WE ROLL UP OUR SLEEVES

There may be readers who think it strange that a department store should use its advertising pages once in a while to discuss civic needs.

It isn't strange at all.

Keller's owes whatever prosperity it has enjoyed through the past forty years to the people of Otisburg. Their confidence and support have made this store a public institution. And a public institution has an obligation to take part in public affairs.

We at Keller's want Otisburg to be a sound, healthy city for many reasons, not only because it is our own city but because we know that business, for a store like ours, can be healthy only if the community itself is healthy.

So we roll up our sleeves to work for the health of our community.

In the months ahead we shall comment on many phases of Otisburg life. But today we devote ourselves to Otisburg's police department, to its urgent and immediate needs. . . .

After that I went into the problem my mother's committee had discussed. I dug up all the statistics. I showed how many cities have one policeman for every 350 residents, while Otisburg had one for every 1,200. Every patrolman on duty at night, I pointed out, was responsible for the safety of almost 4,000 citizens.

Should Otisburg remedy the situation now, or should it wait for a plague of racketeers and crime?

I revised it twice, three times, then put it through the typewriter again. When the piece finally satisfied me it was twenty minutes of six. I telephoned the Keller Department Store, asked for Connie. But she had already gone home. And home, I remembered, now meant the house on Allingford Street.

So I folded the editorial into an envelope, put it into an inside pocket, and got my slicker. In front of the Otisburg Hotel across the street I found a cab.

It was queer, driving up to the big white place which had been my home with Vic. It looked so familiar, with the lights in the windows, and yet so strange. I paid the driver and slowly went up the porch steps.

When Mrs. Wooley, the housekeeper, opened the door, her eyes widened in sur-

Want something smoother? Then may we suggest that a drink made with Four Roses is just about the smoothest, mellowest drink you ever raised to your lips. So many people have found this out that the public today buys more Four Roses than *any* other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—more than *most* other whiskies at *any* price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

EASTER QUIZ

By Boris Randolph

THE 6-letter words below contain the letters EA, ST, and ER, as indicated, and that spells EASTER. See if you can complete each one correctly according to the definitions on the left. Answers appear on page 75.

1. a. Achieved	E A – – – –	**4. a.** Terrestrial	E A – – – –
b. Massachusetts city	– – S T – –	**b.** Hurry	– – S T – –
c. Food dealer	– – – – E R	**c.** Talcum	– – – – E R
2. a. Without any difficulty	E A – – – –	**5. a.** Cerumen	E A – – – –
b. Method	– – S T – –	**b.** Great teacher	– – S T – –
c. Over there	– – – – E R	**c.** Deer horn	– – – – E R
3. a. Consuming	E A – – – –	**6. a.** An insect	E A – – – –
b. Join together	– – S T – –	**b.** Court fool	– – S T – –
c. Reply	– – – – E R	**c.** Sexless	– – – – E R

7. a. Baby bird of prey E A – – – –
b. Pie – – S T – –
c. Gloss – – – – E R

prise. Still, she seemed glad to see me. "Come in, Mr. Tobey; come right in!"

"Miss Connie home?"

"She an' Mr. Leeds are in the library, talkin' to some young gentleman from New York. *And*"—Mrs. Wooley lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper—"*Miss Victoria is here!* Came back this afternoon!"

I halted halfway across the foyer. It was like getting a blow in the stomach. Connie must have wired Vic. Still, any time Vic came home I had somehow expected to know about it. A telephone call, maybe. I wasn't ready to face this.

I had a dry feeling in my throat when I walked past Mrs. Wooley into the living room. Vic and I saw each other at about the same instant.

She was in the next room, beyond the double doors, sitting on the library couch with one arm outstretched along its back. I couldn't see the others. Almost the first thing I noticed was that she had combed her blond hair in a new way, a smooth, backward sweep ending in a chignon at the nape of the neck.

She got up quickly, with the grace and swift flow of motion I'd always admired. She came out of the library, pulling the doors shut behind her. Standing against the doors, Vic had never looked more beautiful.

And I did a crazy, impulsive thing. I couldn't help it.

I stepped forward and pulled her into my arms and kissed her hard.

For a few seconds I could feel her hands pushing against my chest. But then the pressure suddenly ended. She shut her eyes, and her arms went around me, and I was holding Vic as I'd held her a thousand times in the past.

She looked up. I thought she was going to cry. I smelled the perfume I hadn't smelled in weeks, and, so help me, I felt like crying, myself.

She broke away finally. She turned and started across the room, bumped into a chair as if she were moving blindly. She had her back to me now.

"You—you oughtn't to kiss me like that, Joe," she whispered. "It—it isn't fair."

I had to take a deep breath before I could talk. "You know very well how I feel."

"But you haven't budged an inch."

"That's right. I still intend to work—and I still love you. Nothing's different."

"Same old Joe. 'I love you but don't expect me to do anything to *please* you.'"

"Have *you* changed?"

"I can't, Joe."

It was the old strain, the old clash. I hated it. But I didn't know what to do.

Vic asked abruptly, "How did you know I was back?"

"I didn't. I came to see Connie." The best thing to do, I felt, was to talk about something commonplace. At least, until we had our emotions under control. I said, "Fly in?"

"Yes. Connie wired me. There's trouble at the store."

I heard the library doors open, and I glanced around. Connie was looking at us in surprise. "Why, Joe—"

I said in a dry voice, "Hi, Con. Sorry to barge in. I had a notion I wanted you to hear."

She came toward us, smart in a dark wool dress with a white collar, but disturbed, worried, I could guess, by the fear of how Vic and I might react to this unscheduled meeting.

I said, "If you're tied up—"

"No. They're about finished. Pop is taking Mr. Tickem home to dinner." She lowered her voice: "Please stay, Joe. I'll be right back."

When Connie had gone into the library Vic seemed to have nothing more to say. She sat down beside the fireplace. I sat on the couch. The scene was all wrong. Many a night I used to lie on this couch, and we'd talk about everything from football to opera. Now, in this same room, on this same couch, I was a stranger.

I said on impulse, "How about dinner, Vic? We could drive somewhere. Just you and I."

"What for?"

"I'd like to talk things out."

"No point. If you'd had anything to say you'd have come out to Nevada. To tell the truth, I rather expected you." She smiled, but it was a frosty smile. "You disappointed me." Then she leaned back. "No, Joe. No more. We've said everything there is. Anything else would be anticlimax."

Once more the library doors opened. My face must have been stiff when I turned.

Pop Leeds was startled to see me. "How are you, Joe?" he said, and held out his hand.

Connie introduced me to Walter Tickem.

He couldn't have been much older than I was. His handclasp was brief. The go-getter type, I decided, lean, full of energy. His light hair was trimmed almost in a crew cut. The bones of his face were sharp, the nose thin.

"Mr. Tobey," he said, with a quick, flashing smile.

But he was taken by surprise. You could see it in his eyes. He must have been told about the divorce, and probably I was the last person he'd expected to meet here.

Having acknowledged me, he turned to Vic, talked about seeing her later in the evening. With that settled, he nodded again and went out of the room. Connie and Vic left me, too, going into the foyer while the men got their coats.

I went to a window and looked out into the misty rain. When at last the girls came back, Connie tried to make my being here seem natural. "What do you think of him, Joe?" she asked. "First impression?"

I shrugged.

"He's taking on the job," Vic said.

I glanced at her. "So you like him."

"Very much. He knows his stuff. Pop thinks a lot of him, too." She had stopped in front of the gold-framed mirror that hung over the fireplace. She was putting a few strands of hair into place. It was a strained moment for all of us. Connie made a desperate effort to rescue us, to haul us onto firmer ground.

She asked, "What—what's this idea you had, Joe?"

All of a sudden the editorial idea seemed pointless. I had about as much business fussing around with such things as being in this house.

I said, "Skip it, Connie. It wasn't important. I'll push along." I started for

This Year— FOLLOW YOUR HEART TO FRANCE!

THE TRIP YOU'VE LONGED FOR CAN EASILY BE YOURS!

Place de la Concorde in Paris

Take time to explore the wonders of breath-taking medieval cities like Carcassonne.

Discover enchanting villages like Lescun nestling in the Basses-Pyrénées.

***IN FRANCE,* whatever you seek—you find!**

There's Paris—loveliest city on earth. Discover your own special *cafés*, your own favorite shops, while strolling her tree-lined boulevards and side streets. Visit the churches and museums—dance and have fun at the *bals musettes*. **Then to the country**—to majestic châteaux along the Loire—to gem-like village beaches all along the coast. Stop at comfortable inns—sample their regional food and wines.

A trip to France **now** is well within your budget. Thrift-season steamship and air fares are available—and air-tourist rates start May 1st. See your travel agent—arrange your reservations today.

For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. K-2, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

Visit Villefranche—the Riviera's spectacular beauty at modest tariff. Only minutes from Nice, Monte Carlo.

Marvel at Mont Saint-Michel, a miracle in stone rising from the sea between Brittany and Normandy.

the foyer, but Connie caught my arm. "Joe!"

I looked down into angry brown eyes. They were saying, "What kind of guy are you? Going to let yourself be knocked out by the first punch?"

I patted the hand on my arm. "Okay, Connie."

Connie pulled me to the couch. We sat down, and I took the envelope out of my pocket. It was a relief to speak of something impersonal.

"The way I see it," I said, steadying my voice, "one way to get this town talking and thinking Keller's is to run institutional editorials in your advertising space. Not about the store. About the needs of Otisburg. How to make Otisburg a better town. Run one or two editorials like that a week, and you'll become the voice of Otisburg. The editorials will have to be hard-hitting, of course, the kind that will make people sit up and take notice."

"Is this a sample?" Connie nodded at the envelope.

"Call it a rough idea of what I mean, yes. The basic point is to make people feel that Keller's is *the* leader among Otisburg stores, that it is not only a store but an old civic institution out for the welfare of the community."

I looked at Vic to see her reaction. There was a faint smile on her lips.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"This is a surprise, Joe. Since when have you become an expert in public relations?"

"Since about three o'clock the other morning, when I dreamed up this notion."

Connie put in quickly, "Vic, please! I asked Joe for advice!"

"All right; go ahead," Vic said, still smiling. She sat down.

Connie took the envelope from my hand, unfolded the typewritten yellow sheets. She read them aloud. The farther she went, the more absorbed she sounded. When she finished she looked at me with wide eyes.

"You know, Joe," she said, "I believe you've hit on something." She turned to Vic: "Don't you think so?"

Vic answered, "I don't see how you can persuade a woman to buy a dress at Keller's by coming out for a stronger police force."

"You miss the point," I said. "This police-force thing is just an opening gun. Next week we'll talk about—maybe the need of new schools, or better-paid teachers. Then about—"

"Do you mean to tell me that when a woman looks through the ads to see where she can find the best buy in shoes —Keller's or Latham's or Bentley's or wherever—she gives a hoot how Keller's feels about school buildings?"

"Possibly not," I said, my words hardening. "But when she sees Keller's spending its good money on something brand-new like an editorial campaign, she'll read it with surprise. Keller's will register on her mind. By the time she's seen five or six editorials, provided they're good ones, she'll be interested in Keller's even when she doesn't need a pair of shoes."

Vic shook her blond head. "I can't see it. If it's such a wow of an idea, why haven't the other stores done it?"

"They didn't think of it," Connie said.

Vic wasn't impressed. "I'm afraid I don't appreciate these involved psychological approaches to making sales."

I got up. In a way, it was funny. Bitter funny. Here were Vic and I clashing again. And over what? Editorials. Public relations. Things neither of us knew anything about. "Look," I said to Connie. "Forget it. I won't feel hurt. It was just a notion."

"But I like it!" Connie said.

I was sick of the whole thing. I walked to the foyer.

Connie, following me, said, "We'll call you about it, Joe. Tomorrow."

"Sure," I said. "Okay."

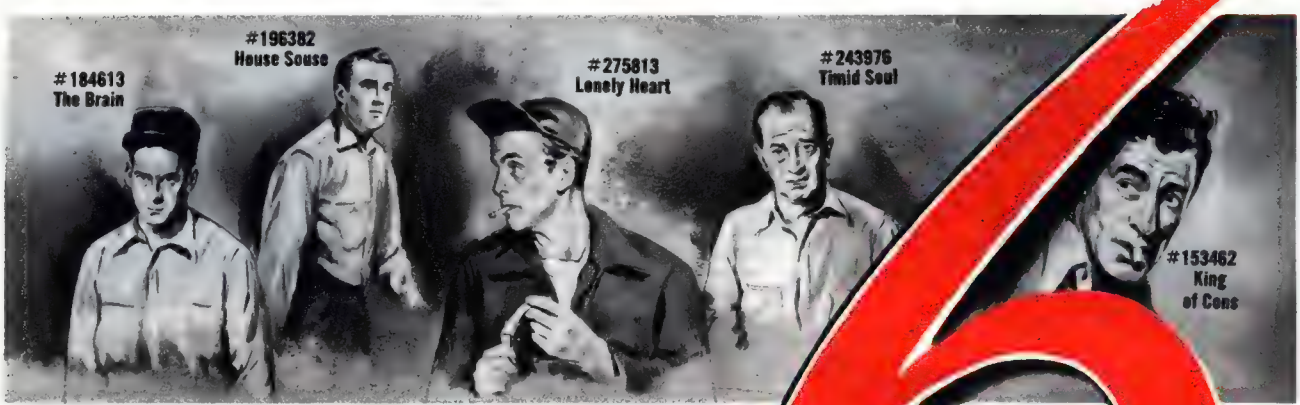
I put on my coat and looked around at Vic. She had risen. She was facing me. There were a hundred things I could have asked. Would I see her again before she left? Couldn't we talk alone? Try for a sensible understanding? . . . A hundred things. And all I could say was, "Good night, Vic."

"Good night, Joe."

That was it. I looked at her a moment, then opened the door and went out. . . .

At the *Globe* office the next afternoon I was just starting the daily column when Pop Leeds telephoned.

THE WARM SIDE OF THE MEN...



"MY 6"

From the Book of the Month that bowled the nation over!

"Joe." He sounded tired. "Could you stop by at the store on your way home?"

"Sure," I said. "What's up?"

"I'd like to talk to you."

By six, when I reached Keller's, the store was already closed. One of the porters let me in by the service entrance. The escalators were still running, and I took one up to the executive offices on the fourth floor.

Pop sat alone at his desk in a big leather chair. He looked as tired as he had sounded over the phone. The heavy, aging face sagged, and his thin gray hair needed combing.

"Hello, Joe." He waved to a chair. "Sit down. I want to talk to you about this editorial."

I SAW then that he had the yellow sheets in front of him. Puzzled, I tossed my hat to the leather couch and sank to the arm of a deep chair.

"It's a good job," Pop Leeds said. "I, personally, like the theory behind it, too: Have Keller's take a lead in public affairs."

"But you're not going to use it, is that it?"

"That's it, Joe. I wanted you to understand why."

"Look, Pop. Why butter me? I had an idea, and it flopped. What's so terrible about that?"

He leaned back, looked out of the window. His fingers played with the chain that hung across his vest. That chain, it sometimes seemed to me, marked Pop as belonging to a past generation. He had never quite acknowledged the era of wrist watches.

"Joe," he said, "I happen to agree with Connie on this. She's enthusiastic. Two weeks ago, even a week ago, I'd have pushed your editorial into the papers just to see what happened. But last night I agreed to give Walter Tickem a free hand."

"I see. And he doesn't approve?"

"He's got his good reasons for saying no. The newsprint shortage, for one. Our advertising budget, for another. He feels that when space is at a premium you've got to use every available inch to tell the public what you have to sell. It's direct advertising, he insists, that pays off quickest."

"I suppose."

"I knew you'd understand."

I got up and buttoned my coat. "When's Tickem taking over?"

"Officially, the tenth of the month. Tomorrow he's going back to New York to wind up a few things. Meanwhile, of course, we'll follow his counsel. I'll stay around a few weeks to see that things run smoothly. After that, well, I'm going to give myself a good, long rest in Florida."

I nodded, picked up my hat. So this was the end of my public-relations efforts for Keller's. I almost laughed at myself. A dope. Why had I bothered? Why didn't I have sense enough to keep my typewriter busy with the things I know? Sports, baseball percentages, golf tournaments?

The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel
begins on page 48

Pop was watching me in a thoughtful way. I had a feeling he wanted to talk about other things, principally about Vic and me. But I didn't want to be caught up in that. I said good-by. He let me go, with a wave of the hand.

I had a lot on my mind, so I walked all the way home to Reardon Street, with uneasy feelings. How firm a hold would Walter Tickem get on Keller's?

When I came into the house my mother was setting the table. She said, "You just missed a call, Joe. From Vic."

I turned, stared.

MY MOTHER was trying to keep it casual. "She said she'd like you to come over about eight if you can."

"What for?"

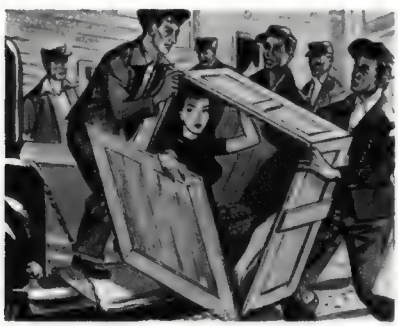
"I don't know. I told her I was sure you would."

I looked at the telephone. I wanted to call Vic at once. But if she spoke to me now maybe I'd have no reason to see her later. And I *wanted* to see her. So I simply said, "Thanks." . . .

It was ten minutes of eight when I climbed the familiar porch steps on Allingford Street and raised the knocker.

She opened the door herself. Her greeting, with a polite smile, was the kind

INSIDE THOSE COLD STONE WALLS!



"When my six cons smuggled a girl 'inside' they almost drove me crazy — and I was the prison psychologist . . .

". . . Then there was the day the local bank locked itself out of its safe—and we called on the civil-life talents of Connie, our wisecracking safecracker!

". . . Connie's pay was a day on the town . . . just one of the astounding adventures you'll share with the six most astonishing characters you've met—in or out of any jail!

CONVICTS"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A STANLEY KRAMER COMPANY Production • MY SIX CONVICTS with Millard MITCHELL • Gilbert ROLAND • John BEAL • Marshall THOMPSON
Screen Play by MICHAEL BLANKFORT • Based on the book by DONALD POWELL WILSON • Music Composed and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
Associate Producers EDNA and EDWARD ANHALT • Directed by HUGO FREGONESE

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CREAM HAIR DRESSING

makes your hair behave!

Has your hair lost its sparkle? Is it dry, stiff and hard to manage? To make it behave, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those fuzzy-wuzzy ends!

Is your hair dry, brittle?

Just pat a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temples, on the ends . . . and then brush for a neat, natural look.

Is your scalp dry, tight?

Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp gently. You'll love the way it makes your scalp relax . . . feel so good!

Not sticky . . . not greasy!

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry ends, give hair body, gleam . . . make it behave. It's delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity.

Personal size 50¢
Dressing-table size $1.00
(plus tax)

P. S. *For a shampoo that* gleams *as it* cleans, *try new* WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO.

she might have given the postman. She wore a yellow sweater and a dark tweed skirt, and she looked as young and beautiful as a teen-ager. My wife, I thought, *my wife*. It hurt.

We were alone. Knowing Connie, I could guess she had gone out deliberately to give us privacy. I stood before the fireplace in the living room, held out my hands to the flames. When I turned, Vic had dropped onto the couch.

"Joe," she said, "I thought we'd better have a sensible understanding. We've got to face a new situation, something that's just come up. I don't want it to be difficult for either one of us."

I was curious, not surprised. "What's happened now?"

"I'll be going to New York for a week or so. After that I'll have to stay in Otisburg for quite some time. Probably a couple of months."

I started to answer, but checked the words. *She was staying!* I sat down, clenched my hands, and opened them again. The palms were moist.

"Vic," I said, hardly recognizing my voice. "Are you calling off the divorce?"

"Of course not! Merely postponing it. Because of Walter Tickem."

Maybe I was still too stunned by her news. I simply couldn't see what Walter Tickem had to do with it.

Vic said, "Connie and Pop are afraid of how Walsh, Purdy, Raffberger—all the old-timers in the store—may feel about Tickem. About taking orders from him. If he's put in charge it may be bad for morale. We don't want to stir up resentment."

"Didn't Pop realize that before he sent for Tickem?"

"Yes. That's why Pop wants me to be here, while he takes a couple of badly needed months in Florida."

"*You? Run the store?*"

"You needn't look so shocked," Vic said. She even smiled briefly, though it was more in mockery than amusement. "Anybody would think I'd just announced I was going to be a trapeze artist."

"Vic, you don't know any more about running Keller's than I do!"

"Granted. Nobody realizes that better than I. On the other hand, I do own the store. No one can object if I pick up the reins for a while. I don't think anyone will resent orders coming from me."

"What happens to Tickem?"

"He'll be here as my personal consultant."

Strangely, I wanted to laugh. I got up, walked the length of the room, came back grinning. "Wonderful arrangement," I said. "Swell!"

"It's only for—"

"Don't get me wrong, Vic. I'm all for it. I'm for anything that'll keep you here!"

She leaned back in a corner of the couch, eyes narrowing in a speculative way. "This isn't a matter of choice, Joe. It's a matter of necessity. I haven't changed my mind about us. That's what I want you to understand. Clearly."

"I see."

"In a few months I'm hoping Raffberger, Walsh, and the rest will come to

accept Walter Tickem—once they've worked with him. I'm counting on that."

"And then you'll leave him in complete charge?"

"Well, Pop will be back. Maybe not active in the store. But he'll be able to keep an eye on things. All this, of course, assuming that Tickem shows results."

"What if he doesn't?"

She shrugged. "We can always fall back on one of our own people—Walsh, Purdy, even Connie." She sat up straighter, as if this were a new idea which had just occurred to her. It widened her eyes. "Why not Connie?" she said. "Don't women manage some of the New York stores? Connie's a very able gal!"

"None better," I agreed.

Vic glanced up at me. "But that's beside the point now, Joe. What I wanted you to understand is that I'm not abandoning the divorce. I'm postponing it."

"You've made that very clear."

"And since I've got to stay around, I hope you won't make these few months hard to take."

An angry flush began to rise in my face. "What is this? A keep-off warning?"

"All I ask is—let's not make it an emotional ordeal."

"So this is what you mean by a 'sensible understanding.'"

"Yes."

I was suddenly fighting mad. I wanted to seize Vic and tell her she was still my wife, and, by heaven, nobody, not even she herself, was going to tell me . . . I couldn't say any of it. The knocker was banging on the front door. She was already on her way to the foyer. I stood still, my whole body taut with anger.

If there was one man I could very well have done without tonight, it was Walter Tickem. Yet there he stood in the foyer, smiling at Vic.

Vic couldn't have asked him to come, I told myself. Not when she wanted to talk to me alone. In fact, she seemed bewildered to see him here.

He was apologizing for dropping in, and when he glanced into the living room it was obvious he hadn't expected to find me here. He looked from me to Vic, as though not knowing what he ought to do.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to intrude—"

"It's all right." Vic sounded a trifle impatient, but the impatience might have been directed at me, not at Walter Tickem. I wasn't trying to hide my anger.

"That Keller store history you mentioned," Tickem said. "I thought I'd pick it up. I'm making the eight A.M. plane and can read it on the flight."

What they were talking about, I guessed, was a booklet Keller's had published on the store's 35th anniversary, a thin, commemorative volume distributed as a gift to all customers. There was a copy in one of the bookcases upstairs.

"Yes, of course," Vic said. "Step in." She added, "Let me take your coat."

But Tickem glanced at me again, uneasily, then told her with a quick smile, "No, thanks. I can't stay."

I was sure he must have been expecting to find Vic alone. If not, why should he have been so taken aback to find me here? Obviously, it was making him uncomfortable.

"If you'll just let me have the booklet—"

Vic nodded, motioned him into the

"Stop telling people we are the same age. That was when we were children!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CHARLES SKILES

EARLY TIMES
Old Style
It's Every Ounce a Man's Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY
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living room, and went up the stairs.

He seemed more embarrassed than ever when we were alone, like a man who doesn't know what to talk about. And I was in no mood to make things easier for him. He helped himself to a cigarette, lit it. After a few moments of groping he finally pounced on a topic for conversation. Talking seemed to ease his tension.

"Just spoke to Leeds," he said. "Hear they're going to run your editorial, after all."

It caught me off guard. "The editorial?" I repeated. "Oh, no. That's out."

"Not as of twenty minutes ago. Changed plans."

"*Who* changed plans?"

"Miss Connie seems to have talked them into it."

If it was true, why hadn't Vic mentioned it? I couldn't help frowning.

Tickem smiled in the tolerant way of one who sees he's just won an advantage. It was a bighearted smile. It seemed to say that though he, himself, had advised against using the editorial, he didn't mind a minor defeat of this sort. It wasn't important one way or another. I don't know why I began to dislike him. Maybe it was that patronizing smile.

He bent over an ash tray. "Didn't know you went in for public relations."

I felt like hitting back. "Didn't you?" I said. "It happens to be my passion."

"No kidding. Idea man, are you?"

"Loaded with ideas." I sat down on the couch and began filling my pipe. My fingers were stiff. I could hear Vic coming down the stairs.

Tickem's smile was a grin now. "Do you have any ideas for the store?"

"Sure. Milk for the kiddies!"

WHAT made me say it, I didn't know. Our conversation had degenerated into a kind of duel, and I simply couldn't let him needle me without jabbing back. Vic was in the room now. She watched us, puzzled.

Now that he had an audience Tickem appeared to expand. He actually chuckled. "You mean you want Keller's to put in a *dairy department?*"

"A milk bar. A miniature milk bar for children."

"You *serious?*"

"Certainly."

I wasn't sure where I got the idea. Maybe I'd read something or seen something to suggest it. Anyhow, I improvised as smoothly as I could.

"The store can run a daily newspaper box," I said. "Something like: 'Don't hesitate to bring the children to Keller's. We're glad to have them. And we'll see to it that they don't miss their afternoon milk. Just take them to the milk bar on the fifth floor. No charge, of course. They're our special guests. P.S. The milk bar is in the toy department. They'll have fun.'"

Vic looked at me in a startled way, but she was listening earnestly.

"Motherly idea," Tickem said, chuckling again. "The store that just adores kiddies, eh? Let's pour out our profits in a flood of free milk."

I was caught now. I couldn't drop it. Still fighting Tickem, I lit my pipe and said, "Okay, suppose it takes a hundred

quarts a day. For twenty bucks or so a day you get a thousand dollars' worth of good will and mouth-to-mouth publicity, and probably boost sales in the toy department."

"Joe," Vic said, "I like that!"

Tickem looked at her in surprise.

"It's friendly," she said, the words quick. "Women will talk about it."

At that, Tickem shrugged and grinned again. "Could be," he said. "Could be." Then he reached out for the booklet Vic held. "Thanks," he added, buttoning his coat. "I'll read it."

"Do you have to leave?"

"Yes. Sorry. Will I see you in New York?"

"Of course."

He nodded to me, and I nodded in return. While Vic saw him to the door, I scowled at my pipe. I didn't like the thought of their being together in New York. . . .

When Vic came back, alone, I asked, "What's this about your running the editorial?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think it'll work, but Connie was so strong for the idea that—well, I agreed to give it a try. See what results it brings, if any."

"Very nice," I said, knowing what a battle Connie must have waged. "But if you expect a single editorial to boost Keller sales—"

"Not at all. Connie said she'd persuade you to write more. We'll try it for a few weeks and see what happens."

So I was back in the public-relations business.

I didn't press the point. I got up and pushed my pipe into my pocket. "What's all this about New York, Vic?"

"I'm going to look over a few of the big stores. Mr. Tickem will introduce me around."

"Oh?"

"If I'm to run Keller's for a while, I want to see what the others are doing."

"A research trip. I see. Your idea?"

"As a matter of fact, it's Walter Tickem's. What's the difference whose idea it is?"

I NODDED and turned away. What difference did it make why she was going? What difference should anything make now? I wandered around the room for a moment, Vic watching me. It seemed to me we must have exhausted everything there was to say. I didn't want to talk any more. I didn't even want her to see how I felt.

When I said something about leaving, she didn't try to keep me. So I put on my coat. I looked at her in the foyer—with the overhead light shining on her smooth hair—and I wondered what would happen if I took her into my arms again.

Only, I didn't. Somehow, tonight the mood was wrong. I opened the door.

"Thanks, Joe," she said. "For understanding."

Understanding what? That she didn't want to see me while she had to stay in Otisburg? That she hoped I'd keep away from her? I laughed without humor.

"Good night, Vic," I said.

"Good night." . . .

THEY gave the editorial a full-page spread. At the top a line in italics said: *In the Public Service.* At the bottom it was signed: *Keller's Department Store.*

My mother read it to me over breakfast. Then she gave me a thoughtful stare. "One thing puzzles me, Joe," she said at last. "*Why* are you doing this?"

It was the one thing I wished she hadn't asked, because it bothered me, too. *Why* should I write editorials for Keller's? To please Vic? What earthly reason was there to please Vic, to work for her, while she was in the process of divorcing me? That made little sense. For the sake of the store itself? Well, maybe. After all, you might say I'd been married to the store for more than a year and I certainly had an abiding interest in the place. That could be the explanation, though I wasn't sure. Or was I doing it because Connie had asked for help? Because I couldn't let Connie down? Again, the answer had to be maybe.

All three reasons were probably mixed together in varying degrees of importance. But basically, and this was what I told my mother, there was a challenge here which I couldn't ignore, a challenge to imagination, to enterprise, to whatever you wanted to call it. If I was trying to prove anything to anyone at all, it was to myself.

When I finished a pretty unsatisfactory reply, my mother fixed her thoughtful gaze back on the newspaper. "Well," she said, "this particular piece should stir up a lot of comment, anyhow."

"Hope so. We'll see."

"Keller's ought to put you on the payroll."

"Wouldn't that be just perfect?" I said with sarcasm I couldn't control. "Me going on Vic's payroll now. No, thanks! I'll do it for free—for the good of my soul—or not at all!"

"I suspect," my mother said in a remote tone, "you'll do it also to justify Connie's faith. . . . Sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't be happier married to a girl like Connie."

"Mother, will you for heaven's sake lay off that kind of talk?"

I put it out of my mind. . . .

Vic went off to New York that day. Connie told me about it over the phone. As for myself, I had to run up to Whitestone, seventy miles north of Otisburg, to cover the annual end-of-the-season golf tournament. While I followed foursomes over the course I was amazed by the number of editorial possibilities that popped into my mind. Some had to be discarded as too controversial—no use rousing half the population of Otisburg

EASTER QUIZ

Answers to puzzle on page 68

1. a. EArned b. BoSTon c. grocER
2. a. EAsily b. sySTem c. yondER
3. a. EAting b. faSTen c. answER
4. a. EArthy b. haSTen c. powdER
5. a. EArwax b. maSTer c. antlER
6. a. EArwig b. jeSTer c. neutER
7. a. EAglet b. paSTry c. veneER

the imPORTant thing to remember . . .

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TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this Captured Flavor

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

against the Keller store. But the rest promised to be good.

Thinking about them, thinking about anything impersonal, was a sort of antidote against the pain of thinking about Vic. And Sunday night, when I got home, I wrote two editorials.

Early in the morning, just as I entered the *Globe* office, Connie telephoned. "See this morning's papers, Joe?"

"Not yet. I just got in."

"Look at the *Letters to the Editor* column. And at the editorial page. We're clicking!"

The *Globe* lay on the desk. I began turning pages while Connie talked.

"When do we get the next editorial?" she asked.

When I told her of the two in my pocket, she was delighted. "How about lunch, Joe? I'm dying to see them."

"Sure thing. Vic back yet?"

"No-o. Still in New York."

"Uh-huh. Well, I'll pick you up at twelve-thirty."

When she hung up I read the *Letters to the Editor*. There were four communications, all commenting on the Keller editorial.

"Congratulations to Keller's!" the first began. "They have stated a need for more policemen which many of us have long felt. . . ."

All four were laudatory notes. When I turned to the editorial page I saw that Dan Harris, too, our top editorial writer, had given six inches to the need of a larger police force. He'd concluded: "We join Keller's in urging speedy action in bolstering the public safety. We may also add that Keller's has gone a long way to prove that a department store can in a very real sense be a public institution with a public conscience."

I picked up the telephone and called my mother. "Just been looking at the papers," I said. "Thanks, sweetheart."

"For what?"

"How many members of the Civic League did you get to write letters?"

She laughed. "Oh, ten or so. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" I said. "Thanks again. Nice thought."

After that I spent most of the morning turning out the first column on the golf tournament. By eleven-thirty it lay on Sam Gardner's desk. With a free hour before my lunch date with Connie, I leaned back in the chair and stared at the dirty window.

If it hadn't been for the break with Vic I could have been happy. This business of building up Keller's excited me. The prospect of increasing a store's business by the power of words clattering out of a typewriter—it was fascinating. My thoughts began to explore other possibilities.

Over lunch Connie read the two new pieces while her food lay forgotten. One —"Where Does Fifth Avenue End?"— had to do with social changes that had come over America largely because of the enterprise of department-store buyers. Fifty years ago, I'd pointed out, New York was the fashion leader of the country. Other communities generally got a fashion about the time New York was discarding it. But no more. Today department-store buyers had the latest styles on display in Atlanta, Oshkosh, Allentown, or any other city you could name at the same instant they were being shown in New York. In the matter of fashions there were no longer any "backward areas" in America, and Keller's, I'd concluded, was proud of the part it had taken in bringing about such a change.

The second editorial concerned Communism. It simply listed a few American freedoms which were not practiced behind the Iron Curtain—the freedom of education, of religion, of achieving the ultimate position in life to which your capabilities could lift you. "Why," the editorial ended, "does Communism want to wipe out all this? Why should any sane man or woman wish to help wipe it out? If civilized people have anything to gain by Communism, we have failed to see it."

"We're certainly producing variety in our editorials," Connie said. "They're good, Joe. You—you're forever a source of surprise."

But she was thinking of something else. I could sense it. She became silent. While the waiter poured coffee she seemed to forget me altogether. I took it as long as I could. "What's bothering you, Con?"

She looked up with a start, then forced an awkward smile. "Nothing, Joe."

"Who you trying to kid? Old Uncle Joseph?"

"We-ell . . ." She played with the salt shaker. "If you want it straight, I—I'll have to talk like a sister."

"I'm listening."

She still hesitated. "Joe, would you say a man could fall for a girl at a glance?"

That surprised me. "Depends on the man—and the girl." And I asked quickly, "Who?"

"Walter Tickem and Vic."

I put down my fork.

"He's been rushing her in New York. I thought—I wondered— Don't you think *you* ought to go, Joe?"

My face must have been white. "No," I said. "If that's what she wants, it's up to her!"

It was a harsh way to speak, but I couldn't help it. Connie was corroborating something I had secretly feared. Looking at it from Tickem's point of view, I thought, "Why shouldn't he rush her? She's beautiful. She's going to get a divorce, and he knows it. It lets him out from any consideration for me."

Rationalization like that didn't really help. Yet it was futile to blame Walter Tickem. My troubles had started long before he had appeared.

Connie bit her lip. When she looked up there were tears in her eyes. "Don't let it happen, Joe!" she whispered.

"Vic is old enough to know what she wants. Besides, she won't care to see me in New York any more than in Otisburg. I'm not going to force myself on her!"

"All the same—"

"What do you expect me to do?"

She shook her head. "I honestly don't know. But I hate to see Vic get mixed up with him. There's something about that man—" She stopped. "I've done everything I can, Joe."

"I realize that. Thanks."

"Maybe—maybe if I hadn't fixed it for her to come back here, this wouldn't have happened."

"You fixed it?"

"When I dictated this 'men wanted' ad to you, I said nothing about 'must be single'. . .!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LEO GAREL

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

MR. PATRICK L. NOLET — *distinguished business executive. Orphaned as a boy, he was adopted by W. R. Miles — who was then pioneering a California trucking concern. After graduating from school, Pat started as a truck driver and worked his way to the top. At 23, he was made a full partner. Under his guidance the firm of Miles & Sons, serving rich San Joaquin Valley, became the largest of its kind in the world. Today Mr. Nolet directs five other organizations and is an ardent civic leader. His private duck club, which accommodates 40 guests, offers some of America's finest shooting.*

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"Well, yes. To tell the truth, we didn't really need Vic at the store these couple of months. I could have taken over, or Raffberger. But I—I made Pop tell her we had to have *her* here—" Connie's eyes met mine in despair. "I thought it might work out for you. With both of you in Otisburg—"

So that was how it happened.

We were quiet a long time, pretending we were finishing lunch. I didn't taste a thing. Finally I looked across the table at the striking face with its broad mouth and wide cheekbones.

"Connie, you're a peach," I said.

For an instant the hint of tears was back in her eyes. She didn't reply. . . .

In seven days you can live through a good many moods—anger, dejection, aggressiveness, resignation, almost anything you can name. If they had been charted on a graph, my own feelings would have run like the teeth of a saw. Of course, it was ridiculous to live like that. Illogical, hard on the nerves. But I couldn't control it.

Meanwhile, Connie kept me abreast of all that happened. I saw her often, more often than ever before, in fact.

Returning from New York, Vic promptly installed herself as active head of the Keller store. Pop Leeds gave her his own office. On that first morning a huge vase of red roses, sent by Walter Tickem, filled a corner of the room. Pop and Connie took positions at Vic's elbows, as it were, to counsel her, to answer a hundred inevitable questions.

I'd have given a great deal to see Vic, crisp and lovely, sitting at that desk, signing papers, issuing businesslike orders. I'd have liked to follow her slim figure through the store, going from department to department, learning what went on in each one. All this was so different from any mental picture I could associate with Vic that to watch her at work might have been a memorable and revealing adventure.

But I didn't see any of it. She had asked me to stay away. I didn't go to Keller's.

While Vic "got the feel of the reins," as Connie put it, carpenters threw up partitions to provide an additional office for Walter Tickem. The store's interior decorators ransacked various departments, filling the new space with a thick carpet, elegant beige draperies, a few hunting scenes, and blond-wood furnishings that were the last word in modern design. The office was all ready by the time Tickem arrived on the tenth and established himself in a top-floor suite at the Otisburg Hotel.

After that, Connie's reports tended to become vague. Not about the store itself, but about Walter Tickem's relations with Vic; she would hesitate, answer a question in a blurred way, then hurry on to something else.

"Okay," I thought. "So you want to spare my feelings. He must be seeing a lot of her."

For a week after Tickem came, Pop Leeds stayed around the store, reluctant to depart. That was the week after Otisburg's local elections took place. I capitalized on the chance to do an editorial about the voters and the men they elected to office, a piece called, "The Obligations of Partnership."

"Why is it," I wrote, "that, with elections over, so many of us feel that our obligations to government are finished until next year's elections? In the interim we're content to leave everything to the officials. Every now and then we discover that one of them is corrupt or incompetent, and then we call him names and lash out at him with whatever punishment we can find.

"Isn't corruption at least in part the fault of an uninterested and apathetic citizenry?"

The editorial went on to point out that democracy calls for an active partnership between elected officials and those who put them in office. It was the duty of citizens not only to watch their leaders, but to co-operate with them.

"A healthy community," I said, "contains the principal ingredient of every healthy partnership. The co-operation between partners who strive toward a common goal. Where you have no striving toward a common goal, a partnership must collapse."

There was more along the same lines. It must have been a good editorial because several newspapers in nearby towns commented on what Keller's had to say. It was excellent publicity. It pleased Pop Leeds all the more because it came, as a sort of farewell reassurance, on the very day he took his leave from the store.

That was the day I saw Vic again. In the evening I went over to Pop's house to say good-by. And she was there.

So were about fifty other people, the executives of the store and a lot of friends, all crowding the big living room, standing around with drinks. But, for me, Vic seemed to stand alone, as if spotlighted by a battery of Klieg lights.

She was in the bend of a bay window, talking to Tickem, Connie, and fat Henry Raffberger.

When she saw me across the room she seemed to start. After an instant she nodded, a pleasant, polite nod. I nodded, too. Then she continued talking to Henry Raffberger, and that was that.

I pushed through the crowd to Pop Leeds. We shook hands and I wished him well. How long we chatted, or about what, I had no idea. The consciousness of Vic being in the room filled me with excitement. I kept wanting to turn my head to look at her again. Sooner or later I'd go over and talk to her, of course. But I hated the idea of talking in front of Tickem and Raffberger. I hated the polite pretenses it might involve.

Still holding my hand, Pop Leeds bent forward with a smile.

"Those editorials, Joe, they're doing a fine job. They've certainly got the town talking about Keller's!"

"Fine," I said vaguely. There was no use trying to concentrate on Pop. I could feel Vic's eyes watching me.

Other people crowded around the old man, and I turned away. I looked across the room again, and there was

Connie, her arms through Tickem's and Raffberger's, laughing and drawing both men toward the buffet table that had been set up in the room across the hall. She glanced at me, and I caught a wink. She was deliberately leaving Vic alone. For me.

I went to her. I said, "Hi, Vic," wondering if my voice sounded as shaky and strained as it felt.

She smiled. "How are you, Joe?"

"Fine. Just fine." My eyes kept going over her, and I was thinking how wonderful she looked. What do you say at a time like that? How can you say anything that doesn't sound inane, inadequate? People were watching us. I was sure of it. Not staring, just watching from the corners of their eyes. You could almost hear them thinking. *Vic and Joe Tobey—getting a divorce, you know. Wonder what they have to say to each other when they talk like this? What can any separated couple possibly have to say? Still, they're putting on a pleasant, civilized act, aren't they? Smooth and polite and sophisticated—yes, indeed, very sophisticated. Do they really think they're fooling anybody?*

I groped for something to say. The safest thing to talk about seemed to be Keller's. What else could you discuss, with people standing around you, a dozen of them within listening distance?

"I hear," I said, "you're doing quite a job at the store."

"Thanks." She smiled again. "In a way, I'm getting a kick out of it. You're doing a nice job, yourself, on the editorials. And those other ideas, too. You're quite a merchandiser."

"Well, you know how it is. The challenge of something new."

"I particularly liked the Perfume Wagon."

"Oh, that. Yes."

THE Perfume Wagon. What a thing to talk about now! A merchandising idea. I'd told Connie over a lunch that, in my opinion, many a man would take a bottle of perfume or toilet water home to his wife if only somebody suggested it at the right time and practically pushed it into his pocket. So they'd converted a tea table into a "Perfume Wagon," filling it with all kinds of scents.

A high-voltage, long-legged blonde, one of the store's models, had been recruited to push the thing through the aisles in the men's wear departments, especially during sales, when those departments were crowded. A guy treating himself to half a dozen shirts would suddenly find the wagon at his elbow. He'd read a card that said: "While buying something for yourself, why not get *her* something, too?" And the blonde would give him her nicest smile.

"It's been working out surprisingly well," Vic said.

"Glad to hear it."

"The wagon has averaged $180 on week days and over $500 on Saturdays. All of it pure impulse buying."

The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel
begins on page 48

All of a sudden I couldn't help grinning. Never, in all the time we'd been married, had I heard Vic speak like this—of sales volume, of devices for stimulating impulse purchases. For some reason I felt more sure of myself.

"Another thing I liked," she said, "was that editorial on the—the obligations of partnership."

"It was on the side of the angels," I said.

"It—it was very good, Joe. Especially the part about a partnership being healthy only when the partners strive for a—common goal."

"Uh-huh." I wondered what all this meant. Her manner was softer, more friendly, than I had dared expect. She was actually smiling as if she meant it. Suddenly I understood why. It wasn't that she'd changed. It was because so many people were watching us. How else could she act?

Her switch to something else was facile, all in the spirit of this phony civilized pose we were maintaining. "You know—" She put her glass down on an end table, then looked back at me. "I've been wondering just why you do it. All the work for the store, I mean."

"Hard to say. I guess it's just that I had an idea and I'm curious enough to

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IT'S THE LAW!

by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

In Chicago, Ill., it is against the law for bakers not to wear shoes or slippers while working

It is illegal to throw a bale of hay out of the window of your house in Montgomery, Ala.

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Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

see how it works out if pushed to the limit. Matter of proving something, if only to myself."

"You *always* have to prove yourself right, don't you, Joe?"

"Maybe."

Then I saw Walter Tickem coming back. I didn't want to talk with Vic in his presence. So I held out my hand and gave her the best smile I could manage.

"Well, I've got to push along," I said. "Nice seeing you, Vic. You look swell."

That was all. She didn't try to detain me. I turned away, suddenly angry with myself and the whole world. I said good-by to Pop Leeds and got out of there.

"Joe!"

Pop Leeds' call stopped me just as I reached the sidewalk. I went back, wondering why he should leave his guests to chase after me.

There was a small vestibule between the porch and the inner foyer itself. Here, isolated from the crowd in the living room, Pop and I faced each other. The hubbub of voices seemed muted, far away.

"Joe—" Pop sounded uneasy, his tones low. "I wanted to talk to you before I leave. They didn't give us much chance in there."

I was puzzled, waiting.

The old man rubbed an uncertain hand over his chin. "Joe," he said, "you know how I feel about you and Vic. Almost as if you were my own."

"I know, Pop," I said. "Thanks."

"What's going to come of all this?"

"How do you mean?"

"You—you can't go on pouring your heart and your brain into her store while she divorces you. You certainly won't do it *after* the divorce. Unless it were as a strictly business deal, with compensation. Have you considered that?"

"Haven't thought so far ahead," I said.

I HAD the impression that Pop was fumbling. Like Connie, he was seeking ways of bringing Vic and me together. "What's the use of talking to me?" I thought, still feeling bitter. "Why don't you talk to her?" But instead of saying it, I listened.

"You've done a job, Joe," he said. "I wasn't exaggerating when I told you the editorials have stirred up interest in Keller's. When they go shopping, people turn our way."

"It's what I hoped would happen."

"Connie tell you about the controller's report?"

"No-o—"

"Purdy handed it to us only this afternoon. In the past two weeks more people have made purchases at Keller's than in any two-week period since 1947, barring Christmas weeks, of course. The store's total business, covering all departments, has jumped twenty-three per cent over our gross in the same two-week period last year. If we continue our present policy, and the public reaction continues, I'd say we're on the way up."

"That's nice to hear, Pop."

"Not that the editorials are the only reason, you understand. Be foolish to attribute everything to them. On the other hand, you've contributed in other ways, too. Some pretty sound merchandising ideas, Joe. The milk bar in the toy department, for instance." Pop shook his head as if he couldn't believe what had happened. "We've catered to as many as 450 children in a single afternoon. That means 450 kids and their mothers came up to the toy department on days when we'd normally see maybe a hundred. We're the only department store I know of that can report off-season toy sales up almost two hundred per cent."

It was flattering. It gave me a sense of satisfaction.

"Joe," Pop said, "I think you've got a natural flair for merchandising through public relations." He hesitated. "Connie told me this new idea you gave her yesterday, the business of running daily sales. I like that one, too."

"I think it should pay off."

It was a simple notion. Actually, I hadn't given it a thought since I'd mentioned it to Connie while giving her a new editorial. Keller's had 167 different departments. It seemed to me there ought to be a "sensational" sale in at

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The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel
begins on page 48

least one of those departments every day of the week. This, as I saw it, needn't interfere at all with regular store-wide sales, end-of-the-month-clearances, Monday specials, and so on. But if something startling and compelling were happening at Keller's *every single day of the week*, people would soon learn to watch the newspaper ads for daily opportunities. Every day would bring somebody a chance to snatch up something he needed at a special price. Sure, it was bound to increase traffic through Keller's doors, I'd pointed out. And once customers came in to crowd one department, they'd boost business in other departments, too.

"What I'm driving at, Joe," Pop said, "is simply this: We could use you on a full-time basis at the store. Say in publicity and public relations. The job could pay about twenty thousand."

I didn't even attempt to answer. The truth was I enjoyed the work I'd been doing for Keller's. In many ways I found it more stimulating, more satisfying, even more exciting, than the daily grind of turning out a sports column for the *Globe*. And this offer of $20,000 a year was four times what I was earning on the paper.

But . . . did I want to change my status from Vic's husband to her employee?

"Think it over," Pop said.

I nodded. "Thanks, Pop. I'll give it very careful thought." After a pause I added, "Does Vic know you're making this offer?"

"No. Nobody knows. But they will."

"How do you imagine Vic would feel about a twist like this? And—Tickem?"

"No idea, Joe."

I looked straight at him. Man to man. He was an old friend I could count on, and I asked, "Tell me. Is Vic seeing a lot of him? Outside store hours, I mean?"

He answered just as frankly, "Too much, Joe."

He didn't offer details, and I didn't ask for any. I knew enough already. . . .

AT FOUR the next afternoon Connie telephoned me at the *Globe* office. She sounded unlike herself—tense, strained. "Joe!" she said. "Can you come right over to the store?"

I asked, "What's up?"

"I can't go into it now. Come, will you?"

Why Connie was so urgent about it, I couldn't understand. I glanced at my desk. The day's column was finished. Everything else could wait.

"Okay, kid," I said. "I'm on the way."

Walking the few short blocks on Sherman Avenue, I kept my eyes on the Keller sign. Since the talk with Pop Leeds yesterday I'd done some serious thinking. One thing was certain: I couldn't go to work for the store. Not for $20,000 a year or any other amount. It wasn't merely an aversion to being in the pay of a woman who divorced me. It went deeper. How long could I take the strain of being beside Vic, talking to her, seeing her day after day, and knowing she was no longer anything to me but my boss? No, it was no job for me. I couldn't invite self-torment.

And there was Walter Tickem, also. Tickem, I was convinced, liked none of my ideas. It might, of course, be because of professional resentment. After all, *he* was supposed to supply the promotional plans now. Or it could be that, with his eyes on Vic, he didn't want me associated with her in any manner. Whatever his reason, he certainly hadn't endorsed any publicity or merchandising notion I'd ever suggested. He tolerated them only because they had been adopted, for the most part, before his arrival.

So why even consider a job that promised so many heartaches? All things considered, the sensible thing to do would be to quit now. . . .

WHEN I stepped into Connie's office she wasn't at her desk. A stenographer nodded toward an open door. "In there, Mr. Tobey. They're waiting."

This became more and more puzzling. I went through the open door into the office that had been Pop Leeds'.

Vic sat at the big desk. She wore a dress of dark blue wool, very trim, very businesslike. She gave me a nod. "Hello, Joe."

Walter Tickem sat on the leather couch, legs crossed. A sheaf of papers lay in his lap. He was tapping a pencil on them with the air of one who had been impatiently waiting.

Connie stepped behind me to shut the door.

Somehow I felt I'd interrupted a sentence. I glanced from one to another. There was tension in this room that caught me, too. "What's going on?"

Both Vic and Connie looked at Walter Tickem.

He put the sheaf of papers aside on the couch, placed the pencil on top of it, all very deliberate, obviously giving himself time to organize his thoughts.

"Tobey," he said, "we've been discussing this notion you have for running daily sales. Frankly, I'm against it."

Was *this* what was bothering them? I almost laughed. I told myself I no longer cared what they did about the idea. If I was going to quit, why bother defending such a notion? It wasn't worth discussing. I was sorry Connie had called me.

"See here, Tobey," Tickem said. "What kind of reputation do you want to give Keller's? A bargain-basement store? Cut-rate joint? Warehouse of odd lots, fire-sale stuff, seconds?"

I felt a stir of resentment. It wasn't what he said. It was the way he said it, as if I were a fool who'd blundered into something I was turning into a fiasco. He made it sound like a personal attack that *had* to be answered. But I held my temper down.

"Why should a daily sale add up to all that?" I asked.

"The psychology's lousy! People begin to think of Keller's *only* in terms of sales!"

I glanced at Vic and Connie, then back at him. "I doubt it. But suppose it's true—so what?"

"So Keller's gets to be like one of those phony shops. The kind that advertise year after year, 'Buy now! Going out of business!'"

"Boloney," I said. "Can't see how a store like Keller's can lose dignity by offering one outstanding value every day of the week. Everybody knows it's a business builder. We don't deny it. But there's nothing phony about it. Not with legitimate sales or top quality merchandise."

Tickem waved a scornful hand. "You can overdo it. Run a sale every day, and the word 'sale' loses all meaning."

"Then don't call it a sale. Call it the Daily Special—Today's Outstanding Buy—anything you like."

"Nonsense. What's the difference what you call it? The principle's the same!" Tickem turned impatiently to the desk. "It's foolish to go on like this, Vic. I don't want to *argue* about it."

I looked at her. Brows arched, she was making pencil marks on a scratch pad. You couldn't guess what she was thinking. Connie, beside her, was just as impassive.

Without raising her voice Vic said, "Walt, I'm sorry, but I still can't agree with you. I think Joe's right. It's bound to make our advertising pages more exciting. If I know Otisburg at all, nobody's going to think less of us for being enterprising, for bringing the town a real buy every day of the year."

I stared. What staggered me was the sensation of being defended by Vic against Tickem. I blinked at Connie, too. There was a pleased flicker in her eyes, but her expression didn't change.

TICKEM rose from the couch. He paced the office. His sharp face had become tighter. "Vic," he said, "I'm giving you advice out of long years of experience."

"Yes, Walt, but even elder statesmen should recognize fresh young ideas, shouldn't they?"

"If they're *intelligent* ideas!"

"Exactly."

He stopped pacing. His taut features were becoming more angry every second. "Look, Vic; let's get this straight. Whose ideas do you want? His? Mine? What's the use of my talking if you won't listen?"

"That isn't quite fair, Walt. I *listen* to everything."

"Sure! And what happens? I was against institutional editorials—thought this wasn't the time to pour money into them—but you ran them anyway! I was against the free milk bar—this is a business enterprise, not a charity bazaar—but you put that in, too. I was against the Perfume Wagon—didn't want Keller customers to feel high-pressured, pushed into buying by a glamour-chick—but you got that going. My heavens, Vic, what am I doing here?"

She said, without the slightest loss of poise, "But, Walt, all those ideas of Joe's are paying off, aren't they?"

"They're stunts! Stunts pay off only as long as they're new! What I'm trying

to build is something strong and permanent! I know that if Keller's is to have any kind of lasting prosperity, not this flash-in-the-pan stuff, we've got to start at the bottom, right here in the store, and build solidly, with common sense!"

It was a strange sensation, watching Vic in a position where she had to decide between Tickem's ideas and mine. In a way, I was appalled. I hadn't brought this about. I certainly didn't want to throw her into such a spot. It was Tickem's own doing.

Nor that he was altogether wrong. Connie had told me a good many of his plans, and they were unquestionably sound. He had argued that a store like Keller's must depend on the intelligence of its personnel. The sales force was its primary line of contact with the public. So he had undertaken a campaign of educating the force in up-to-the-minute merchandising methods. He took them into a conference room, fifty at a time, for daily lectures. He spoke on every aspect of selling, from creating good will to inventing clever tricks of display. Once the sales force was properly indoctrinated and drilled, he maintained, ready to meet the public, it would be time to think of further measures.

"Vic." There was a trace of harshness now in Tickem's voice. "I came here to do a job. I'm willing to do it. But I can't do it unless you back me!" He jerked his head in my direction. "You can follow his way or mine, but you can't move in two opposite ways at once!"

Vic raised her eyes then. She considered Tickem thoughtfully. "I wish you wouldn't put it like that, Walt."

"What other way is there?"

"I have to be honest about my feelings, don't I?"

"Certainly! But—"

"I think Joe's ideas are good. I can't agree they're just stunts. They add up to a solid, business-building campaign. When you keep piling one on top of the others, they make Keller's an exciting, enterprising, go-getting store. Figures prove it, Walt. I've got to side with my husband on this. He's been doing a terrific job for us."

My husband . . . I stood stunned. It was the first time in months Vic had used the words. *My husband.* . . . I wanted to walk around the desk to her.

But I didn't move. I glanced at Tickem. His lips were drawn in tight against his teeth. He said, "That doesn't leave me very much choice, Vic."

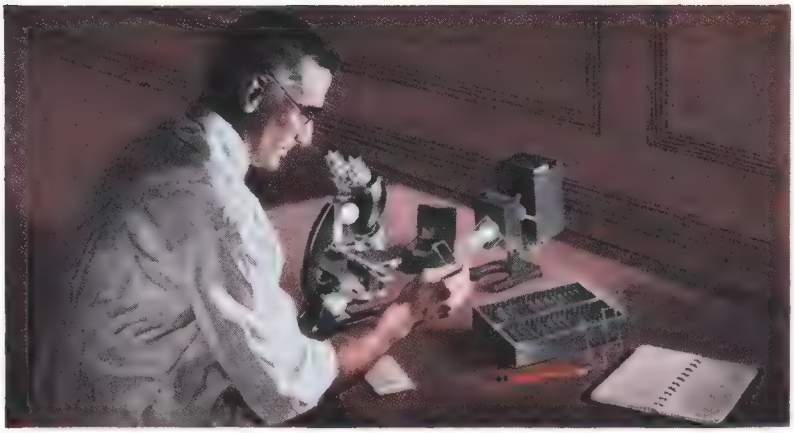
"I'm sorry you feel that way."

"How else can I feel? Obviously, there's no sense in my being here as a consultant if you won't listen to me!"

"I'm sorry, Walt."

He stood rigid, as though she'd slapped him. Then he turned, picked up the sheaf of papers on the couch. He walked out of the office without uttering another word. The whole thing had happened with such suddenness that we were all stunned.

I didn't come out of the trance until I heard Connie, too, start for the door. And suddenly I knew why Connie had sent for me. I loved her for it. She must have sensed this was a perfect moment



How you can help conquer CANCER

Year after year, the outlook for controlling cancer grows brighter. Scientists are learning more about how and why cancer occurs, and are developing new methods of diagnosis and treatment. In addition, centers for the early detection of cancer are being increased, additional hospitals devoted exclusively to its treatment are opening, and greater numbers of doctors are being trained to combat cancer more effectively than ever before.

As a result, hope for greater gains runs high. Even now there is progress to justify this hope. For example, *if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly,* authorities say that 98 percent of cancers of the skin, 80 to 90 percent of cancers of the breast, and 85 percent of cancers of the rectum are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success. In fact, it is estimated that some 70,000 lives are now saved each year from cancer—lives that, not so long ago, might not have been spared.

According to the American Cancer Society, present cure rates could be *doubled* if those who develop cancer would seek medical help in time. This calls for greater public knowledge of cancer—particularly its possible "warning signs." While the symptoms of this disease are variable, no one should delay seeing the doctor if any of the following signs occur:

1. **Any sore that does not heal promptly.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

(Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

These "warnings" are NOT sure signs of cancer. In fact, relatively few people who have such symptoms are found to have the disease. Yet they indicate that something is wrong, and that the doctor should be consulted. Should his examination reveal cancer, prompt treatment with X-ray, radium, or surgery—used separately or together—will greatly increase the chances for cure.

Moreover, since cancer may start without any "warning signs" at all, periodic medical check-ups may help to safeguard against it. Such examinations are especially important for people aged 50 and over.

Doctors say that this important precautionary measure should never be neglected, even though a person may feel perfectly well. In this connection, the experience of cancer detection centers—which examine *only* seemingly healthy people—is reassuring. These centers report that only one out of every 100 people examined has cancer and, since the disease is usually detected early, the chances for cure are greatly increased.

Today, by facing the facts about cancer, overcoming fear of it, and acting promptly when the disease is suspected, cancer may be controlled or cured in many cases.

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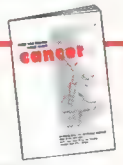
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 452A "What You Should Know About Cancer."



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

for a showdown. She must have known how Vic felt.

Connie gave me a quick smile and pulled the door shut behind her.

I looked at Vic. I started to speak, and didn't know what to say. She was staring at the scratch pad, her face as white as Tickem's had been.

Then she raised her eyes. "Joe," she said, "that wasn't accidental. I—I forced it." She bit her lip. "Walt was beginning to want—too much. He wanted me; he wanted the store. Or maybe he just wanted the store—*through* me. Anyhow, what he said was quite true. There wasn't room here for—both of you."

So Tickem had tried too hard, too fast. I couldn't talk. Everything had happened too quickly.

Vic said in a low voice, "Pop told me he offered you a job. I wish you'd take it, Joe."

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons. You're a natural at this sort of thing. You'll like it. And I'd like to have you around."

"For a few weeks," I said, my voice dry. "Till you leave for Reno?"

"I'm not going to Reno."

At the beginning I couldn't stir. It was like hanging on to a rope while an enormous wave washed over you. When it passed you had to wait to recover your balance.

Vic said, "I like it here, Joe."

"You like what?"

"Keller's. Business. The excitement of making things hum." She smiled at the desk in a queer, introspective way. "These few weeks have been a—a sort of education. Like waking up to something I should have known long ago. You're right about how it feels to have a job, Joe. It's a lot better than just drifting. It gives you a sense of importance, of having an objective in life—" She raised her eyes to mine. "Joe, does it sound crazy?"

"No," I said. "No."

"Will you come into the store? With me?"

I started toward her, but when my hand touched the desk, I stopped. "What about the far places, Vic?"

"They'll keep. They're not as important as having you—and a job we can do together." She got up, slim and beautiful. The tears in her eyes were unmistakable. "Joe," she whispered, "I deserve to be slapped down. I know it. I deserve to have *you* go to Reno. But, Joe, I—I'm different now. Changed. Ready for the—the obligations of partnership." The phrase seemed to reach out, catch at me. She said, "What you wrote in that editorial, about partners having to strive for a common goal . . . Joe, you were right. It made me wake up . . ."

I pulled her into my arms. I kissed her as if we had been separated for a year. I was so shaken, my mouth was so dry, that I couldn't get out a word. She wouldn't have to wait long to see the far places. We could run Keller's together nine or ten months of the year, couldn't we? Then leave it to Connie while we spend a couple of months in Europe or South America or Hawaii. Anywhere. We could do it that way every year. Why not?

A bell rang. It was the bell that clanged through Keller's every afternoon at five. Closing time. Time to draw the white sheets over the counters and call it a day. Time to leave.

Vic was leaning against me, her face pressed to my shoulder. I could feel her trembling.

"Vic," I whispered.

"I love you, Joe," she said. "Let—let's go home!"

THE END★★

How Good Are Your Cops?

(*Continued from page* 47)

either didn't know much about modern police methods, or was deliberately misassigning his men, to put on a show.

Main thoroughfares, in daytime, are practically self-policing, and most of those men should have been in back areas, where burglars enter homes while housewives are out shopping, where cars parked in side streets are stolen, and youngsters, playing in the streets, become obstreperous. Some should have been transferred to the night shift. No wonder crime was increasing! Here was evidence that the defense was badly organized, leaving wide open the spots where the enemy was most likely to attack.

However, when anybody complained because of an increase of assaults, robberies, or annoyance of women, the chief could say, "It's not our fault. We can't stop all crime. Look at the protection we're giving you on Broadway. We're all set to shoot it out with gangsters if they try to rob the First National Bank, or to grab any pickpocket who snatches a woman's purse." But, in the meantime, the hot spots were unguarded, and although the citizens didn't know it, the crooks did.

After I had registered at my hotel I took a walk. Immediately, I recognized more signs of lax administration. The traffic officers mostly kept their elbows against their bodies when they gave signals; they pointed indifferently and slouched. Signals should be shoulder-high, clear, sweeping, snappy, and positive.

Now and then I saw a cop who was spick-and-span, but generally their shoes were unshined, their uniforms wrinkled, and some didn't have their blouses buttoned all the way up.

The red signals were up on so many parking meters that it was clear that somebody was loafing. In posted sections ("No Parking," "One Hour Parking," etc.) I spied several parked trucks, some empty, some filled. If a truck is partly full, the driver has stopped briefly to deliver goods. Otherwise, it probably is parked there for an indefinite stay and the owner has paid off the cops on the beat, and maybe captains and inspectors, too.

Two policemen, one a sergeant, came along in a squad car, collecting money from parking meters. This was a complete waste of manpower. Low-salaried civilians can service meters.

I talked with two patrolmen. They should have been civil, patient, well-informed, alert, and standing or walking near the curb, so their attention could be quickly attracted by any person in a passing automobile. They weren't. One was leaning against a store front talking with a friend, the other was loafing in a cigar store. I asked one, "Where is the high school?" knowing there were several, and asked the other to tell me the local taxicab-meter rate. The first brushed me off with, "Twenty-fourth and Flora," and resumed his conversation. The second said he wasn't sure, and I'd better ask a taxi driver.

A police force, even though it is made up of honest men who want to do a good job, can't fight crooks effectively unless the men at the top train and handle the force like an army. In this city, obviously, administration was sloppy. The mayor was wrong. The chief was to blame.

My next move was to learn whether gamblers were getting rich at the expense of folks who usually can't afford to lose. There are definite signs by which you can tell that, too. For instance, in this city I asked two cigar-store clerks and a waiter, "Where can I make a little bet on a horse?" In some cities I would have been told promptly, "Go over to that drugstore and ask for Al," or "I'll take your money. Who do you like?" Such a reply, to a stranger who might be a detective, would prove that gamblers had no fear of arrest.

However, here, I received no encouragement. The clerks obviously were telling the truth when they said they didn't know. I did doubt the waiter who, surveying me with suspicion, said, "Ain't no bookies in this town, mister," but his attitude was good evidence that the gamblers were hiding.

All this was a sign that gambling in this city was under control and not receiving police protection.

I was encouraged by my quick survey. The administration was weak, but honest. Lax enforcement of parking regulations had indicated that there was graft in town, but it was petty graft, which can't be entirely eliminated in the best of forces, but which could be reduced here without drastic methods. Heavy graft is something else.

In another city, for instance, when I arrived to make a survey, I was told, "We don't need a reorganization of the force. Just tell us how to stop widespread graft."

The officials time after time had staged crusades against graft; many policemen, of varying ranks, had been forced to resign or had been fired. But graft returned.

"Evidently you're sweeping the dirt under the rug," I told them. "Serious graft is a result of bad methods of discipline, training, and selection. You have to remove the cause. The one thing you do need, gentlemen, is a complete reorganization. Once that is accomplished, the graft problem will cure itself."

When I began that survey I received, as usual, many threatening letters. On a post card, mind you, I was told to get out of town if I wanted to live. I also received letters and anonymous telephone calls offering evidence of crookedness—including one call which told me that the post card had been sent by a certain police inspector, who was a rather notorious grafter. As usual, I ignored them all and passed the word around that I wasn't a prosecutor, nor trying to get anybody fired, but intended to make recommendations that would reduce crime and traffic accidents, strengthen the detective bureau and the patrol operation, and help the department produce crime reports that would bring praise from the FBI. Most of the police were for that.

A simple thing that helped was my declaration that the police uniforms were atrocious. The city bought them from the lowest bidder, and if there was any cop in town who didn't loathe them, you could be sure his wife or girl-friend did. When I persuaded the city to ask for new designs, policemen hailed me as their pal.

WHEN I returned a year later and found that most of my major recommendations had been adopted, I was welcomed even by the inspector who had sent me the threatening post card, and who didn't know I knew it. He had completely reformed—well, anyway, almost completely. In his new, snappy uniform and with an improved crime report to exhibit, he had new respect for himself. "You know," he said, "I really like the things you did. It's a great relief not to have the newspapers and taxpayers hounding us all the time."

However, as I expected, there still was much to be done. A complete reorganization takes years. I wanted to look over the entire department, and asked him if he'd take me around the next day. It was the week before Christmas.

"I'm sorry," he said frankly. "Tomorrow is my day off and I must collect my gifts. It will take me all day."

Big graft had been eliminated, but the petty stuff was still there. A sure sign that will tell you whether your police force is riddled with petty graft is to find out whether officers are allowed to accept gifts. These may include bribes from businessmen who want minor favors—such as permission to park overtime, or to store packing cases on the sidewalk. Others are from persons who hand out money because they believe it is the only way they can get thorough police protection. To counter this, a conscientious police commissioner spreads the word that "Bribery isn't necessary for legitimate police service," and disciplines police who play favorites. But if high officers don't first discipline themselves, they can't control patrolmen.

Again, if the police are allowed to ac-

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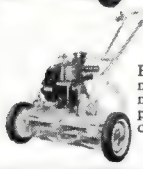

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cept rewards from insurance companies for recovering stolen cars, that is another sign of petty graft. In such circumstances the city almost invariably shows a bad auto-theft record. The cops recover the cars and collect the rewards, but don't try very hard to catch the thieves, who are encouraged to continue to steal so the police can get more rewards.

IF YOU find that police officers are engaged in outside activities while on duty, that is also an indication of loose administration. In one city I discovered, for example, that for nearly a month each year police were spending much of their time selling tickets to the annual police show, and that for three months from one to three men in each of ten precincts were assigned to sell advertising in the Police Benevolent Association's annual book. This not only took cops off police work, but was a form of blackmail.

Such waste of police manpower was, in turn, a sign that the police force was wasting motorcar power; and sure enough, I discovered that five police sedans had been handed over to public officials outside the police department and one, assigned cryptically "City Hall," was in the hands of an anonymous person. And the commissioner had told me he didn't have enough men or patrol cars!

In the minds of most persons the fixing of traffic tickets proves the existence of graft. I suppose there are cities in which traffic tickets *never* are fixed, but I never have been in one. You usually can recognize it as a sign of corruption when the fixing is done by Bill Blitz, the district leader, who takes care of all the voters in his district, and if he can fix traffic tickets for all comers, he can fix other things. Also, of course, it's bad if traffic cops and court clerks accept bribes.

Although I don't like it, I am not alarmed when I find that now and then high officials take care of a minor violation by an influential person. That goes on in some of our best-policed cities. But if the top men protect dangerous drivers, look out!

Frequently I see evidence of this. If I find that a man originally charged with drunken or reckless driving, or leaving the scene of an accident, has been tried only for speeding, I conclude that probably arrangements were made so he would pay a fine instead of going to jail, and a potential killer is put back on the highways.

In many cities, I find, the taxpayers have no idea about the kind of service due them. A man, praising his police, told me, "A noise woke me up one night and I saw a fellow breaking into the tool shed. The police were right on the job, arrived within five minutes after I called, but he got away."

I told him that if a squad car didn't arrive under average circumstances within three minutes the patrol system needed revision. If police arrive within two minutes—which is what the efficient ones aim for—they catch about 50 per cent of the criminals, but if it takes three minutes to get there, about 95 per cent of the culprits get away. The five-minute cops

"Aren't you ashamed to call yourself a water spaniel?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY STAN GOMBERG

can't do much but write a report.

A housewife in another city told me how she had been a nuisance, and couldn't blame the desk sergeant for being impatient with her.

At 6 o'clock one evening, her daughter hadn't returned from school. "I'd been reading about sex maniacs," she said. "I was terrified and impulsively called the police. The man said he got a dozen calls a week like that and the children always showed up and if my daughter didn't, to call again. Of course, he was right and I shouldn't have bothered him."

She certainly should have bothered him and he gratefully should have sent a squad car immediately. That was what he was there for.

You have assurance of an efficient department if it gives prompt and polite service, no matter how trivial the call may seem. In a city like Cincinnati, Ohio, the police urge citizens, particularly housewives, to call at once if a prowler appears in the alley or a stranger rings the doorbell and asks vague questions. He may be a burglar or sneak thief looking for an empty house.

Police should seek prompt reports on such things as a dog that appears to be mad, or a drunk staggering down the block, or a street fight between old or young. They urge mothers not to hesitate to ask police help if a child has been conspicuously missing for several hours. Even if it turns out that the missing child was playing in the attic or the prowler is a prominent doctor who is making an inspection for the Board of Health and who is furious and threatens to get the policeman fired, the police can thank the caller and mean it, and ask her to keep up the good work. One never can tell when such a call will help solve a serious crime.

Sometimes you can learn whether your police force is on the job by talking with a taxicab driver. Nearly every time I am in a taxicab I try to draw from the driver his opinion of the police. Policing taxi drivers calls for a policy of firmness combined with tact. If the drivers are carefully licensed and handled right they are a priceless body of informers and witnesses. They cover the city, night and day, overhear conversations, and carry suspicious persons. Many a driver has chased fleeing gangsters, obtaining the number of the car, and then has stopped to pick up a cop and has carried him on into battle, dodging bullets as he drives.

In most cities the taxi drivers cooperate, but in one, in which the traffic squad was notorious for its toughness and arrogance, a driver told me, "In this town, mister, they give taxi drivers tickets for nothin', and if I saw a cop dyin' on the curb, I would just laugh and keep on goin'." That attitude, of course, is mighty pleasing to the crooks.

The major test of the ability of a police administrator is found in his annual report. I recently read a report made by a police chief in a Western city which is typical of those produced by incompetents.

This production was a mass of figures, including an inventory of furniture down to the last cuspidor. Offenses were listed alphabetically—such reports always start with "abortion"—and included everything. Instead of lumping trivial calls under "Miscellany," they were all there in detail, as evidence of tremendous police activity. There was a line devoted to "Cat on roof," and one read, "Bed fell down." That police operation fascinated me, and I found that a call came from a woman who heard a noise upstairs and thought there was a burglar in the house, but the policeman discovered that the noise had been made by a bed that fell down of its own accord, and he reported the case as fully as though it actually had been a burglar.

This report, as so often happens, was designed to fool the public. It boasted about the number of stolen cars that had been recovered, but didn't point out that, nationally, more than 90 per cent of all stolen cars are restored to their owners, mostly because car thieves abandon them. The report avoided a year-by-year comparison of reported assaults with gun or knife, major larcenies and holdups, which show the trend of crime.

Another town presented no crime reports and confined its activity records to arrests. The trick there is that, by comparing that figure with previous years, the chief can prove anything. In this case, arrests had increased. "Which," he said, "is proof of the rise in efficiency of the force." If there had been fewer arrests, he would have declared, "Reduction in the number of arrests shows that the police are effectively reducing crime." According to this chief, his department would always be perfect.

In comparison, I have before me the report of the commissioner who heads one of our best forces. He is not satisfied. He points out methods by which he believes he can reduce crime, traffic deaths, and juvenile delinquency. He classifies crime, leading his tables with "Criminal Homicide," the most serious, giving detailed figures showing police performance, past and present.

Most important of all, he reports "Crimes cleared by arrest," a rating system that I devised. This is part of the data that every first-rate police administrator sends to the FBI. If the FBI catches him faking his figures it throws them out of his semiannual national report. Then it refers the case to a grievance committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. A crime is cleared by arrest when the police deliver before a magistrate, with evidence for prosecution, the person or persons who presumably committed it. To make such deliveries is the major function of a police force.

To show what a good department can do, Cincinnati's last report showed a total clearance-by-arrest record of 50.9 per cent of all offenses reported to the police, against the national average of 27.9 per cent. You can depend upon the accuracy of Cincinnati's figures and know that crooks have a tough time in cities like that.

A few years ago I was called to survey a Southern seaport which had an amazingly low crime rate—according to the report. A second look showed that the

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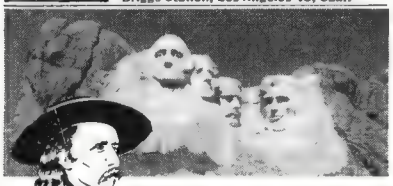
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figures were rigged. The police were forced to record all murder, manslaughter, and auto-theft cases because these were automatically relayed to the central detective and auto-theft bureaus, and the record on these was bad. But the figures on other crimes, such as robberies, burglaries, and larcenies, were so low that they practically set a world record, and brought the general average 'way, 'way down. The method for fooling the public was apparent. The precinct commands, in most cases, merely neglected to report crimes to headquarters, except when the police had something to boast about—an arrest made, or property recovered. Records of unsolved crimes and bad police work were kept secret from the taxpayers.

Many a police chief with a bad crime record complains, "You don't give me enough men." Sometimes he may be justified, but it isn't always the number of men on a force that counts, it is the way they are used.

Two years ago I surveyed the force of a large resort city, which had more men per 1,000 population than any of eight other similar resort cities and its cost was among the highest in the nation.

Yet it was one of the worst policed areas I ever surveyed. Money and manpower were being wasted, supervision was lax, graft was rampant, and it was the general practice for patrolmen to loaf in stores, emerging only to make a box-call. Businessmen said they didn't dare complain for fear of retaliation.

UNFORTUNATELY, civic leaders too often won't work for better police service. That was pointed out to me by a political leader in a Western city in which I was making a survey. He sneered: "You're wasting time, friend, if you think you're going to get politics out of the department. We'll give you full cooperation, support your report, and put in some of your reforms. Then, when the heat is off, we'll go right back in business again. This town doesn't want strict law enforcement."

It turned out that he knew his city. A majority of the citizens did want strict law enforcement, but they wouldn't get out and work with the unceasing belligerence that is necessary for permanent reform. I got the bad news two years later when I called on the commissioner. His outer office was crowded with the same nondescript characters who had hung around the place when I made my survey, and who should have been cleaned out.

We talked first about some reforms he had made, such as better squad-car service, revision of his detective bureau, and a reorganization of his traffic situation. He was proud of these. When we came to the subject of political influence, he leaned back and asked, "Did you see that mob outside?"

"Yes," I replied. "Looked like the old gang—mostly aldermen, ward-heelers, bail bondsmen, a few ex-convicts, and some cops who have been suspended." I knew what that meant. When your police chief is spending time listening to fellows like that, all is by no means well with justice.

"Yep," he said. "Nearly every one of them is in trouble with the police, or has a friend that's in a jam, and they're here to try to talk me into helping them break laws and evade punishment."

He tapped a forefinger on his desk and said coldly, "And for some of them I'm going to fix things. Want to know why? Because the mayor wants it that way, and because if I get in trouble, they and their friends will help me keep my job, that's why. I don't want bribes; I don't take them. I just want to hold on to this good job.

"Suppose I never help one of these fellows—some are big politicians who put the mayor where he is today. Suppose I crack down on all law violators, regardless—never fix a ticket for the mayor's sister's hairdresser, or I close up an alderman's brother's tavern because it's open after hours, or I order the arrest of a district leader who's got a handbook in his cigar store—what happens? I'm asked for my resignation, that's what. The mayor doesn't like the setup any more than I do, but he's got a job to keep, too.

"And when I get fired, do you think any of the good-government people or the chamber of commerce will come around and say, 'Jack, we're going to put up a big fight to see that you keep your job, because you're an honest cop'? They will not. They don't care."

He pointed at the door and uttered words that I'll never forget: "You never see any of the town's best citizens standing in line out there demanding strict and impartial law enforcement. The only time they ever show up is when they want a ticket fixed or to get one of their help out of trouble."

Happily, that isn't true everywhere. St. Louis, Mo., is an outstanding example of a city in which civic leaders headed a successful overhaul, following my recommendations. In Cincinnati city administrations for years have brought about successful reorganizations, with the active and full support of leading citizens.

In a dozen other cities public opinion is backing police reforms which time is gradually bringing about.

TO GET a good police department the citizens usually adopt the common method for producing any kind of good government—mass action that overwhelms the political hacks, and elects, and re-elects, the right leadership.

The key to police reform throughout the nation is better men, better led, better trained, better disciplined, and better organized. The block, in most communities, is political influence in appointments and the so-called merit system, which generally scorns merit. If your police force is rotten, you won't get a good one until outraged citizens put in and constantly support an administrator who rewards ambition, intelligence, and integrity.

Better police are in the making. Communities all across the country must learn how to recognize their merits and encourage and support them when they deserve it.

THE END★★

(*Continued from page* 36)

with a happy cackle, had been no help at all.

"Might set a trap and bait it," he offered. "She's real fond of comb honey."

"All I want to do is talk to her."

"Son, Lubelle's plumb sore at you. When she's sore at somebody she won't talk. She won't even look at 'em, 'cept down the barrel of a rifle."

All the same, Jake had to talk to her. Chasing her and catching her was out of the question. He'd tried that before she'd started packing the rifle. He'd pounded up hill and down dale until his tongue had hung out like a long, red necktie, and was never able to get closer than yelling distance. The girl was really fleet of foot. Nor was there any hope of persuading her by telephone. There were none anywhere in the region. It was tall-tree and brush country, six hours rough truck-ride over forest trails from the nearest settlement. The people cooked in lean-to kitchens and took their baths —Jake blushed again—in the nearest stream, weather permitting.

Ambush was the only answer.

And it was hard, hot, uncomfortable work. Jake was the wrong size and shape for crouching in hollow stumps. A lanky six feet, all elbows and knees. He had a long neck, a long nose, ears like jug handles, and great, round eyes. Homely, but pleasantly so, a very earnest and sober young man, acutely unhappy with his present position. It was a ridiculous and undignified spot for a graduate civil engineer. More than that, itchy dust was falling down his neck and ants were climbing up from below. He had begun to wonder, morosely, if it wouldn't be wiser to quit his job, when the girl finally appeared.

Immediately, the ants were forgotten.

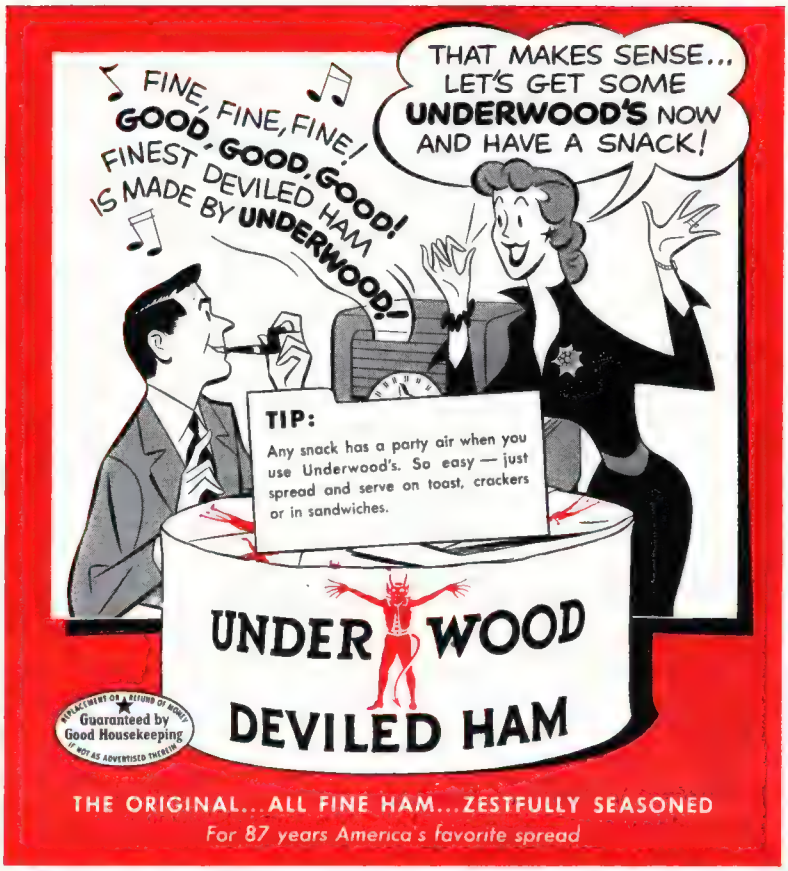
LUBELLE WILSON was a lovely thing. Just the sight of her was enough to make Jake shiver and shake. She was not quite twenty, a slim girl with short yellow braids, wide blue eyes, and freckles. Her shirt was white, open at the throat and wonderfully filled. Her jeans were rolled halfway to her knees; her feet were silent in moccasins. She walked with an easy, effortless grace, rifle in the crook of her arm, eyes wide and wary.

She passed the stump without a glance. It was now or never. Jake exploded out of the stump with all the grace of a buffalo leaving a wallow.

The girl screamed.

Fright held her rigid, unable to turn. And it was well that it did. Jake's big feet tangled in their frantic haste. He tripped, stumbling, and finally crashed into her. His long arms went around her, almost twice, and he clutched her to his chest, pinning the rifle. There was a paralyzed moment before he got one hand free, tore the rifle from her, and threw it into the brush.

Lubelle suddenly found her voice. "You—!" she yelled. "You dirty coward!"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A quick twist and she was free of his arm. And then Jake thought he should have let her keep the rifle. It would have been more humane, or at least quicker. This way she murdered him by inches. She was a blazing, blue-eyed bundle of ferocity. She kicked and scratched and bit and hit. She yelled like an Indian.

"You filthy sneak! Peeper! Bushwhacker!"

Jake tried to defend himself. But even his long arms couldn't cover all of him. He tried retreat, with even less luck. His big feet tangled, he tripped and went flat.

"Besides everything else," she yelled, "you're a quitter!"

"You want me to hit a lady?"

"I'm not a lady!" she said. "I'm a rootin', tootin' hellcat. Pop says so."

Jake opened his eyes. She was storming up and down the path, searching. She found what she wanted, and it wasn't the rifle. It was a thick club with a knot on the end. She swung it high with both hands, advancing. Jake tried to scramble to his feet, and tripped again.

He leveled a long finger at her. "Put it down!" he said. "Or, by George, I'll lose my temper!"

"Go ahead!" she said. "Do it!"

"I don't want to fight—"

"Coward!"

"I want to talk—to reason with you."

She lowered the club, but kept it handy. "Oh, yeah?" she said. "Don't try to kid me. I know your type. You're the lowest, meanest type in creation. A peeker!"

Jake couldn't help it, he blushed again.

Every time he thought of it, it hit him the same way. A kind of red-faced dizziness. But what had happened had been an accident. He was a transitman for Pioneer Power. He and his crew were surveying the right of way for a 200,000-volt transmission line through this section of the country. They had been, anyway, until this thing happened.

A transit is a surveying instrument that has a telescope for magnifying distant objects. Now it happened that Jake had had the instrument set up on the crest of a hill. While his crew was busy checking a distance, he had nothing to do but look at the beautiful country. And it was beautiful. High mountains, green valleys, a stream in the foreground, a lake off yonder. None of it was chopped up by civilization. Jake, a city man himself, loved it to the point of worship.

THEN a movement on the stream caught his eyes. It was maybe a thousand feet away, but a transit can sure whittle down the distance. Jake put the transit on it and twiddled the focus knob. He thought it might be a strange kind of animal or something. It was something, all right. It was a girl bathing.

"It was an accident," he said now. "I give you my word. As soon as I saw what it was, I hung my hat on the transit!"

"And the day after?" she asked. "Another accident?"

Well, that day—

He'd found himself on another rise,

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this one a lot closer, and he'd swung the transit in the same direction. Not to look, he told himself. Just to prove she wasn't there, that he'd been mistaken or dreaming. But she was there. This time she was wearing a bathing suit, so it was all right to look—wasn't it? Okay, then, no gentleman would look. But what guy, when he's falling head over heels in love, has got a lot of time to be a gentleman?

Anyway, Jake hadn't.

He'd discovered something in the middle of a long and sleepless night. He'd discovered, holy smoke, he was a lonely bachelor. Seeing this girl had opened all sorts of vistas: a home of his own, a pretty wife, children—stuff like that. And Lubelle, now that he had time to look, was perfect.

"You had a bathing suit on," he said.

"You didn't know until you looked," she said. "So it was still peeking. And another thing you didn't know was that I had a spyglass, too. And a rifle."

No, sir, he hadn't known that. There he was, eye to the transit, giddy and dizzy with the wonder of it all, when she suddenly jumped out of the water. He couldn't figure out what that long, brass thing she picked up was until she put it down.

Then he knew; it was an old-fashioned telescope. She'd caught him looking. The rifle came next. Jake knew what that was. He dived behind a log.

Bang! went the rifle. No transit.

"That's three hundred bucks," he said. "Out of my own pocket. Looking at you was wrong. I'll admit it. But haven't I paid enough? If you keep this up I'll lose my job."

"Too bad for you," she said. "I hope you starve."

"What about my crew?"

"They can starve, too," she said. "Let 'em step one foot on our property, and they won't have to starve. I promise!"

WHETHER she really meant it or not didn't matter. The threat was more than enough. The transmission line had been planned to cut straight across the Wilson property. There'd be a tower, as a matter of fact, not far from their front door. When she'd found that out—Hack Peters, the head chainman, had told her—she'd hung a no-trespassing sign on the fence and backed it up with the rifle. There were holes in three hats before the crew quit cold.

"So she's bluffin'," Hack Peters said. "How do I know she ain't gonna miss my hat the next time?"

They issued a flat ultimatum: No work until a truce was signed. And they blamed him for the delay. He'd made her sore by peeking, they said. Furthermore, when Bill McAllister, the boss, got word that one of his transitmen was aggravating the natives with such goings-on, Jake Mawhinney would be a guy without a future.

"You'll cost me my job!" he said. "I keep telling you. And what I did wasn't that bad. I'm not like you think. I'm—uh, my intentions are honorable. I'd like—" His face got red and his Adam's apple ran up and down his neck like a monkey on a string. "I'd like to marry you!" he finally blurted.

She stared at him, open-mouthed. "You'd—what?"

"Like to marry you," he said weakly.

"Are you nuts?"

"I—I guess so," he said. "Or in love. Or something."

"Well, flog the dogs!" she said. She frowned and shook her head. "Homely as a mud fence, built like a stork, and shy half your marbles. Why, you're nuttier than a fruitcake."

"I've got a college degree," he said. "A good job and a good future."

"You *had* a job," she said. "You just told me you'd lose your job if you didn't cross our place. And you're not crossing! You can't drive a stake on our land."

"Just because—"

"That's only part of it," she said. "I've got another reason and it's a darned sight bigger." She went into the brush and thrashed around until she found her rifle. "Come on," she said. "I'll show you."

JAKE got creakingly to his feet. She led him up the path a way, and out into a clearing on a high hill. She waved her hand at the view. "Look at that," she said.

Jake looked at it. Beautiful beyond any doubt. A clear lake, a brawling stream lay in the valley. Above it were long slopes, tree-covered, unblemished, smoothly green. Above the slopes, rocky, snow-capped peaks bumped white clouds drifting in a blue sky. A fresh, clear country, clean and virginal.

"Wonderful," Jake said. "Nothing prettier in the world."

"Sure, it is," she said. "And I want it to stay that way. No power lines. I've seen what they do. They cut a swath a hundred yards wide—every tree and bush to the bare ground—straight as a string, smack-dab through the middle of everything. What if I took clippers and cut a path through my hair from my nose to the back of my neck? Would I look silly, or wouldn't I?"

She'd look terrible, Jake had to agree. But that didn't alter his job.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But there's no way to stop it."

"They can go some place else!"

Jake shook his head. "It's like a superhighway. They can't jog back and forth to please everybody."

"They're not going through our place!" she said. "Not while I've got strength to stand up and fight. And if I can't win with the rifle, I'll law 'em through the highest court in the land."

"No!" Jake's voice was agonized. "You can't do that!"

"Why not?"

"My boss'll blame me," Jake said. "He'll say you're sore because I looked at you. I'll lose my job. Nobody else'll hire me—they'll think I'm a character." His voice started climbing angrily. "If you keep up this stupid fight you'll ruin my whole career. I won't have it! I'll—"

Her rifle came up, finger on the trigger. "Cut it out!" she warned.

Jake stopped in mid-stride. The urge to turn her up and whack the tightest part of her jeans was almost overpowering. And it wasn't the rifle that stopped him. Add a whacking to the looking, and

Bill McAllister would likely stand him on a gallows. Jake decided he'd better get away from there before he blew his life altogether. He turned and stamped off down the trail. . . .

The next day was Saturday.

The crew was off to town for the week end, and Jake had the survey camp all to himself. And just as well. The way he felt, he'd have probably taken on the whole crew in a rough-and-tumble. A female certainly had the upper hand in a tussle. He fumed and fussed until mid-morning before he found what looked like a weak link in Lubelle's defenses. That was her father. The old blister with the apple cheeks and merry eyes seemed like a man who'd listen to a proposition.

Jake found him after careful scouting.

He was sitting on a stump a hundred yards from the cabin, whittling a stick. Ramshackled was the word for him. Clean-scrubbed, of course, but pleasantly battered. His eyes lighted up at the sight of Jake. "Glad to see you still alive, son," he said. "Grab a stick and git to whittlin'." Jake sat down beside him, and the old man nodded toward the cabin. "Close as we dast git," he said. "Day like this, the lass ain't fit company for man nor beast. Plumb dangerous."

"Isn't she always?"

"Worse today," the old man said. "Washin' clothes. Figured she'd better git it done whilst your lads were off. Come Monday, she'll be too busy shootin'." There was a crash and a bang from the direction of the cabin. Maybe the ground didn't shake, but it seemed to. "See what I mean?" the old man asked. "Keeps that up, she'll lose her temper."

"Let her," Jake said. "It's you I want to talk to."

JAKE made his pitch. It was a well-rehearsed appeal to reason, full of truth and logic. The transmission line must go through in the end; you can't stop progress. It wasn't fair to the rest of the countryside. And Pioneer Power had a reputation of paying high for right of way. Jake gave him a figure that was only slightly higher than the truth. Now, a wise man, Jake said, would beat a little sense into that girl and make himself some money.

"Wa'al," the old man said. "The money part sounds good. Little of that never hurt nobody. But that beatin' some sense into Lubelle's a tough proposition."

"Why?"

"She c'n lick me."

What the old man meant was that from the time Lubelle was ten, she'd never lost an argument. Same with her mother, rest her soul. Either one of them could outyell, outheckle, and outlast any man alive. Wore a man helpless.

"No, sir," he said. "Be a waste of time and muscle. Same with you. Better give up and go home, son."

"Give up? Man, I'm going to marry her."

The old man was incredulous. "What in tarnation for?"

"I've got to," Jake said. "I saw her through a transit down on the river, and—I mean, I—"

"Shucks," the old man said. "I ain't that strict. Little ol' peek ain't enough to make me git my shotgun."

"But I *want* to marry her!"

Surprise turned to concern. "You ain't well, son. What you better do is git a good hound dog and a little place up in the hills. Just lay around, hunt and fish a year or two, and you'll straighten out. Nuthin' to worry about—" He left his advice hanging, his attention on the cabin. A scream had torn the air.

Maybe it was a yell; anyway, it was loud. And more happened. Black smoke billowed from the chimney. The walls of the cabin didn't bulge and the roof didn't lift, but a window was smashed to splinters. There was a great banging and thumping and crashing. Lubelle's voice rose above it, high and clear and full of something—fear or fury, it was hard to tell. Jake didn't wait to find out. He crossed the clearing at a full gallop.

"You blamed fool!" the old man yelled.

Jake didn't stop. He slid to a halt at the open door of the cabin. There was a fight on, all right. The place was full of black smoke, and dim, but Jake could make out Lubelle flailing something with a long stick. Jake lunged to help. He had no weapon. The best he could do was a long kick at Lubelle's adversary. It about broke his foot.

The thing, he discovered, was a washing machine—one of the old-fashioned, wood-tub kind you had to pump with a handle. Lubelle was giving it a terrible shellacking, her face black with rage—no, it was soot. The wood range had exploded, belching soot and black smoke, painting everything—clean clothes, curtains, dishes, furniture—a fine charcoal color. Take a week to scrub it up.

"You dirty, broke-down beast!" Lubelle yelled, still whacking. Jake gathered the machine had slipped its gears, pinched Lubelle's hand, and torn a shirt. She swung around to lambast the stove. "You big, black, blowed-up booger!" Near as Jake could tell, the stove had sat there, cold as a polar bear's nose, until she threw kerosene in it, and then it gave a sneeze and a wheeze and took off like a rocket—*boom!* Lubelle was going to reduce it to chunks. A pretty silly ambition, it seemed to Jake.

"Cut it out!" he yelled. "Quit it!"

HE MADE a pass at the stick Lubelle was using. He missed the stick, but caught her ear. She saw in him something that could bleed and bellow, a more satisfying target, and she shifted to him without missing a stroke. Jake caught one on top of the head that made his ears flap. One was enough. He fled out of the door and across the clearing.

The old man popped up from behind a stump, waving. "This way, son! And step on it!"

Jake stepped on it. He slid home like a man who'd stretched a single to the full circuit, and lay there puffing and blowing. The old man checked the field and settled down beside him.

"Went back in," he said. "Gosh a'mighty, son, I tried to tell yuh. Comes washday, you don't dast go near."

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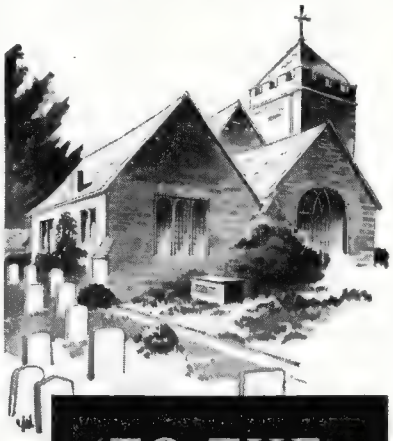

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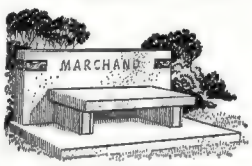

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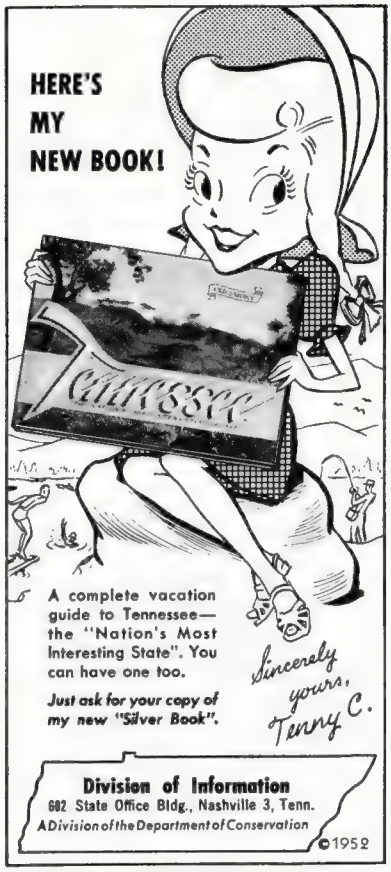
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"Yup. And bakin' day. That's Friday. Stove don't always blow up— Guess Lubelle got too free with the kerosene today. But there's always a battle. Yup, 'tain't safe for a man those days."

Jake said, "Hm-m."

He always said that when he got a terrific idea, and he had one now. It was a triple-plated humdinger of an idea. It had one small hole, of course. But one hole a man ought to be able to plug when the time came. He turned to the old man.

"Could you, by any finagling," he asked, "get Lubelle out of that cabin tomorrow morning? First thing? And keep her out, say, until noon?"

"Wa'al," the old man said. "Might git her to chase me."

"Good!" Jake climbed to his feet. "Get her out and keep her out until noon, if you have to tie her."

He went back to the survey camp, got the company truck, and went into town. His crew rallied to his cry for help, being friends, and to his bribes, being human. They off-loaded the truck, drove it around to a hardware store, and filled it again. The load cost Jake all his savings and a couple of years in serfdom, but if things worked the way he hoped, he'd have it to do, anyway.

Driving back to the mountains before dawn the next morning, Hack Peters made an apology.

"Jake," he said, "I let you down. A real friend woulda tied you up in a strait jacket. You can't get away with this. When you tell her the truth, she'll peel your hide like the bark from a tree. It'll be murder."

Jake was inclined to agree. Through the night the one small hole in his scheme had grown bigger and bigger. Now it was about the size you could drive a twenty-mule team through, sideways. But there was one thing about the Mawhinneys. None of them were bright enough to know when to quit.

"Without her," Jake said, "I'd die, anyway."

The old man had done a good job. The cabin was still, quiet, and empty. Jake backed the truck against the door. The men fell to with a nervous haste. The cabin was half emptied, then filled again with the new load. What time there was left they used scrubbing up the last of the soot and grime of yesterday's explosion. When the lookout sounded the call, things were shipshape and shining.

"Brace yourselves, lads!" the lookout warned. "She's foamin' at the mouth!"

She wasn't, exactly. But the familiar, hated truck sitting in her yard was hardly soothing. She came up to the cabin at a dead run, banged through the doorway, and slid to a startled halt.

"Good golly gee-whiz!" she said. "What's this?"

Jake gulped. He didn't answer; he couldn't. Anyway, things spoke for themselves. A new electric range, a two-oven job with all sorts of push buttons, stood in the place of the old black stove. The pump-handle washing machine had given way to an automatic washer, complete with drier. There was a sink, dishwasher, and cupboard unit where the old outfit had been. Nobody could deny it, the place was duded-up something fierce.

Jake finally found his voice. "This washer is completely automatic," he said.

He took off like a pitch-peddler with his first sale to make, and gave each piece of equipment a thorough dry-run demonstration.

Lubelle's eyes got bigger and rounder. She walked like a sleepwalker to the electric range and stood, goggle-eyed, running her finger tips over its surface. She was a woman, a housekeeper, and no less susceptible to the gleam of white porcelain and the magic of shining metal than any other.

Jake went into the second half of his sales talk. "The way it is with progress," he said, "it takes a little away, but it gives twice as much in return."

Electric power, for instance, cleaved the shackles from a woman's ankles, freed her from slavery. Things like these gave a woman time for more important things, like raising her children to be good citizens and fine people. It gave her time to enjoy life's blessings, to improve herself and to stay beautiful. The power line they were building would free not one woman, but millions.

It was a wonderful piece of persuasion; Jake didn't know he had it in him. And while Lubelle was caught in his magic spell, he went close and slipped an arm around her. She didn't seem to mind.

"I—I guess I was selfish," she said. "Keeping things like this from so many people. Are—are they for me?"

"On one condition." It had to be all or nothing at all, Jake figured. "They're yours, if you marry me."

"Oh, that," she said. "I was always goin' to."

"You didn't think I was a character?"

"The way you blushed?" she said. "Jeepers, no!"

"Why all the chasing?"

"It was cute the way you did it. Like sitting in that stump, slapping mosquitoes. I heard you way up the trail. Sure, I was mad at you. But that don't mean anything. I'm always mad at something."

"Suffering sarsaparilla—" Jake began.

Then he thought the heck with it. He'd had enough of arguing. Besides, he was going to need some sort of a firm commitment on this marriage. In about a minute there was going to be a hurricane blowing. The best he could think of was kissing. He did that for as long as he could hold his breath, and it was fine.

"I can hardly wait." Lubelle was dewy-eyed now. "We've got so many things to do to fix up the cabin. How long before the power line will be finished so we can have electricity?"

"Lemme outa here!" Hack Peters yelled.

He and the rest of the crew made a dash for the door. The old man took fright and went with them. They piled aboard the truck, started the motor, and went away from there. Jake was left, red-faced and gulping, with Lubelle staring at him.

"What goes on here?" she demanded.

"Well—uh," Jake said. "Y'see, that transmission line—well, it's—" Then he

decided to blast the shilly-shallying. Let her have it and fight it to the finish. "That line will carry two hundred thousand volts," he said. "Hook onto it anywhere, and it'd blow you to Kingdom Come. The two-twenty volts for this equipment will have to come from the local power company—when that will be is anybody's guess. A couple of years, maybe. But it doesn't matter. We're going to load all this equipment again, and you're coming to live with me in town."

"Why, you dirty cheater!"

She went up like a skyrocket, came down, and started tearing around the cabin. Anything loose, she picked up, and anything she picked up, she threw. She was a strong girl. Some of the things she threw hurt like blazes. Just a little of that and Jake lost his temper. He waded through the hail, got a firm grip on Lubelle, turned her up, and whaled her where her jeans were the tightest. It seemed to have a good effect, though she never stopped kicking or yelling. Jake got to his feet and slung her over his shoulder.

"Let me down, you big giraffe!" Lubelle yelled.

Jake didn't let her down. He carried her out of the cabin and down the path toward the survey camp, where he knew the truck would be waiting. He was going to marry her or else. Lubelle must have known this, because she hammered him on the back, kicking and wriggling—but never so hard as to spoil his hold or make him lose his balance.

THE END★★

Happy Land of Sky-Blue Waters

(*Continued from page* 39)

star who dusted his cap with a strawstack, whose every footstep created a lake, and who is idolized by tourists and woodsy chambers of commerce, alike. This country, they told us everywhere we went, was Paul's favorite bailiwick.

It's Vera's and mine, too. If you're like we are, you'll appreciate its flexibility. One trip, we'll stay-put in a cozy cabin by a glass-clear lake, and get lazy with a vengeance: squirting sand between our toes, fishing when we feel like it, and listening to the shrill, quavering cry of the loons under a black sky chock-full of dancing stars. The next year, we'll tour, discovering something different every day.

What's different? Nowhere else in the world, for one thing, can a couple join hands, as we did, and jump across the Mississippi River. We've chinned with Indians. The country is full of 'em. Often we've gasped at pine trees 100 feet tall, or at lakes that look like oceans. We've climbed one of the highest of lighthouses, and had a fish eat out of our hands. Last summer we photographed a witch tree

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and watched the Duluth zookeeper kiss a lion?

Vera and I especially enjoyed a ride on the mailboat among Wisconsin's Apostle Islands in Lake Superior, and a tour of its breeze-swept Door Peninsula in Lake Michigan, where quaint towns have names like Sister Bay, Fish Creek, Ephraim, Egg Harbor. Cascading trout streams are our meat and Wisconsin has 10,000 miles of them; Minnesota is loaded, too. Food? Among hundreds of excellent eating places, we single out Lowell Inn, at Stillwater, Minn., where antiques and variable glassware table settings vie with the menu in popularity.

To direct you to the kind of vacation you want, at prices to fit your pocketbook, almost every principal town has a little building on the square: a tourist bureau. And the whole picture of the country is decorated with enough nifty housekeeping camps, American Plan lodges, and resort hotels to take care of a few million vacationers a year.

The people of these resorts—hardy, clean, quick-moving woodsfolk, mostly friendly Scandinavians—always step up our fun. While we're there they fill us with nostalgic lore.

THAT'S the way it is. For me, it has always been a country full of "likes." I like to stroll in the softness of the still woods, with its warm odors. I get a thrill from crashing the prow of a boat into challenging waves thrown at me by a headwind. And I like to watch the wonder of kids as fish fry to a brown over a lakeshore campfire.

I satisfied quite a few of my "likes" last year, when Vera and I decided to go junketing. Maybe you'd enjoy the same kind of circle tour of Minnesota and Wisconsin, hitting the high spots of this everlastingly fascinating domicile of Paul Bunyan.

From our home in Des Moines, Iowa, where many of our non-vacation days are spent writing about our happy land of waters, we headed for the lake region in northwestern Minnesota, straight for Upper Red Lake, which was the jumping-off place for our tour. Outside the Great Lakes, only Florida's Okeechobee is larger than the connecting Lower and Upper Red Lakes. We breezed along a black-top road toward the settlement of Waskish on the upper lake, and would have breezed right by its two frame buildings if a sign hadn't read, "Slow Down for the Bridge."

We were in the heart of the Big Bog country, a lake region tossed about like a hot potato. First, the white man gave it to the Indians, who promptly pitched it back. Farmers went broke trying to drain the spongy soil; now it's a state game refuge, and only 32 people are brave enough to call Waskish home.

At Waskish, I outwrestled one of the doggonedest northern pike I ever caught, and finally managed to get the long, speckled, arrowlike monster, with its horrible face, hoisted up full length so I could ogle it and beam and bubble. I turned to gush over Harry Davidson, our guide. He sat disconsolately, almost tearful. "Fifteen pounds," he muttered, shaking his head. "Never did see fishing so poor in the spring."

That was no fish story. Twenty-five-pounders aren't unusual, and Waskish veterans don't work up much of a

Route of trip taken by author and his wife around Minnesota and Wisconsin

lather over a 30-pounder. When you remember that the average northern caught elsewhere weighs about two pounds, you begin to appreciate Waskish, mosquitoes and all.

Northerns weren't the only fish readily caught here. Walleyes, the famous food-fish that brings to Minnesota more tourists than anything else, and bull-necked sheepshead, which fight till they die, give more glee to families who like to catch fish fast than do the more finicky whopper northerns.

WE FELL in love with this remote, rustic Red Lake region, with its sincere, intelligent people, and with its bountiful wildlife. In the evenings every clearing carried a promise that we'd spot a deer, far back, nibbling at the short, green grass. We knew right where to find one love-making mallard duck and his sweetie—in a brush-shaded nook in the roadside drainage ditch. On a day when the wind blew gently from the south the red-winged blackbirds, like aerialists, swayed from their frail perches on golden, bowing reeds along the banks of the Tamarac River, and in the evening the bullfrogs put on one of the mightiest croaking confabs we'd ever heard. The air was fresh and clean and good.

We toured one day to the Red Lake Indian Reservation, about an hour's drive to the southwest from Waskish, and were intrigued by the primitive Chippewa village of Ponemah, in the dark, heavy forests. Around Ponemah we discovered older Chippewas who speak no English, hut dwellings with sod foundations, a mystical off-the-road strange ceremonial rite, and we saw the pagan graves.

These graves are above ground: gaily painted wooden boxes, hung with treasures of the spirit occupant—bells for the dancing braves, rhinestone earrings for the proud old woman, beads for the young girl. They lent an air of weirdness and suspense to this spacious area.

Another day we drove 63 miles south from Waskish to the town of Bemidji, nicknamed "the icebox," which claims to be the coldest spot in the nation. Yes, sir! Just let winter come, and thermometers nose-dive to 50 below. It's an invigorating town, built on both Lake Bemidji and the Mississippi River, and is the hub of activity for hundreds of hide-away lakes.

There's one thing Vera invariably wants to do when we get to Bemidji, one thing other than whiz through a speed-boat ride on the lake. She wants to snap a picture of the red-and-blue statues of Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox, Babe, who drank a lake dry every day. Not only are these statues of Paul and Babe the largest in the world, they're also among the most photographed.

From Bemidji, we drove southwest to Itasca State Park, where stands the greatest area of virgin Norway pines left in the United States. Enormous, towering poles topped at 100 feet with umbrella-shaped greenery. When I looked up at those spires all the ego flowed out of my system. It swelled back, though, when, in this same park, I jumped across the Mississippi River. That trick isn't as formidable as it sounds. For here, where the mightiest river in America begins (by flowing north), it is only a miniature stream born from an insignificant bubbling spring. It started, a native told us, when one of Paul Bunyan's water wagons sprung a leak.

At Itasca we were only a skip and a holler from more gateways to resort areas than we could shake a stick at. To the southwest, we next went to Detroit Lakes, where there's a July water carnival and an August golf tournament; then to Fergus Falls, with 1,000 lakes in its county; Park Rapids, a bubbling inferno of humanity from the time school lets out until it begins again, and with most of the inferno in shorts.

Lakes around all of these towns are famous not only for northern pike and walleyes, like Red Lake, but also for largemouthed bass (the plug smasher) and pan fish—those small varieties that bite ravenously on worms for folks who fish family-style: straight down. Nearly everywhere we went in Minnesota and Wisconsin we found these four types leading the league.

From Fergus Falls we wandered southeast for about 50 miles, enjoying the scenery and the busy portable lumber mills that dotted the way to Alexandria, the pulse of another lake region.

From this well-settled locality we drove northeast into eastern Minnesota, to Tame Fish Lake, near Aitkin on the Mississippi. We wheeled up beside a neat, flowery park adjacent to the little lake, which is half wildlife refuge—a park built by the Vogt brothers, retired, from Omaha. From them, Vera bought a couple of frogs, waited while Hugo Vogt jangled a big dinner bell erected on the dock. Then she bravely leaned over the water and dangled a frog in her fingers. She jumped like she'd been hit with a rock when Amos, himself—a big, black bass—swirled out, snatched the frog, and disappeared with a frightful splash. The next frog, I held. I guess I gripped it too tightly, for when Amos's twin, Andy, swooped up to tear away the frog, he almost pulled my arm off. But he got the bait, and didn't nick a finger.

FROM another angle, a whole army of bass that had answered the bell became visible, lying below the surface, just waiting for some unbeliever to give 'em an inch on a frog.

From Tame Fish Lake we swung northward, and that night we stayed at Charley Otis's luxury lodge on Lake Siseebakwet, in a remote woods at the end of a sandy trail a few miles southwest of the Minnesota town of Grand Rapids. It's a unique resort in that Charley has carved out of the timber a whopping big combination airport and golf course. At dinnertime two planes from Houston dropped in, and another from Chicago came up for the night fishing. Fliers have been doing this for years. Too, they meet each spring at the "Wilderness Airport," for a special

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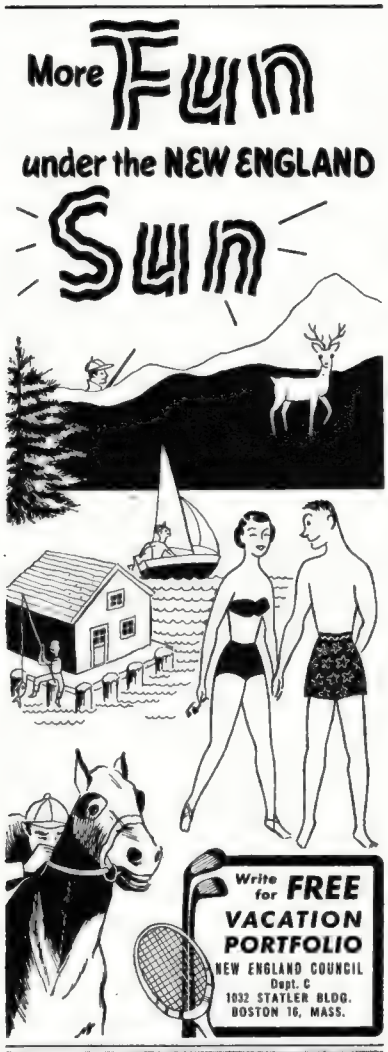

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Only 32 miles northeast of Otis's lodge the green forests changed to brown rocks; we were driving through the territory of the open-pit iron mines, of the Mesabi Range near Lake Superior. We saw the mines all along U.S. 169, as far as Virginia. Especially we got a bang out of the mine in Hibbing, which is the largest on this old globe. As I stood at its rim my head reeled, and I thought, "This is as bad as looking down from a thirty-five-story building."

It was, too. That rusty hole is 370 feet deep, besides being 2½ miles long and ¾ of a mile wide. More dirt came out of it than out of the Panama Canal. No wonder the draglines, locomotives, and trucks in its bowels looked like toys and moved like snails.

From Virginia we headed northeast again to Ely. On the way, Vera (a fiend for road signs) insisted we stop to read a plaque on a big stone. It informed us we were at the peak of the Laurentian Highland Divide, where a split raindrop flows two ways, part traveling north through the Red River to the Arctic, part rolling east via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. The sign forgot about the part that washes to the Gulf with the Mississippi.

At Ely, not far from the border of Ontario, Canada, the residents, like Paul Bunyan, seldom shave. It's the frontierlike jumping-off place to the remote Superior-Quetico canoe country, national forests of the U.S. and Canada, from sections of which airplanes are barred and in which, for 150 miles north, there are no roads. Once Vera and I took a trip back in there. I portaged a featherweight canoe. We came out inspired by the solitude, the experience of being on our own in the wilds, and the feeling that we had conquered something big.

But the canoe country wasn't much more remote than our next step on this tour—southeastward through the Superior National Forest toward Illgen City on the shore of Lake Superior. This region, though logged over, is the wildest 64 miles in Minnesota. Twice we lit to shoo grouse out of the way. We scared the daylights out of a deer. The road was desolate, and a gas station was called a town.

At Illgen City we hit the North Shore Drive, the highway which skirts the northwest shore of Lake Superior. Taking a spin northward along the drive, we were impressed by its wealth of warbling waterfalls (including 60-foot Baptism, highest in the state), its public campgrounds at the mouths of rivers, its rich smoked fish, and its spotless people, reluctant to modernize resorts because they keep them full as it is. We picked a housekeeping camp along the lake, which advertised running water. It ran, all right—down a makeshift drain after I lugged it from a well.

Like a quarter of a million other tourists each season, we had to inspect Split Rock Lighthouse, atop a precipice 200 feet above Lake Superior. When we asked the guide if it *really was* the highest inland lighthouse in the United States, as reported, he only grinned.

On north a few miles, we found Grand Portage, the last town before we hit the Canadian border. Off the highway 6 miles, Grand Portage is now only an Indian village, with a reconstructed stockade enclosing a dining hall and museum. Once the town was a beehive of fur traders, the first white settlement in the state, and the longest portage (9 miles) on the fur route between Montreal and the Rockies.

Here we saw the Witch Tree. To appease Vera we hiked through a dense forest to its site on Hat Point. The tree is fascinating: a little pine, twisted like a corkscrew by buffeting gales, roots somehow clinging to rocks and life on the brink of Lake Superior. Though ugly, it seemed strange to us that the tree actually could frighten anyone. But it did. Long ago the Indians believed it possessed an evil spirit which caused powerful cross winds and fierce currents to send their canoes crashing into the Hat Point rocks. A big, brown hawk, often seen in its branches, added to their fears. For many years the Indians, with pagan fervor, made regular pilgrimages to the Witch Tree, laden with gifts of food and tobacco. These, they hoped, would appease the spirit's anger and buy safe voyage around the promontory.

Standing alone on Hat Point, Vera and I felt the strong cross winds blow both hot and cold, and off in the distance we watched a big hawk gliding through the blue. It was then, though I didn't say so, that I was glad the curious little pine wasn't really a wicked old witch.

From the border, we retraced our way back along the North Shore Drive southwest to Duluth at the westerly tip of Lake Superior. Here 49 miles of docks, almost constantly in use, help make this city of 105,000 the world's largest inland port.

Duluth has other attractions. From the skyline drive on its ridge background, you can see the city toddling below you and miles of foamy Lake Superior trying to engulf it. But the thing that gave me the biggest kick in Duluth was watching the kiddies yell at the zoo when the lion-kissing keeper performed. He does it at 3 every afternoon.

Next we turned east, into nearby Superior, Wis., which teams with Duluth and Two Harbors to ship 87 per cent of the iron ore used in the United States. This was our first look at Wisconsin, the state named "Gathering of Waters" by the French.

From Superior we wandered southward to Hayward, Wis., the muskellunge capital of the world, if you believe its chamber of commerce. Later on, though, we became confused when we arrived at Boulder Junction and Manitowish Waters to find that both claimed the same honor. To us, Hayward was more convincing—we saw 100 frozen muskies in the freezer of the local taxidermist, fish he hadn't had time to mount.

From the musky country, we swung back southwest again in the direction of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., until

we reached St. Croix Falls, down on the deep St. Croix River, which divides Minnesota and Wisconsin. I'm a sucker for a boat, so naturally the sight of pennant-spangled excursion boats on the river stopped me. We crossed a bridge to Taylors Falls, Minn., and climbed aboard one of the boats for a 30-minute ride through the sheer, 200-foot dalles in the Interstate State Park—rock cliffs so precipitous they keep the river dark. I shriveled noticeably when the chiseled face of Old Man of the Dalles glared down at me; then I found he'd been glaring for centuries. Later, we hiked the shore line to Devil's Kettles: narrow holes dug as deep as 141 feet into rock by the glacier millions of years ago. They looked black and eerie and threw our voices hollowly back into our faces.

It was a spot where we could have loafed, but evening found us spinning eastward again through Wisconsin along U.S. 8 on the 176-mile journey to Rhinelander, where, next morning, we found a museum reproduction of an old logging camp with full equipment, and plenty of reminders of the big log drives. Then we were off northward to the twin cities of Minocqua and Woodruff, separated by a tree-bordered isthmus. Except for the isthmus, Minocqua is completely surrounded by Lakes Minocqua and Kewaguesaga.

If you think the Brooklyn Bridge is busy, you should try to cross the isthmus in summertime! We decided Minocqua and Woodruff were the hub of activity for Wisconsin's eastern lake region—the Northern Highland and Nicollet forest areas. And that isthmus is the neck of the hourglass into which folks funnel from southern cities, and out of which they funnel to wilder lakes beyond. But many stay to play on the municipal beach in Torpy Park, to water-ski, aquaplane, and sail, and to loll in one of the fancy resorts.

Nearby was a little lake fishing town called Sayner. There we met "Kuney." Kuney—short for Kunigunda Froelich—is a charming woman of Bavarian ancestry, who runs an old-fashioned, bowl-and-pitcher walk-up, the likes of which I thought existed only in wildwest movies, except that Kuney's is quiet, clean, and respectable.

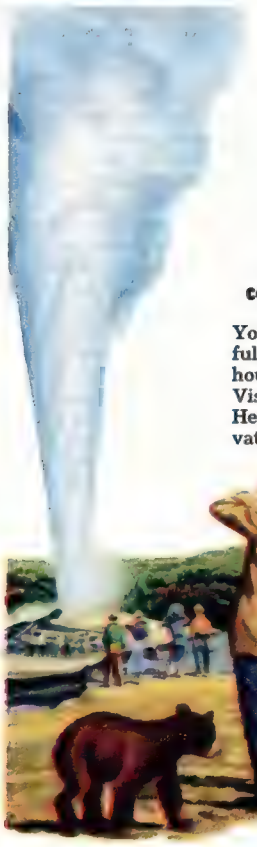
We spent the next day fishing. We found five nearby lakes where you can catch all the fish you want and not get pinched (it's legal). Then we drove a few miles west that night to Crystal Lake, to visit with families who pitch tents in the shelter of the North Hyland Forest, spending their entire vacations roughing it outdoors there and at Big Muskellunge across the road, both typical of the many public lake campsites we found in Wisconsin.

The campfire these folks built along the sandy shore blazed as high as a house. We squatted around, Indian fashion, telling tales of the woods and lakes. I've never felt as much peace and contentment anywhere as I did around that campfire, towering, silent woods at our backs, lapping water out front, enjoying the contagious spirits of happy people.

Swinging eastward, we stopped at Three Lakes long enough for: (1) a quick look at the glistening Northernaire, one of the lake country's finest resort hotels; (2) to discover that here 27 lakes connect to form one of the longest chains of inland lakes. Then we struck southward on the long drive to Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin's largest.

This shallow sailboating paradise, which made us feel like vikings, is 30 miles long, 12 wide. Residents told us that the White Bass Run, at lilac-blooming time, attracts thousands of pole and line fisherfolk who could, if permitted, catch more fish in one day than they could clean in two.

Now we swung into the backstretch of our tour, and beelined southwestwardly for Blue Mounds, a village 25 miles west of Madison, Wis. Blue Mounds is the post-office address of a spot that took our eyes: Little Norway, or Nissedahle, Valley of the Elves. Deep in a hollow, three miles away, we found a painting come to life: a restored homestead of a Norwegian settler (1856) with curious cupolaed buildings, sod roofs, and small doors. Everywhere we saw vivacious girls in Norwegian costumes—guides and clerks—but the main attraction for Vera, like all women, was Stikky, alias H. A. Stikhevitz, an elfinish male guide and poet in red stocking cap,



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knee pants, and all that goes with a Norse outfit. His wit captivates, and he speaks Latvian like a native.

We pulled ourselves away from the antiques and drove north to Devil's Lake State Park, where the beach resembled a miniature Coney Island. We crowded in among the pretty girls and frisky kids, and stretched on the sand to let the warm sun bake car kinks out of our muscles. We swam and rested and admired the blue quartz, 600-foot cliffs of the prehistoric Baraboo range, hemming us in. Even the glacier found these cliffs too high. It by-passed them.

If Devil's Lake is a Coney Island, then Wisconsin Dells, north a few miles, is an Atlantic City. My shopping-experienced wife headed our expedition, skillfully elbowing our way through the open shops and crowded streets. Once we miraculously escaped the wheels of an amphibious sight-seeing craft bearing a sign, "See the Dells by Duck." Near a penny arcade, Heap Big Chief Something-or-Other talked us into taking his picture, then charged us a quarter and insisted we spell his name correctly. Finally, we reached our goal: the docks and tickets for a boat trip up the Dells.

These Dells deserve the favorable country-wide touting they get. The Wisconsin River gave birth to them by narrowing down and wringing its way through 7⅛ miles of sandstone cliffs. The cutting of the river has produced some fantastic rock images, caves, and scenery. While viewing these capers of nature, boatmen keep their cargoes singing.

We took another cruise up the moonlighted river that evening, aboard the paddle-wheeler Winnebago, to the nightly Indian ceremonial at Stand Rock. We sat high in the natural, acoustically excellent amphitheater that seats 2,000, an old Winnebago council chamber. The setting and the array of talent held us spellbound. Bronze, half-naked, brightly feathered Indians performed on a stage backed by a sheer rock precipice. Unusual lighting effects softly played on the precipice, and hidden harp music seemed to flow down like a lilting waterfall.

Headliners from tribes throughout the west joined the Winnebagos to sing and dance their way through tribal customs, without too much tom-tom. Beseeching the Great Spirit to send rain to the desert, southwest Pueblo Indians fluttered about in the Eagle dance. The Winnebagos staged the Green Corn dance, celebrating the return of spring and the planting season. A handsome brave, Green Deer, was as dexterous and graceful as a fan dancer in illustrating the various uses of the Indian blanket. Gaiety was the keynote as the actors pantomimed *Bringing Home a Bride.*

And when spotlights flooded a gigantic American flag, climactically unrolling down the face of the cliff, and every Indian in the pageant stiffened in salute, my heart turned an emotional flip-flop.

From the Dells we cut cross-lots southwest to the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers to the old town of Prairie du Chien, sleeping in the arms of its trading-post history. There we walked through the romantic halls of Villa Louis, the mansion built in 1843 by Hercules L. Dousman, who amassed a fortune as an Astor fur-trading agent. Trailing our guide in its Victorian elegance, I grasped the feeling of the past, when Prairie du Chien was Wisconsin's marketplace, and Dousman was the man who made it tick.

Traveling the 130 miles north along the Mississippi to Red Wing, Minn., about 30 miles southeast of St. Paul, is a fitting way to say good-by to the Badger State, with glorious memories. For there is no route more scenic in the north woods.

The dun-colored yet scintillating cliffs, palisaded 700 feet high in places; the little fishing villages spilling down them, or crowded in between the bluffs and the river; the grizzled old rivermen you meet, whose eyes still can burn through a fog and whose ears seem turned to catch the whistle of a steamboat; the road that twists along the top, then the bottom of the bluffs—these I remember. Others, too. The territory of "The Battle of the Bad Axe," marking the end of Black Hawk's war and opening Wisconsin to settlement. The region of "Red Bird's Raid." The mouth of the Chippewa, where every spring millions of tons of logs had come crashing down.

All of these made us agree with William Cullen Bryant, who wrote of it, "This place ought to be visited by every poet and every painter—it is a grief that Americans should wander off to the Rhine and the Danube, when in the Mississippi they have countless Rhines and Danubes."

Time was running out. And we hadn't visited Madison and Milwaukee; nor explored Niagara, called the largest cave in the Midwest, near Harmony, Minn.; nor gone west to historic Pipestone, only site of the red catlinite from which Indians made sacred peace pipes (even now, the Government permits only Indians to work the quarries). Neither had we visited Wisconsin's two outstanding caves: 3-level Crystal at Spring Valley, and Cave of the Mounds at Blue Mounds; and we'd missed Rochester, which is polyglot. For its sick, newspapers printed in almost every metropolitan city in the world are available, and park benches vie with the Mayo Clinic for constant usage.

But, on this vacation, we wanted to apply the finishing touches among the million people in Minneapolis and St. Paul. So from Redwing we hit for the Twin Cities.

We weren't sorry. Minneapolis, with its Rabelaisian charm, its get-up-and-go, its exquisite city parks with 22 lakes; St. Paul, a staid older brother, frowning on its rambunctious relative, split between riches and factory hands with only a tiny middle class, home of the state capitol.

A fitting combination, we decided, to be serving as a cornerstone for a water-and-woods region as enticing, as restful, as scenically varied as this happy Paul Bunyan land.

THE END ★★

Wedding in Haiti

(*Continued from page* 34)

Neva more than an unhappy client. "Find out what's the matter," she had told Mike, and Mike had returned a couple of hours later to report, with an odd look in his eyes, that nothing was wrong, absolutely nothing.

But on the third or fourth day out, when the look in Mike's eyes was becoming really noticeable, something had happened. Something Jonathan didn't understand.

"When did you roast peanuts?" Susan asked.

"When I was here fourteen years ago, alone. I went guinea-hen hunting and walked too far in the sun. I woke up in Jean Bauvet's house—Jean was the native I hired to guide me—and for a week he and his wife took care of me. They had a little girl, seven years old. Celeste, her name was. We roasted peanuts over charcoal."

Susan halted on the sidewalk to look at him. "I don't wonder Mike is so fond of you," she said.

Jonathan smiled, amused by her solemnness.

If anyone else had looked at him that way he would have been embarrassed, but with Susan it seemed entirely natural. Her big, dark eyes could be nothing less than forthright.

"Where do these people live, Mr. Bradley?"

"The Bauvets? In Croix des Bouquets. Why?"

"I thought— No, I didn't think. I get crazy ideas sometimes. Here"—she touched his hand—"let's try this place."

It was an old, dusty shop, full of everything but perfume. The proprietor went into his back room and came out with a bottle. "Almost forgot I had it," he said, beaming. "Wait—I'll wash it."

When washed it was a beautiful bottle. It looked like a golden rose. Twenty-five dollars the man asked. Jonathan paid without an argument, though he had only a little more than that in his billfold.

But now he felt oddly discontented. He ought to return to the ship. But it was still only three o'clock. He didn't want to go back. "Susan," he said.

She looked at him in her solemn way. "I know what you're thinking. Is it far?"

"Not very."

"Then let's. You won't have another chance." . . .

The cab driver had never heard of Jean Bauvet, and Jonathan was not sure he would be able to find the house again. Fourteen years ago was not yesterday.

He remembered ever so many things, though, as the car sped along the dusty road to Croix des Bouquets—the fields of sugar cane silver in the sun, the native houses, the naked black babies—he remembered them all.

When they had passed the busy open-air marketplace he leaned forward and said to the driver, "The next road to the right, please." And a little later, after they had gone by a score or more thatch-roofed huts, he said confidently, "Here."

He told the driver to wait and, followed by Susan, went through the gap in the crooked fence and along the path to the house. The sun-baked yard was clean swept as he remembered it, the mud walls dazzlingly white, the thatch brown and brittle. "No one seems to be here," he said, disappointed. Then he heard voices.

He went around to the rear of the house to investigate the voices, and halted so abruptly that Susan bumped into him. The back yard was full of people.

"I'm afraid we're interrupting something," Jonathan whispered. "Perhaps we'd better not—" But it was too late. They had been seen. The voices were silent and a tall, gangling man in a white suit came toward them.

Ten paces from Jonathan the man stopped, his head cocked a bit to one side. Suddenly he said "*Msie* Bradley!" at precisely the moment when Jonathan cried out "Jean!"

There was a good deal of confusion then. Jonathan found himself surrounded by people. Jean's wife Michole, a little plumper than before but otherwise unchanged, embraced him happily. Everyone had to be introduced to Susan. Then Celeste came forward.

He had to look at Celeste twice. The

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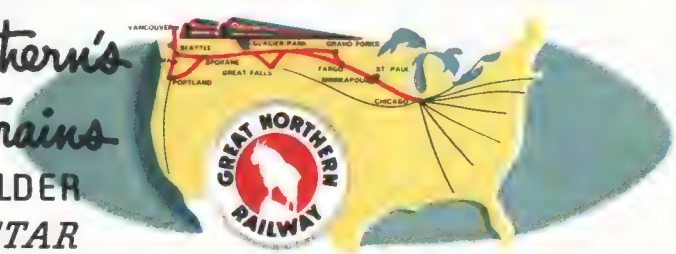

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girl he had roasted peanuts with was a *ti fi* no longer, but a young woman, rather shy now and strikingly pretty. She wore shoes and a white dress, an obviously new dress, and clung to the hand of a good-looking young man.

Her shyness amused Jonathan. He was about to remind her of the peanuts when she touched his arm and spoke to him in Creole. He did not understand the words, but the tone was solemn.

"What does she say?" he asked her father.

The girl's mother answered, her English not as good as Jean Bauvet's but good enough: "She say she is very happy you come, but she is not understand how you know. Who told you Celeste was married this morning?"

JONATHAN felt something jump inside him. A wedding! So that was why the crowd was gathered here. Dazed, he looked down at the slender hand resting on his arm and saw the ring on the girl's finger. Married this morning! This, then, was the reception, the most important affair of her life.

He hated to say it. "The truth is," he faltered, "you see, I didn't—"

"We didn't know until this afternoon," Susan interrupted, and he felt her foot on his. "We arrived in Port-au-Prince on a ship last night and today, in the market, we met some people from Croix des Bouquets who knew you. They told us."

Jean Bauvet and his wife looked pleased and proud. So did Celeste, when her father had translated Susan's explanation for her. Her young man was proudest of them all.

Jonathan felt weak. A wedding reception! He and Susan would have to stay now until it was over. What would Neva say?

He hung back as the Bauvets sought to lead him forward. "Have to tell the driver," he murmured. "Excuse me."

He walked to the car. It was difficult to explain matters to a driver whose comprehension of English was limited. To make certain Neva would understand, he wrote a note. He gave the driver what money he had and watched him turn the car and go rattling down the dusty road. Then, aware that Neva would be annoyed, and that he could do nothing about it, he went back to the wedding reception.

Susan tucked her arm in his. "This is wonderful," she said.

Jonathan saw she meant it. He managed a grin. Tomorrow would have to take care of itself.

There was food, and of course they led him straight to the table under the mango trees where it was laid out. And of course he ate, because not to eat would have been insulting. He consumed things made of coconut, and cake which was sweeter than cake ought to be. To be polite he drank a little rum.

After the rum he danced. Perhaps the liquor gave him courage; perhaps the drumming was just so vigorous that it swept the last apprehension from his mind. He danced with Celeste and Michole. And with Susan.

"Susan," he said, "you should be dancing with Mike, not me."

She turned her head away. "Mrs. Bradley didn't tell Mike he had to dance with me today," she said.

"So that's it. Who told you?"

"One of the girls. I don't remember her name, if I ever knew it."

Jonathan listened to the drumming for a moment. Then he said quietly, "It's true. Neva did put Mike up to it. But only the first time, Susan. After that she was annoyed with him for spending so much time with you, because he was neglecting the others. So you see—"

She did see. Jonathan squeezed her hand and left her, knowing she would not want to talk any more just then. Tired, he sat with Jean Bauvet.

JEAN BAUVET talked about the time they had gone guinea hunting. "I don't get many guineas any more," he said. "My ears have lost the trick of hearing them and my legs give out. But I still go hunting. If I were to stop hunting, my wife would see me getting old and feel old herself." He smiled. "Remember how you got three birds that day on a single shot, before the sun stretched you out?"

Jonathan looked across the yard toward the low hills where it had happened. The hills were dark with shadow now; the afternoon was finished. It was hard to picture Jean Bauvet, an old man, tramping over those difficult paths just to please his wife, but he didn't for a minute doubt Jean's word.

A car was churning dust on the road. Excusing himself, Jonathan rose and walked to the gate.

It was not the cab driver. It was Mike —Mike in dusty sport clothes, hatless, frowning as he squirmed out from behind the wheel.

"Neva sent me after you, Johnny," he said. "I don't think she's very happy. She's got a party planned for tonight."

Jonathan's hands clenched hard on the top rail of the gate. "She gave you the money?" he asked. "The money I asked for in my note?"

"Wouldn't, Johnny. Said you had plenty. I told you, she's not very happy."

Jonathan glanced back at the people in the yard and sighed. "Have you any money on you, Mike?"

"I guess so." Mike fished in his pockets, producing a crumpled dollar bill. That was Mike all over. No billfold. No idea of what his pockets contained. When escorting the tourists around he knew what he had and what he spent to the last penny, but his own money was left on bureau tops or in trousers he wasn't wearing.

"I'm sorry, Johnny." He put what he had in Jonathan's hand. Suddenly he rose on his toes. "Say! There's Susan! Why didn't you tell me?"

"We met in town," Jonathan said. "We—"

But Mike had gone.

Jonathan watched him stride along the path and saw him hurry through the crowd, nodding to people, saying hello to them as though he knew them, straight up to where Susan was talking to Jean

Bauvet's daughter. A handsome boy, Mike. Big. Determined. There was no mistaking the forthright eagerness of his beeline approach.

There was no doubt about the meaning of Susan Smith's radiant smile when she greeted him, either. Jonathan watched for a moment and smiled. "But Neva doesn't know this," he thought. "She won't like it."

Then, as he watched Mike and Susan standing hand in hand, talking to Celeste and her new husband, he felt a warm glow inside him. He walked toward them. They saw him coming, and Mike moved a few steps to meet him.

"Susan's got some money," Mike said.

Jonathan shook his head. "Never mind."

"You don't want it?"

"Don't need it," Jonathan said, and went into the hut where he had left his coat on the back of a chair.

He put the coat on, then marched out again. Mike and Susan were dancing. Celeste stood by the food table with her parents.

Halting before the girl, Jonathan thrust a hand into his coat pocket. "Celeste, this is for you." He gave her the golden-rose bottle of *Fleur du Soleil.*

It was far and away the finest gift. These friends and relatives of the Bauvets were good people, generous, but not rich. They owned their thatch-roofed huts. They had a bit of land on which to raise enough food for their needs and a little extra, at times, for the women to lug to market on their heads. But the price of such a gorgeous bottle of perfume they wouldn't have.

The bottle passed from hand to hand, Celeste keeping a proud, possessive eye on it. Jonathan felt good. Stepping back, he caught Susan Smith frowning at him. He walked over to her.

"Johnny," she said, "what about Neva?"

"Neva has bottles and bottles of perfume, Susan."

"I know, but—"

"Worry about yourself and Mike," Jonathan said. "What will she do about you?"

"What will she, Johnny? Will she fire Mike?"

"She won't be happy."

Susan gripped his arms. "Johnny," she said, "I don't want—I couldn't do anything she wouldn't like. Mike loves you both. Johnny, tell me—"

In the darkness beyond the gate an automobile horn sounded a blast that silenced her. It silenced the crowd at the table as well. Jonathan swung about. The road was full of headlights—three cars, four, and a fifth weaving along the ruts to pull up at the tail of the procession.

Doors slammed. The quiet country night was suddenly full of voices—men's voices calling directions, girls' voices too shrill with excitement.

"Neva must have told them," Mike said. "She shouldn't have." His voice had an edge. "I'm sorry, Johnny. I'll head them off."

"No," Jonathan said. "I'll do it."

He met them as they came pouring

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AMERICAN FAMILY PROBLEMS

THE OPEN DOOR

Can "Young Marrieds" Save Any Money?

EACH DAY the postman brings us letters from recently married or about-to-be married couples who tell us they are worried about how they can save enough money or make investments to provide for future needs. They ask our advice.

Since, frankly, we are not experts on finance, we recently asked Mr. Allen C. DuBois, widely known New York investment banker, to give these young people the benefit of his long experience. These are his suggestions:

* * *

Let's face facts. If you are dreaming of marrying a budding young president of a steel company, an automobile company, or, worst of all, an investment banking firm, I think you should know that for the first ten years at least, and probably for much longer, he simply isn't going to make enough money to be thinking about investments.

As a matter of real cold facts, he is going to have a struggle keeping you in the kind of clothes you are now wearing, making the monthly payments on your secondhand car, and on mechanical equipment in the home and kitchen. The first thing you know, he will be paying doctor bills. Baby carriages, by the way, aren't getting any cheaper.

And so you are going to be better off to realize right now that since the cost of food, shelter, and clothing is terribly high and shows no immediate signs of receding, your husband will be very little concerned with whether or not to buy General Motors or Chrysler common stock.

If you would like a little money for investment each month shortly after you are married, I suggest that you shop around for husbands who are plumbers, truck drivers, mechanics, or any of the other unionized craftsmen, for their take-home pay these days is likely to be higher at the outset of your marital bliss than the executive type of husband you probably are now seeing in your dreams.

There is, however, a monetary investment program for young married couples that I should like to recommend. By all means buy a modest home. Make as large a down payment on it as you can and amortize it with monthly payments over a 15- to 20-year period. And just about the time your first child goes off to college, your mortgage will have been completely paid off and *that* money will be available for his education.

Your next step, after buying a house, should be to start a life-insurance program. In my opinion that is the next best method of regular saving while providing for unfortunate events. The sooner you start, the cheaper the rates will be.

Then, in later years, you can choose between a few shares of the common or preferred stocks of good companies, bonds, savings accounts, or what have you.

The most important thing there is to know about saving is: "It is impossible to save what is left." After your husband deposits his pay check, unless the first check drawn against that deposit is for a savings account, amortization of your mortgage, insurance, or something of similar character, I'll guarantee you not one in fifty of you will ever have any money for investment unless you steal or inherit it—I am a great advocate of the latter but not of the former.

So the most important thing I have to tell you has nothing to do with money but rather the lack of it. In my humble opinion the absence of money for savings and investments is no reason to be discouraged. On the contrary, I urge you to believe that neither investments nor money in themselves have anything to do with happy, successful married life.

I urge you, as young married couples, to make your biggest and best investment in love, character building, honesty, industry, purposeful living, thoughtfulness, kindliness, understanding, tolerance, self-denial, and good humor. None of these essentials to a successful married life is as easy to acquire as money. Unless you develop these qualities to a high degree, you are unlikely to enjoy any money you may accumulate by the time you are ready to make investments.

In the early days of your married career, you will have many problems to solve which would seem easy of solution if you only had the money. You will have no more enjoyable time in your life, however, than in that early period when you will be forced to solve these problems, not with money, but with love, ingenuity, self-denial, and imagination. I promise you that if you will take this simple approach at the outset and follow it religiously, you will make the best investment young married couples can make.

Then, when your financial star is in the ascendency, you will be more capable of enjoying and appreciating the capital you will be accumulating than otherwise would be the case. If, for any reason, though, you never accumulate any money for investment, your life will still be rich and full of pleasure and happiness, for you will have learned that the really good things in life are free.

* * *

There you have it from an expert. We think he's hit it right on the nose.

—THE EDITORS

through the gate. They were like an army, he thought. An undisciplined army of young people intent on having fun. But this was no place for such a crowd. Let them go to a cockfight, to a rigged-up *vodun* ceremony. To one of Neva's parties. Not here. Not to the wedding reception of Jean Bauvet's daughter, the most important event in a simple girl's whole life.

Blake was the name of the man whose advance he blocked. Fellow they called Red, a college athlete, full of exuberance. Jonathan put forth a restraining hand and said, "Wait, please."

"Johnny!" Blake said loudly. "You old swindler! Sending us on a motor trip when you knew there was a peasant wedding going on!"

Jonathan stood his ground. "I didn't know there was a wedding, Red. Wouldn't have told you if I had. These are my friends. I knew them years ago. You can't come bursting in here."

"Friends?" Blake said, frowning.

"Very dear friends. These people took care of me once when I was ill. Go back to the ship, Red. Neva has a party arranged for this evening."

"Nuts," Blake said.

"There's nothing here to compare with one of Neva's parties," Jonathan insisted.

Blake put his hands on his hips. He looked at Jonathan hard, then shook his head and shifted his gaze to Mike. "Nothing here to compare with—? That's Johnny for you," he said. "Isn't that Johnny for you? Wait." He turned around. Hands still on his hips, he faced the gang which had followed him through the gate.

"Johnny says nothing doing," he said. "These folks are friends of his."

A girl in a pink dress pouted and said, "Oh."

Then Jonathan saw Neva.

SHE got out of the last car and came up the path toward him, the others making way for her. She halted before him. "Jonathan, do you mind telling me what you're doing here?" she said.

"Jean Bauvet's daughter was married this morning, Neva."

"Jean Bauvet?"

"I've told you about him. The time I had sunstroke."

"Jonathan," she said, "I'm having a party tonight."

"I know. But it wouldn't be right for me to leave now. I'll come later, Neva. You know I'm not much at parties."

Blake, the athlete, shook his head again. "Not much at—? Well, all right, Johnny. If you say so." He grinned and put Neva's arm through his own. "Come on, Neva. Come on, gang. Back to the grind."

"Without Johnny?" someone said. "A party without Johnny?"

Neva looked annoyed and turned away.

But Jean Bauvet had come up. Behind Jonathan he said, "If these are friends of yours, *msie*, I would be honored to make them welcome."

Helplessly, Jonathan looked at Mike. But Mike, and Susan, who had come from somewhere to stand beside him,

only smiled as if they were amused by his bewilderment.

"Make them welcome?" Jonathan said weakly. "Here? But there are so many of them, Jean."

"If they are your friends, the more the better," Jean Bauvet said.

Jonathan murmured names. "Mr. Blake—Mr. Bauvet. Miss Wayland, Mr. Lapham. Miss Connors . . ." Gravely, one after another, they shook Jean Bauvet's hand. Jonathan would not have thought it possible for them to be so well behaved. Even Andy Scott, the cruise clown, pulled himself together for an introduction.

"My family is honored," Jean Bauvet said. "Our house is yours."

Jonathan hesitated. He glanced at Neva and took the plunge. "And this," he said, "my wife—"

"You are very kind," Neva said. She shook Jean Bauvet's hand. But she didn't look at Jonathan.

He knew Neva was angry. At her own parties she danced with all the young men and kept up a continuous chatter. She could not dance here, she said. She just wasn't cut out for dancing on bare ground.

The others managed. They watched the Haitians and tried to imitate them, enjoying the effort hugely. Before long the Haitians were laughing with them at their own clumsiness, Jean Bauvet clutching his stomach and chuckling until his eyes watered. When the cruise people stopped to rest it was because their struggle to master the intricate steps of the *pinyique* and *bamboule* had exhausted them.

Jean Bauvet's wife led them to the table, where more food had been laid out. There were bowls of red beans and rice. There were platters of fried *malanga* cakes. There were chickens and sweet potatoes and breadfruit, and black Haitian coffee. It was costing the Bauvets something, this elaborate spread, Jonathan reflected. Tomorrow he would send a gift of money with a tactfully worded note. Tonight, now, he had a more immediate problem. It troubled him to see Neva unhappy.

She sat a little apart, on a chair under the mangoes. It was not like her to be so quiet.

Jonathan escaped from the chatter of the crowd and made his way toward her. But Celeste had seen her sitting there, too. The girl reached her first, tugging her mother along to interpret. Jonathan saw the golden-rose bottle of perfume in Celeste's hand.

By the drooping trunk of the largest mango tree Jonathan halted, unwilling to intrude. The drooping limbs sheltered him. He watched Neva take the bottle of perfume and examine it.

She smiled as she handed it back. What the smile meant he didn't know. Neva could always smile, just as she could laugh and dance and look lovely, when under the mask she longed for solitude.

But now Michole, Jean Bauvet's wife, had planted herself before Neva's chair and was speaking rapidly in Creole. Neva waved her hand helplessly. Michole stopped short, laughed at herself, and began again in her faltering English:

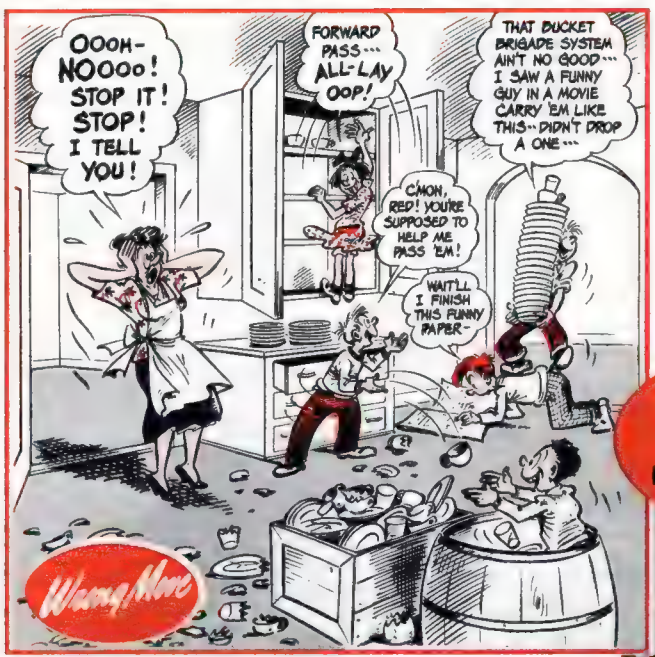
"What I am try to say, Mrs. Bradley, your husband is so good to come here today. So thoughtful. I tell Celeste she is honored. I tell her how proud you must be to have such a good husband."

Neva, obviously embarrassed, only nodded. But Michole was not finished.

"Is easy, I tell Celeste, to make men love you when you are pretty," the woman went on, struggling to express herself. "But is *daje*—is dangerous being pretty if she is not wise, too. Look at me, I say. My Jean loves me today more than when I marry him. He say so himself. Because I am pretty? Oh, no. Because I honor him the same he honor me. I respect him. Forget how your young man chased after you, I tell Celeste. That is finish'. Honor and respect him now, because when a wife think she is too good for her man, that is not make for happiness." Michole looked at her daughter. Then: "Is true, Mrs. Bradley? Is right what I say?"

Neva looked at Jean Bauvet's daughter, too. Quietly, almost thoughtfully, she said, "Yes, it is true. And it is something we forget so easily."

In Creole Michole spoke to the girl. Then, beaming, she faced Neva again: "Now she will believe! Me, I am only her mother; she think I know nothing. But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you are the wife of *Msie* Bradley, who is love' by everyone. Thank you, madame! Thank you!"

Neva did not answer.

When Celeste and her mother had gone, Jonathan went forward. There was nowhere to sit but the arm of Neva's chair. He sat there. For a moment he watched the crowd from the ship swarming about the table. Celeste and her mother had joined them, and Celeste, he noticed, was serving her new husband.

"I'm sorry about the perfume, Neva," Jonathan said then. "I would have given them money instead, but I had none." He put his hand on hers.

She didn't draw her hand away. "I can get another bottle," she said.

"I'm afraid not. That was the only one in town."

"Never mind, Jonathan."

He looked at her, puzzled by her gentleness.

"Jonathan," she said, gazing into space.

HE THOUGHT she was watching Mike and Susan. They had slipped away from the crowd and were standing with their arms about each other. The light from the doorway of Jean Bauvet's hut just touched their faces.

"She's a nice girl," Jonathan said. "A really nice girl, Neva. Mike's in love with her."

Neva nodded. Again she said, "Jonathan." Her hand closed on his and she turned her face toward him. "Jonathan—the party I planned for this evening—"

"There'll be time," Jonathan said. "We can leave here soon. There'll be time for the party, Neva."

"No. I wouldn't—"

Andy Scott, the cruise clown, must have heard the word "party" as he passed by. He halted before them, hands on hips, grinning. "Party's no good without Johnny. Neva," he said. "No offense, y' understand. Anything you do, you do right. But y' gotta have Johnny."

"Go away," Jonathan said, laughing. And Andy winked and left them.

"Andy gets talkative," Jonathan said. "Don't mind him."

"He's right," Neva said. "It's you they respect. It's you they want, Jonathan."

"They're just out for a good time. They don't know what they want."

"They know. So do I."

Jonathan put his arm around her. He had no feeling of triumph, only a sensation of wholeness that reached deep into him, warming him.

He listened to the talk and the laughter. He looked for Mike and Susan, and saw them with their arms linked. It was all good. The plump woman, Jean Bauvet's wife, was folding a thin gray blanket around the shoulders of her husband, asleep on his chair in the hut doorway. That was good, too.

Red Blake came back up the path from the road. "Neva," he said, "how about a dance?"

"I'm going to dance with Johnny," she told him. "I haven't danced with Johnny for a long, long time."

THE END★★

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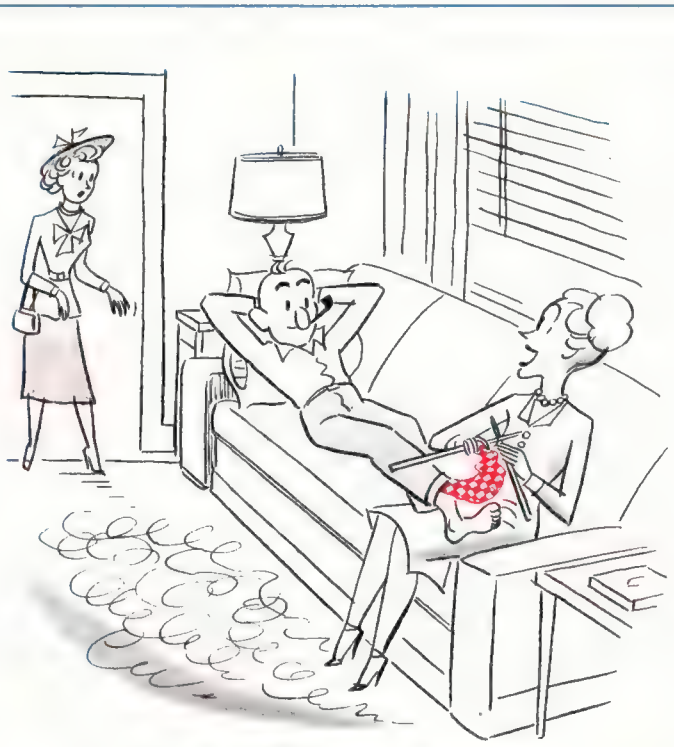

"This way, I knit a sock that fits perfectly"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CLYDE SHELLEY

How to Enjoy Your Trip

by **THOMAS SUGRUE**
Author and world traveler

ENJOY your trip from the moment you decide to make it. Turn your worries over to travel experts. Ask all the questions which occur to you, and write down the answers, so you won't get them mixed in your memory.

Visit your dentist before you leave; a toothache en route is a poor companion. Visit your doctor, too; if you are subject to seasickness or airsickness ask him to prescribe Dramamine; it is one of the antihistamine agents and will help to quell

nausea caused by a rough sea or bumpy air.

Travel light. Resist the temptation to buy new clothes; a few interchangeable outfits composed of familiar and comfortable garments will serve you better and leave room for acquisitions along the way. Take nylon shirts and blouses and underwear; they can be washed in a basin, need no ironing, and will dry overnight.

However warm the climate to which you are going and however hot the season, take at least one warm outfit with you. Before the trip is finished, you will need it; if you don't, I will eat it.

Convert your money into traveler's checks; keep only as much cash on you at any time as is absolutely necessary. Tell your bank about your trip and make arrangements for additional funds to be sent to you in case you need them.

Paste identification cards, with home address and the name of your nearest of kin, inside each piece of luggage. In case a bag is misplaced and its outside tag lost, it will still find its way back to you.

Buy a book of small, gummed labels and write on the labels names and addresses of all the people to whom you want to send post cards. As you proceed on the trip tear out the labels, stick them on cards, add a message and a signature, and give them to your guide or your hotel clerk for mailing. In that way you won't forget anyone, and the time normally spent in remembering addresses and writing them out will be saved.

Don't take with you enough shaving cream, cosmetics, razor blades, etc., for a year when you expect to be away for three months. Most of these commodities can be purchased anywhere you are apt to be; if you are going where they are not available your travel agent will tell you.

If you are planning to visit foreign countries and health regulations require that you be inoculated against communicable diseases, such as typhoid fever and bubonic plague, begin the inoculations early and give yourself time to recover from any uncomfortable reactions before the trip begins.

Find room in your luggage for your most comfortable pair of shoes; however much you ride you are going to do a lot of walking and your feet are going to hurt. If they bother you at the end of a day of sightseeing, soak them in hot water to which a pound of Epsom salts has been added. You can buy the salts almost anywhere.

Buy a simple canvas traveling bag and fold it away in your luggage. As you begin to acquire things—and you will—put them in this bag. Get a sales slip for everything you buy. On the way home put everything which must be declared to the customs officers in the canvas bag, list the items and their value in dollars, and get the sales slips ready to present as evidence. The same procedure will be helpful in going from one foreign country to another.

Buy a passport wallet. It will hold, in addition to your passport, letters of credit and introduction, certifications of inoculations, identification papers, and money.

List the numbers of your traveler's checks and keep the list separate from the checks, so that if the checks are lost you can wire or cable the company which issued them and stop payment.

Clear up your business before you leave. Unattended details are apt to go along with you and make more trouble than wet feet or a cold in the head. Be ready to enjoy yourself once you are aboard the train, the plane, the bus, or the ship.

Ask your travel agent to make your trip as flexible as possible, so that you will be free to stay longer in a place you like, or go quickly from one which doesn't appeal to you, or make side trips, or alter your course, or change it entirely.

You can't take your telephone and your mailman with you, so relax when you leave home. Travel is a tonic and a restorative; it can do more for you than sleep. Let it.

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When Lilies Bloom in Bermuda

ANY land where the people devote most of their time to raising flowers must be pretty close to paradise. And that is exactly what visitors call Bermuda where the Easter lily reigns supreme. Every year during the Easter season thousands of beauty lovers from all over the world journey to the magic little island to see the Easter Lily Pageant and bask in Bermuda's relaxing charm.

This year—on April 17—the pageant begins with a giant parade. Dozens of floats, decked out with lily blooms, stream down Front Street in Hamilton, the island's main city. Everywhere are magnificent displays of flowers.

The varied types of floats, all smothered with Easter lilies, include: Mother Hubbard's Shoe (size 15 feet), a huge globe of the world, boats, church bells in steeples, a cannon, miniature houses, blossoming bicycles, and a "burning house" of lilies, the entry of Hamilton's Fire Brigade. All trundle

"**CONSIDER THE LILIES** of the field, how they grow . . . even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Matthew VI, 28 and 29

This month beauty lovers from all over the United States will visit the nearby island in the Atlantic to marvel at its magnificent Easter Lily Pageant and bask in its relaxing vacation charm

BICYCLING AND BOATING go hand in hand in Bermuda

past the reviewing stand, pushed, ridden, drawn by horses, or hauled by blossom-covered tractors.

A week before pageant time Front Street becomes a beehive of workmen putting up stands to seat the visitors. The upper decks of ferryboats also serve as grandstands. Front Street runs along the shore of Hamilton Harbor, and practically every boat and craft in the islands moor along the quay during the parade.

Besides the huge flower spectacle, a host of other activities take place at this time on the 22 square miles of one of the most beautiful vacation spots on earth. It's festival time, so there are parties galore, costume balls, informal beach get-togethers, plays, concerts, tours of historic homes and lovely gardens, picnics on neighboring islands, an agricultural exhibition, tea dances, boat cruises, international yachting races, golf, tennis, and fishing tournaments. Visitors enjoy taking pictures along South

PAUSING for a rest under an oleander arch, typical of the lush island flowers

HERE COMES the parade! At left is one of the elaborate floats—a lily-covered globe

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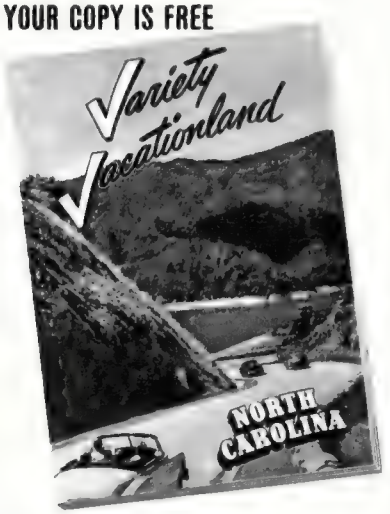

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Shore Road in old St. George, visiting the crystal caves, or donning divers' helmets to explore underseas in the warm, semi-tropical water.

But everything in Bermuda at this time of year centers around the Easter lily. The millions of blooms come from the many fields of the island, where acre after acre of immaculate white lilies, 5 or 6 blossoms to a stem, stretch into the distance. They are exported from Bermuda to all parts of the world, both as bulbs and as flowers in bud. Planes speed them on their way to meet the world's ever-increasing demand for Easter flowers.

Scores of other floral varieties fill the air with perfume—brilliant bougainvillaea, brightly colored hibiscus, night-blooming cereus, lovely oleanders of many hues, exotic bird-of-paradise flowers, gorgeous morning-glories, and that strange purple bloom, the passion flower.

Bermuda lies close enough to the United States to make it easily accessible to vacationists and honeymooners the whole year round. It is only 3 or 4 hours from New York by plane or 40 hours by luxury liner. In size, it is but a tiny dot in the Atlantic, but its pink coral shores engender enough loveliness for an entire continent.

THE END ★★

TV and the 1952 Election

(*Continued from page* 21)

be seen on TV sets all the way across the country by enough independent voters to determine the election. Their opinions may be molded, perhaps far more than they realize, by what they see on television.

And what exactly will they see? I have studied just about all the candidates on television—orating to their constituents, appearing before Congressional committees, riding up Main Street under storms of ticker tape, or ducking questions on interview shows. Just recently I sat in a projection room and ran off several hours of Kinescope film dredged from the files of past programs comparing the candidates in their best and worst moments. It was an instructive experience and one that most everyone with a TV set will be able to share during the campaign, when the cameras will play over the candidates without mercy.

Each candidate, I found, is not just one but three or four people. Harry Truman at Key West, for example, is quite a different person from the Harry Truman on Capitol Hill. At Key West, you see the flamboyant shirts, the friendly wave of the hand, the fetching grin. Here he is the "man of the people," the little guy, the man with the common touch.

Then there is Harry Truman, the politician, one of the best TV performers of them all. This is the ad-libbing Harry Truman, the man who makes the shrewd jokes about his opponents in his flat Midwest drawl with perfect timing. Another sure-fire vote getter is Harry Truman, the family man, showing off and boasting about Bess and Margaret. Truman is least successful, it seems to me, when he is playing the President of the United States. He delivered his last State of the Union message before the cameras with his face buried in the script, reciting oratory he appeared to have no great interest in. He is not a good reader, and the viewer is likely to get the idea when he does read that the speech is not part of his intellectual marrow as were President Roosevelt's speeches.

In composite, Truman appears as the man of the people, possibly a little too much so. When surrounded by the panoply of office—before Congress, for example—well, if I were handling him I'd keep him away from Capitol Hill. As a performer, he looks more at home and more at ease talking from the rear end of train platforms, at cornerstone layings, even at banquets—in any case, out in the field.

Next to Truman, the candidate who has been on television most often, who has been scrutinized by the cameras most pitilessly, is Senator Robert A. Taft. Taft seems to think television is friendly to him, an opinion not shared by just everyone, including me. Almost all pros rate Taft very low on TV, lowest of all the major contenders. About the best that can be said is that television is more kindly to him than radio, which was brutal.

I have watched Taft in a dozen different attitudes and situations on television. Eating, for example, a tough assignment for any candidate. He is a relentless, quick eater, chomping his food like his sentences, savagely. The cameras once captured Taft listening to Senator Everett M. Dirksen praising him fulsomely. He looked like a cat who had just swallowed a pitcher of cream. The very ubiquitousness of television has been unkind to Taft. He was caught making the same wisecrack to two different Southern audiences. ("They told my father they'd do anything for him but vote for him. Perhaps this election will overcome even that prejudice.")

Television will give the voter the impression Taft is a man of penetrating, orderly mind, deeply convinced of the rightness of his own views, more than a little impatient when anyone tries to corner him. On an interview program a reporter once tried to get the Senator to explain what he considered an inconsistency in foreign policy. Taft gave him a peremptory brush-off, closing the subject before it was decently opened. He has a trick of waving one hand brusquely, then glancing away from his interrogators and staring at the ceiling as if to say, "That's enough of that." This is unwise. The viewers tend to identify themselves with the reporters, to get the feeling that they, too, are getting the brush-off.

Taft gives me the impression he feels himself above reproach. He has a cold,

sharp, toothy grin which, I feel, he employs a little indiscriminately. Once I saw him discussing the 100,000 casualties of the conflict he refers to as "Truman's war." His face broke into a savage smile. In such a context the smile seemed to me decidedly out of place. But then Taft's grin is not—like President Roosevelt's or General Eisenhower's—an index of good feeling. It comes over rather as a symptom of irritation, of pugnaciousness, of hostility, and as such it is wide open to great misunderstanding on the part of the voter.

Taft's strongest asset on TV is his commanding knowledge of government, his great confidence in himself, his willingness to talk in specific terms on subjects that other politicos are likely to treat with cloudy generalities. For these qualities the viewer will respect him. He will hardly love him.

You mustn't assume that television is automatically unkind to the cold personalities like Taft and automatically kind to the warm ones like Eisenhower. One of the coldest political personalities, Thomas E. Dewey, used television so skillfully that he was humanized as never before. In the last New York State gubernatorial campaign, Dewey—who is an Eisenhower supporter this year—threw the script away. Dewey's very capable team of advisers had perceived that informality and hard facts looked well on television, that empty rhetoric looked very bad.

Also, they felt Dewey had to overcome the "man on the wedding cake" impression he had given the voters in his Presidential campaign.

So Dewey's advisers planted him in a hotel room and made him think on his feet, something he does very well. With the cameras trained on him, Dewey was peppered with questions from people on street corners. They were just ordinary folk with whom the voter at home identified himself, and their questions were of the sort the home audience would like to have answered. Extemporaneously, Dewey answered questions about state finances, housing, veterans' benefits, hospital construction, even Korea.

His appearance was highly informal. He wiped his glasses, ruffled through papers on his desk, scratched his brow, thrust his hands in his pockets, and sometimes said that most humanizing statement: "I don't know." Mostly, he did know. In fact, he betrayed a grasp of the complexities of state government not seen in New York State since the days of Alfred E. Smith. Dewey had always been known as a great administrator, but this had done him little good. The electorate didn't know what an administrator was, exactly. Here they saw an administrator in *action*. It was an impressive sight.

The Dewey campaign revolutionized thinking on television as a political instrument. President Roosevelt was a great *radio* personality, conceivably the No. 1 radio personality of all time. The Dewey technique, which held the Democratic plurality in New York City to a record low, made the politicians aware that a new sort of political animal was

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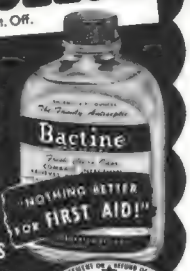

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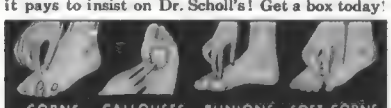
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in the making—a television personality.

For my money, the best example of a TV as opposed to a radio personality is Senator Estes Kefauver, who was a fairly obscure junior Senator from Tennessee until he won national renown during the telecast of the Kefauver hearings. Kefauver's gentle Southern accent, his low-pitched, meticulous inflections make a pleasant enough radio voice—but hardly one that would set the backwoods ablaze. But Kefauver on television is something else again.

We at home saw a man of kindly judicious mien who was scrupulously fair and magnificently courteous even to the most bedraggled hoodlums on the witness stand. The economy of his language, which makes him relatively inconspicuous on radio, made him all the more vivid on television. The strong, silent type has always been widely admired in our Western movies, and it is just possible we are breeding a strong, silent type television politician. I was greatly impressed simply by the intensity with which Kefauver listened. He appeared to me genuinely interested in uncovering facts rather than in making headlines.

This impression of quiet sincerity, I predict, will be the outstanding characteristic of the TV politician of the future. The old-line politicians, accustomed to projecting their personalities clear into the second balcony, are going to have a terrible time adjusting themselves to the new technique. Men like Senator Tom Connally and Speaker Sam Rayburn, to pick two at random, are excellent examples of the sort of politicos who will have to modify sharply their florid prose style and arm-flailing delivery for the skeptical and intimate cameras.

THE best TV politician—the politician of the future—will have two or three personalities, one for every occasion. General Eisenhower is one such man. There are a lot of General Eisenhowers: There is Ike, the war hero—the man who rode up Broadway seven years ago, the man with the famous grin and overpowering charm, the man who seemed almost as boyish as the GI's he commanded. Then there is Eisenhower, the president of Columbia University, a more serious individual. Finally, there is Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Western defense forces, who is a much older and larger personality than the others.

I've seen them all on television and they are cumulatively impressive. I recall seeing the General (on film) welcome a newly arrived division in France. He climbed up on a platform, flashed the famous grin (which is not too much in evidence any more), and remarked that the nicest thing he could do was to dismiss them so they could get out of the cold. Which he did. That was the informal Eisenhower. A few minutes later I saw the formal Eisenhower, speaking from his old desk in the Pentagon about the peace, unity, and security of the Western world.

Having mastered the professional trick of reading from large cards, Eisenhower talked straight at the camera (which is to say, straight at the home audience) in a flexible, purposeful voice. Since he was dealing in the great issues of our time, there was no grin and there was no talking down to the audience. Eisenhower didn't simplify his thoughts or his prose. I got the impression that he has great faith in the ordinary citizen to understand and to grapple with enormously complex problems. He was, as it were, sketching out for me alone the great tasks of arming the West. This is a great political asset—the ability to talk to the cameras in a way that makes each individual feel Eisenhower is addressing a message to him personally.

THIS technique is the direct opposite to that of another military man, General Douglas MacArthur, who may or may not be a candidate. MacArthur is the outstanding exponent of what might be called the imperial style, a designation that applies both to his delivery and to his content. Queen Victoria once complained that Gladstone talked to her as if she were a town meeting. General MacArthur suffers from the same handicap. As a TV personality he strikes me as austere, remote, and more than a little forbidding. The old-fashioned, theatrical splendor of his prose—"an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty"—is entirely appropriate to the eagle-eyed old soldier who is delivering it. But his remoteness and splendor, which went so well with the Japanese masses, is not well fitted to the American political scene.

Television is still pretty new in the political arena but a few incontestable facts have emerged. One is that sincerity and real ability are impossible to feign; the cameras show up phonies immediately. Another is that showmanship had best be used sparingly. The voters will not take kindly to turning a Presidential election into a circus. The first big political telecast of the year was an Eisenhower-for-President rally at Madison Square Garden, which provided the political campaign managers with a good deal of food for thought. Television critics, columnists, and editorial writers almost without exception condemned it for having so much hoopla and glamour—models, stage stars, song numbers, and Clark Gable—to the total exclusion of enlightenment. Everyone I talked to agreed that the rally did the Eisenhower boom a lot of damage.

I also saw the official campaign debut of Harold E. Stassen when, in a paid telecast from Philadelphia, he announced that he would again be a candidate for the Presidency. Stassen, I thought, did himself more harm than good. In an attempt at showmanship, the broadcast opened with a lot of actors representing housewives, draftees, businessmen, workers, who asked a lot of hard questions about prices, war, taxes, wage ceilings, and the like. It was not a bad gimmick, except that, in his speech, Stassen pretty well ducked all the questions. If a politician doesn't intend to answer hard questions, he should not bring them up in the first place.

The same telecast included some films of the Stassen career, including Stassen as Governor of Minnesota, Stassen as Admiral Halsey's aide, Stassen at the

San Francisco security conference. These were very illuminating and impressive, but, as far as I was concerned, they boomeranged. For the present, Stassen, it seems to me, has shrunk as a television personality. On my screen he appears to have diminished in intellectual vigor from the promising young man who came out of the West a decade or so ago.

Two other candidates who have proved themselves to be potent TV campaigners are Governor Earl Warren, whose hat is officially in the ring, and Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, whose candidacy is still possible.

Warren is a warm, likable, and experienced performer—though a little lightweight. He has a silvery, expressive voice, a ready grin which he is almost never without, and the appearance of a prosperous banker. He also has a tremendous television asset in his good-looking wife and daughters. When he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency at the Republican National Convention in 1948, he got his family into the act immediately after accepting the nomination, and most of us who watched that telecast remember those pretty, healthy, teethy, grown-in-California kids more distinctly than we remember their father. If I were his campaign manager I'd keep his children around him at all times. Warren seems to be a more complete individual with than without them.

Senator Douglas's chief distinction on television is his deep earnestness and sincerity, a quality you can't get too much of on television. Last summer he debated foreign policy with Senator Taft on a forum program. Taft was infinitely the more experienced of the two, but Douglas, I thought, registered heavily with simple candor, earnestness, and humility. Like Kefauver, Douglas seems to listen harder than most people, and he gives the impression he'd listen to the voter just as carefully if he were in his office. The Democratic National Committee has shrewdly advised its members on how to behave in front of the cameras, and Douglas appears to have been particularly attentive to a passage which goes substantially like this: "Remember you're a guest in the house. Don't be facetious. Don't be a smart aleck. Don't get into fights with other panel members any more than you'd throw the butter plates at someone else's dinner party."

Two other potential candidates, Illinois Governor Adlai E. Stevenson and Supreme Court Justice Fred M. Vinson, are very much dark horses on the television sweepstakes. If Mr. Justice Vinson has ever been on television, I've missed it. Governor Stevenson I've seen only once. That was when Edward R. Murrow interviewed him shortly after his name had been bandied around in the press as a great favorite of President Truman. "Are you a candidate for the Presidency?" asked Murrow with admirable directness. Governor Stevenson, an alert-looking man with candid eyes and an air of capability, just laughed.

"Have you any ambitions higher than the office of the Governor of Illinois?" pursued Murrow.

"No, sir, I have not."

Stevenson went on to discuss his tenure as governor, his accomplishments, his hopes, and in the telling revealed himself as an able, honest, determined administrator—though hardly a very exciting or glamorous figure. Stevenson is not likely to stir up a storm one way or another on television.

Another Democrat contender is Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, whom the voters will see often on TV. They'll see a solid, sensible citizen with a long prow of a nose, a receding hairline, and a great deal of Southern charm. As chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Senator Russell has been in front of the cameras quite a lot and is very much at ease with them. I've seen him quizzed by reporters after his committee held hearings on General MacArthur's recall, as well as in several other interviews. His announcement of his Presidential candidacy was also a full-dress affair, with the newsreels and the TV cameras at hand. On all occasions Russell was an unsmiling, rather prosaic person, who was never at a loss for an answer. Voters will be impressed by his candor, his poise, and his grasp of the facts. Like Stevenson, he is not likely to be a very glamorous candidate.

Both the Republican and the Democratic National Committees are large with plans for the coming campaigns and both are playing their cards close to their chests, as secretive about their little surprises as movie producers. But it's no secret that television will modify everyone's campaign techniques. There will be fewer parades and monkeyshines at the national conventions, partly to save time, partly because the delegates look asinine milling around the aisles. Oratory will be reduced, because experience has shown that the wind-filled phrase seems especially empty on television. (Fears have been expressed that television would be a dangerous instrument in the hands of a demagogue. This is extremely doubtful. Television exposes phoniness mercilessly and would probably make a demagogue just look foolish.)

It's all going to cost a whale of a lot of money. While Dewey was a conspicuous success on television in 1950, the New York State Republicans still shudder at the deficit left by his TV campaign. In the 1948 Presidential campaign the Democrats spent $700,000 for broadcasting, all but $15,000 of it on radio. This year they will spend $1,000,000 on television alone. Three television networks have sold sponsorship of the conventions and of post-convention activities for a total of $8,800,000 and the four networks will spend some $7,000,000 in coverage and cable costs.

In past years it has been the custom of the networks to give free air time to candidates until the national conventions, which have never before been sponsored, are over. After that, the national committees bought time. This year, simply because television time is too valuable to give away, the broadcaster is selling time to candidates *before* the conventions. It will cost plenty, too. These two new aspects—the introduction of big-time sponsorship and the sale of

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time to candidates all year long—are ominous precedents.

For the first time, big money has got its foot in the door. The candidate with well-heeled friends will be the only one who will be able to take his case to the people on television before the conventions. During the conventions the candidates will be on the nation's screens by courtesy of three large electrical manufacturers, who sponsor them.

As far as this year's conventions are concerned, there isn't the slightest possibility that these impressive sums will influence the televising of the candidates or their campaigns. This may not always be true. Sponsors have always liked to have a voice in the management when they pay the bills. There's no reason to suppose they wouldn't like to meddle in political television, just as they meddle in entertainment television. A sponsor could very easily pass the word along to producers, directors, and commentators to play up one politician, play down another. It won't happen this year, but it could happen unless we all keep a careful eye peeled. Whenever such impressive sums change hands, the possibility of corruption exists.

In the long run, though, television is likely to be an unparalleled blessing to the voter. The phonies, the stuffed shirts, the liars, the crooks will have to look the camera straight in the eye and talk fast. We'll see the politicos as they are, warts and all. If, after so stringent a test, the political hacks survive, we have only ourselves to blame.

THE END★★

Games Are Good for You

(*Continued from page* 31)

the best-selling game in the United States.

But Monopoly now has a rival. It is a new game, equally capitalistic, called *Boom or Bust*. The playing board of Boom or Bust simulates Main Street. The players become operators of properties ranging from barbershop to restaurant to grocery store and insurance company.

The owner of the barbershop, for example, is doing well, and when the economic cycle turns to boom, he buys the "Take-It-Away Market" next door. Suddenly times change, there is a "Bust" and the barber is in financial trouble.

MAYBE it sounds sad, but the night I walked in on my neighbors, the Wilsons, when they were playing it, the room was filled with laughter which rang out to the front door. The Wilsons are about the most fun-loving family I know. Fortunately for the budget, their favorite brand of amusement doesn't cost much—if you're willing to discount the $2 or $3 original cost of a game which can be played for years—and a little leniency with the children's bedtime curfew.

"And who's going to care about ten extra minutes," says Joe Wilson, "if the whole pack of 'em go off to bed happy and without a fuss? We have no bedtime tears in this house—on game nights, that is. But we do have three kids who'll grow up some day and remember that they used to have a lot of fun in their own house."

If Joe was looking for an argument, he wasn't going to get it from me, because I grew up playing games. I was learning to hold my own in Parcheesi when the process of counting still involved the use of fingers. My family progressed from dominoes to jigsaw puzzles and Chinese checkers in fast stages, and as a group we've never recovered from some particular game fever.

We're all grown now, with homes and responsibilities of our own, but a weekend gathering of the clan can still produce some pretty noisy game sessions, and the best present you can give my father is a subscription to a jigsaw-puzzle-of-the-month club.

Ours is an enthusiasm shared by millions of other families all over the country. Ruth and Harry Oldfield and their three children are a good example. As a construction engineer, Harry's work is wherever the new building happens to be: Massachusetts, Tennessee, Washington, New York, or, as it is at the present moment, Appleton, Wis.

The children change schools, back yards, and friends periodically, but one thing that never changes is "family night," an evening reserved for the children and any game they want to play. Bedtime is half an hour later than usual, even for 5-year-old Larry, and there is always something special to eat.

It happened to be brownies and homemade grape juice the night I was visiting them, because it was Larry's turn to choose the treat and choose the game. A friendly, large-eyed youngster, I couldn't understand why he looked so worried when his mother was explaining that this was game night, an event she hated to postpone, even for visitors from far away. Finally he came and took my hand. "Mother, her can play my farm game, can't her?"

I could and did play Larry's farm game called *Over the Garden Wall*, one of the latest versions of those games which, like Old Maid, depend on the lucky drawing of cards. We all started out on an even basis, but while my friend Larry drew picture cards for fruits and vegetables, sunny days, and soft, gentle rains, I was plagued with cards for cutworms, frosts, and all the other mishaps that can befall a farmer.

Larry was happy with his garden and happy that everyone was playing with him. At his age children can't concentrate on any one thing for too long, and once he'd harvested his crop he was perfectly content to sit on the floor and fit the cards back in the box while we played a quiz game with the older children.

This game is *Go to the Head of the Class*, which involves a board with num-

bered seats that carry you from the first through the eighth grade. The book of questions is divided into sections for children and adults, so that the youngsters have as great a chance of winning as their parents. And that's part of the fun for everyone.

If you are bored with a game your child will quickly follow suit. The real pleasure comes when you play a game that is fascinating to adults and at the same time comprehensible to children.

"That's why we play Sorry in our family," one mother explained to me. "My husband is an excellent checker player and he's perfectly willing to play with the children, but it's no fun for them because they're beaten after the first move. It's different when we play this new game Sorry, for while skill helps, luck counts a lot, too. The children are just as apt to win as we are."

Sorry is really not a new game, but it is new to many people in this country. Invented by a British machinery expert, it was put out in England in 1934 where its sales history was far from startling. But now, in the United States, the game is becoming a raging success and the experts believe that the main reason is the fact you never know the probable winner until the very last minute.

Each player has 4 men which he moves around the playing margin of the board in steps dictated by cards drawn from the pack. What can happen to those men is awful: One can be overtaken from the rear and sent back to the starting point; one can land on a slide and knock a fellow man back to the beginning; or one can be exchanged for an opponent's man, which can be disastrous.

Based on a delicate balance of luck and skill, the game has great appeal for children—they know they have as good a chance as anyone to get all 4 men first —and intriguing to adults, who feel they can outsmart bad luck by thoughtful playing.

There's no time limit for Sorry. Like many other games, there are occasions when it can take an hour, and others when you play all evening. But you can't measure the value of any game in terms of either time or money. What you can total are things like genuine family laughter, eyes that sparkle with fun, and faces that beam with delight.

RECENTLY I watched a family that had obviously learned that games can mean a good time for everyone. I was wandering around the game counter of a large toy store when the group of four came up to the counter.

They were trying to reach a decision on which game to buy, and if I hadn't stopped to admire that smiling, nice-looking family I might never have made the discovery of a new game which is the present preoccupation of my household and many of my friends. They call it Labyrinth, and out of curiosity I started fiddling with the knobs. That was my undoing, and still is.

A Swedish import, *Labyrinth* is a contest of reflexes and co-ordination. You can play it against yourself, against the group or with a partner, but however you play you are fighting to keep a little steel ball from dropping into any one of 60 holes. These holes are semi-protected by minute pieces of molding which are placed on the board to form a winding path. With the aid of two knobs you manipulate the playing board so it tips horizontally and vertically and endeavor to run the ball through the Labyrinth. I lost my first ball down hole 3 and I've sent a lot of others down the same one since. You *can*, however, get the ball home—I know this, not because of any personal achievement, but because I watched the salesman in the store do it.

In fact, he told me that every sales person in the store has bought Labyrinth and finds it the answer to any lull that might develop in any party of any and all ages. As games go, this one is pretty high—$8—but, believe me, mine was worth much more than that the night I took it to a small community club and turned my fellow members and their reflexes loose.

I've scarcely scratched the surface in talking about commercial games. There is *Safari*, for instance, which can satisfy your travel yen, and *Mr. Ree*, another detective game to test your wits, and *Rich Uncle* and *Scrabble* and *Meet the President* and *Lone Ranger* and oodles and oodles of others.

And then, of course, there are the games which require no equipment, the old-fashioned parlor games which are enjoying a new-fashioned popularity in every town and state of the Union. Some of these games still wear their original dress. Others have undergone a modernizing job, coming out in new versions. A sense of fun is all that is needed to play any of them.

I've seen this proved time and again in Yonkers, N. Y., where I live. Our particular community is more like a small town than a big city, and often a group of us, neighbors and friends, get together for an evening of impromptu entertaining. Sometimes we play records; sometimes, over cake and coffee, we settle the problems of the world. More often we play games.

TEMP and Marie Dodge are usually first with these spur-of-the-moment gatherings. They should be, for in ten years they've had a lot of practice. The first of their group to be married, they loved their new home and loved sharing it with all their friends.

"Like most couples starting out," Temp explains, "we had more friends to entertain than money to entertain them with. We couldn't afford real parties, so we started 'Friday Nights.'"

Now there are at least 45 people in and around Yonkers who know "Friday Nights" mean informal game sessions at the Dodges'. Not everyone is there every week, but you can stop in any Friday evening and be sure you'll find a welcome and a lot of fun. Couples bring their own soft drinks and beer, someone usually arrives with a big can of potato chips, and often, if the sitter problem is

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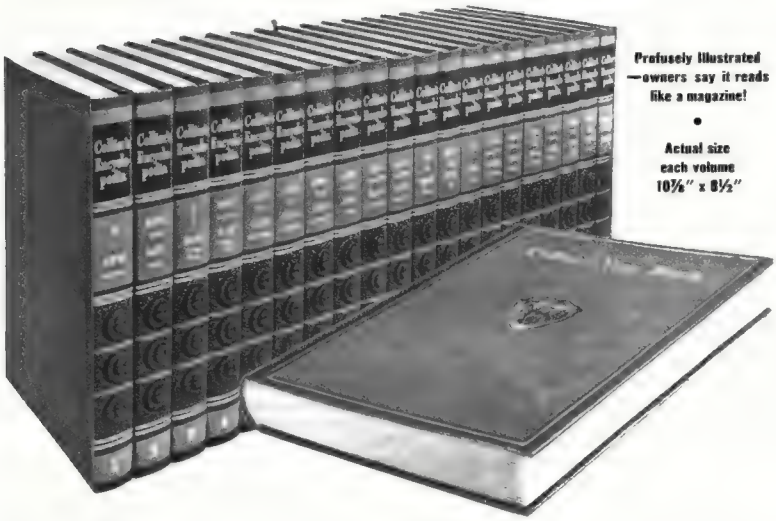

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particularly tough, a pajama-clad, blanket-wrapped baby is carried upstairs to sleep while his parents join the game-playing throng below.

Temp has a long mental list of games and is always eager to try out a new one, but the current favorite is a new version of Charades which we call the *Race Game*. The first time I played it I was a little confused to find myself being steered into the kitchen, but since then I've learned to love that spot, and usually prop myself up against the sink. Marie has definite proof of this because of some very neat high-heel marks in her gray linoleum. It seems the more exciting the game gets, the harder I dig my heels into the floor.

AND the Race Game does get very exciting. Temp divides the guests into two teams, one in the living room, the other in the kitchen. With a list of charades to be acted out by both teams at once, he stations himself at a point midway between the two, generally in the dining room. A player from each team gets from Temp the first charade, and then hurries to the kitchen or living room to dramatize it for his fellow team members. When his team has guessed correctly, another player runs to Temp for the second, and so on through the list.

We play the standard charade rules: Whatever phrase you are given must be acted out without benefit of any words on your part, though you can shake your head in yes-and-no fashion to answer your teammates' guesses. Signals vary throughout the country, but the most popular ones are: raising the index and middle fingers on both hands to indicate a quotation, pulling back curtains for a play, patting the top of your head for a proper name, holding one closed fist to your eye and winding a crank with the other hand for a movie, and pretending to read for a book.

Timing, which is so important in regular charades, is no problem in this game, because the teams race each other at the same time, and the first one to complete the list is the winner. Your job is to perform an action which indicates the entire slogan or break it into words and syllables and act out each one.

It's a simple game to explain to new players. I only wish the phrases Temp hands out were as simple as the rules. I've worked myself into a near frenzy trying to indicate that I was a duck-billed platypus.

Twenty Questions, now enjoying a new popularity inspired by radio and television, is just as appealing to my friend, Jean Stiner, and her husband's group of trombone-playing friends in North Hollywood, Calif., as it is to John Bade and his family on Long Island, N. Y.

As advertising manager of a large company, John Bade works under great pressure and tension. Realizing that he was bringing too much of this to the family dinner table in the form of business conversation, he and Mrs. Bade started playing games with the children instead. Twenty Questions is their favorite during dinner, and Charades for later in the living room. The children have become so delighted with these

game sessions that they now ask their parents to help them run game parties when their club meets at the Bade house.

Anyone from 3 to 93 can enjoy games. Last year Frederica Young and I wrote a book on parlor games, and in collecting our material we talked to a lot of people in the age range. When we had finished we thought we had learned just about every game in the country. Then we had a new one sprung on us at a party in New Jersey.

There must have been about 20 guests, and we'd been playing a lot of active games. It was time for things to quiet down, so Alice De Azevedo started it. She explained that she and her husband would talk and from their conversation we should guess the subject—a word with two meanings.

Sitting in the center of the floor, they started the strangest sort of double-talk I'd ever heard.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," said Alice. "I didn't think it was so bad."

"Well, how else do you think I can get there?"

"I don't know, but there's no point in being upset over such a little matter."

"Having to get some place at a certain time is no little matter, and I tell you this is the only way."

On and on it went, until one player recognized the word, whispered it in

WHODUNIT

by LAWRENCE GALTON

IN KANSAS CITY, one day in 1888, undertaker Almon B. Strowger watched in envy as an elaborate funeral passed by. Why hadn't *he* gotten the business? Later he found out why from a mourner—"Tried you, but the telephone operator kept saying your line was busy." Strowger's envy turned into almost apoplectic rage.

"Busy? I didn't have a call all day," he spluttered. "Another stupid operator's mistake. If it's the last thing I do, I'm going to figure a way to do away with operators."

In the next few months Strowger rigged up a curious contraption. Using an ordinary collar box, he stuck pins around the edge, each pin representing a subscriber's line. Inside the box he rigged a metal finger on a central shaft so it rotated from pin to pin when actuated by an electromagnet. To this contraption he hitched up an ordinary telephone, to which he added a pushbutton. Each push of the button worked the magnet and sent the metal finger clicking from one pin to another. By "spelling" out the right number, Strowger felt sure he could call the person direct, without using a human operator.

People scoffed at his model, but Strowger got a patent and, with Joseph Harris, a young Chicago clothing salesman, formed a company. Finally, in 1892, he got the chance for a test installation. On November 3, that year, Strowger's dream came true as the somewhat astonished population of La Porte, Ind., began to call each other without any operators! By 1895 a telephone with a crude dial instead of pushbuttons had been evolved.

Today, foreshadowing an even greater future for Strowger's "mad" contribution to better telephone service, subscribers in Englewood, N. J., in a test, are dialing coast-to-coast as easily and about as fast as they dial local numbers.

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Alice's ear and joined them in the conversation on the floor. Play continued until everyone had guessed that the word was "cross," with Alice's conversation based on the meaning *irritated* and her husband's on *cross* as a verb.

The more people on the floor, the more involved the conversation became, and we had a lot of laughs over sentences that formed peculiar paragraphs. It was a good fun game and new to all of Alice's guests. Only a week before she had played it for the first time in California.

When I tried it with some friends a few nights later, we figured that in ten days that game had traveled from the West Coast to Hohokus, N. J., to Sherman, Conn.

That's one of the nice things about games—you can take them wherever you go and not be bothered dragging along a lot of equipment. Most of my favorites I can carry in my head, but, at worst, the only thing to cart is a set that's easy to handle or pack.

I've seen those very expensive, beautifully boxed, elaborate game sets, and they're fine if you can afford them. But I don't believe the people who own all this fancy equipment have any more fun than I do with my battered cardboard carton that holds cards, old stub pencils, 5-cent-store pads, some game directions, and a few boxed games.

If GAME playing is a new enterprise in your family, don't feel you have to go out and buy a whole collection of expensive pieces and parts. Go at it easily, and feel your way toward the games you and your children will enjoy most. Geography, history, and travel games are a pretty safe bet for anyone over 8. There are many different electric baseball and football games. Any one of these will delight any male, be he father or son. Television has brought about a big boom in quiz games, and it must have provided some of the answers too, because the children I play with are all better-informed on current topics than I was at their age.

Libraries and bookstores have books which are a good investment because they include a great variety of games, some of which are bound to delight your family. When you're buying a game, take time to read the directions and examine the parts. Make sure it can accommodate as many players as you want. And, in reverse, don't make the mistake of getting one that needs 4 players when there are only 3 in your family.

But, whatever you play, it's my feeling —and there are a lot of experts who agree with me—that you shouldn't concentrate on looking for a so-called educational game. There's no doubt children, and even adults, can learn something from almost every game. But for my money the most important thing learned is how to have fun. Games are good for you because they are primarily recreation. Play them for enjoyment, and then anything else that comes along is an extra on the house.

Your children will learn good sportsmanship. They'll discover how to lose quietly and win gracefully. They'll find out how to get along with people. But, best of all, you will all have a share in that intangible something which makes a happy family—the ability to have a good time together.

THE END★★

I Had a Date with the Quints

(*Continued from page* 28)

became professional. How did that happen? Someone wrote in to ask: "What are the Dionne quintuplets doing now that they're grown up?"

No one seemed to have a satisfactory answer. So, before I was able to say "Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette, and Marie," I found myself on an overnight train for Canada. I didn't know how tough an assignment I was in for. Royalty would have been easier to "date."

My first tip-off came at snow-covered Callander. This is the little town nearest to the Dionne farm (3 miles away). It has prospered, largely as a result of the quints' birth. In their heyday, when they were on view behind a wire screen for the whole world to see, they attracted more visitors than the Pyramids or the Statue of Liberty. They were Canada's greatest natural wonder. Millions of dollars poured into the province, and a whole industry grew up about them—hotels, restaurants, motor courts, bus lines, gas stations, and shops selling post cards of "Quintland" or the "true basket that cradled the quintuplets."

The quints are no longer on display, but tourists still come anyway, hoping for a view of them through the Dionne fence. They are rarely rewarded.

I stopped for a cup of coffee at the Red Line Inn. It is presided over by Callander's colorful mayor, Len Wookey, a former opera singer and music teacher from Toronto. I told him I had come to visit the quints.

"You expect to *meet* them?" he asked with astonishment.

"Sure," I said. "Why not?"

"Brother," he countered, "if you do that, you'll be doing something I haven't been able to do in the fifteen years I've been living here."

Taken aback, I asked him to elaborate.

Almost no one, he said, had been admitted to the Dionne home since the parents had regained their children 10 years ago. Prior to that time, the quints had lived apart in a special hospital presided over by the late Dr. Allan R. Dafoe, the man who had cared for them since birth. In fact, Wookey said the fence was at least 100 yards from the house, and if the gate wasn't open there would be no way of getting even as far as a doorbell.

With this knowledge, I decided to retreat to North Bay, 9 miles away, to consider my strategy.

The first person I called upon was a woman who had known the quints when they were children and had written several stories about them. She was sympathetic but not encouraging. "You're good if you can get in there," she said. "The family's a hard nut to crack." Other people I talked to held similar views.

I spent a day getting nowhere until I remembered a North Bay newspaperman I had once met in New York, Mort Fellman. He was managing editor of *The Nugget*, "The North's Leading Newspaper." I knew he was a friend of Oliva Dionne, the quints' father. I went to him and put myself in his hands.

"It'll be difficult," he said, "but I'll try."

My case was complicated by a recent incident involving a reporter, he said. Papa Dionne, always shy and suspicious of the press, had agreed to meet a writer who had come all the way from France to interview the Dionnes. Since the Dionnes are French Canadians, they were disposed to believe they could trust anyone who spoke French. Papa took the young man on a complete tour of the house, the school, and the grounds. When the man went back to France he wrote a long article, not one word of which was favorable.

It was into this atmosphere, Fellman explained, that I had inadvertently walked. At that point I was ready to drop the whole project, but Fellman said not to give up hope. He would give Oliva a ring.

While I sat in his office he called Mr. Dionne's private telephone number. I heard Fellman describe the reporter in his office as a man who had, roughly, the character of Gandhi, the intellect of Einstein, the compassion of St. Francis, and the skill of Hemingway. There was a long pause when he stopped. I took a deep breath. Finally he put down the phone. I looked up.

"The gate will be open for you at 10:30 tomorrow morning," he said. "From then on in, you're on your own."

I trudged out into the snow to fortify myself with the heartiest food and drink North Bay had to offer.

The next morning I hired a car and drove out to the Dionnes'. At Callander I turned off on the special road which the Government has built to the quints' home. The whole landscape was covered with snow and looked peaceful and remote. The blazing winter sunshine lit up the white birches like candles on a birthday cake. There was not a house in sight.

Finally, at a bend in the road, I saw a large building sitting importantly on a hill. It was of pale yellow brick and had a red roof. In contrast to the few smaller wooden buildings around it, the house looked like a mansion. It was entirely surrounded by a high steel fence. The gate, as promised, lay open.

I drove up to a bright red door, knocked, and waited. There was no an-

swer, and I knocked again. Finally, it opened slowly. A slender, middle-aged man with a thick lumberjacket and high yellow boots nodded to me to come in. "Are you Mr. Dionne?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he said wearily. "So they tell me."

He motioned me into a little study, where there were shelves of books and a fireplace. On the wall was a huge painting of the Dionne family tree, mapping the ancestral line for 600 years. In niches, on the window sills, and on the tops of the simple modern furniture were religious articles: pictures, Madonnas, and relics. The Dionnes, like most French Canadians, are ardent Catholics.

We both sat down. Mr. Dionne, a small man with thinning gray hair, looked at me noncommittally with eyes that had a certain native shrewdness in them. I made a few remarks about the weather. He was neither cordial nor uncordial. His whole attitude suggested a kind of Gallic cynicism. I found the atmosphere as cold as the weather.

Finally I said, "Mr. Dionne, I have come here to write something about your family, about the sort of life you all live together—"

At the mention of the word "family" his face lit up. His expression of cynicism changed, and from then on the atmosphere became noticeably warmer.

OLIVA and I talked for two hours. I soon found that "family" is the key to everything that Dionne does. Normally a strong instinct with French Canadians anyway, the feeling for family was greatly accelerated during the early years of the quints. When they were born, in 1934, Mr. Dionne, worried to distraction over how he was going to support the sudden addition of 5 children to his household in the midst of the depression, agreed to exhibit the babies at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Although he stipulated that the quints should have every medical care, this was not mentioned in the papers. As a result, there was a sudden hue and cry against "exploitation" of the infants. An act was pushed through the Ontario legislature making Dr. Dafoe, rather than Mr. Dionne, their guardian.

For the first 7 years, while they were the world's No. 1 peepshow, the quints lived apart from their parents in a nearby hospital where the millions who trekked to Canada could see them. The parents were not encouraged to visit them. The other Dionne children were not allowed to play with them, even at Christmastime. Consequently, when they were finally turned back to the Dionnes (their father was appointed legal guardian), the parents were more jealous of their family sovereignty than ever.

Oliva told me of the boarding school that had been started on the Dionne farm in order to give the quints a more normal life. "If they had gone to another school, they would have been an object of curiosity," he said. Ten other girls, exactly the age of the quintuplets, had been chosen from other parts of Canada to study with them. The faculty consisted of four nuns and a monsignor, who acted as chaplain. In effect, it was a convent, with the quints going home to their parents at night.

"It has given them ambition," said Oliva, "because they are always in competition with the other girls." Proudly he told me they were doing well in their studies, better than average. They loved music. They liked to skate. They even went shopping by themselves in North Bay, in groups of two or three to escape attention.

"What about entertainment?" I asked. "Social contacts?"

He hesitated. They had their schoolmates for company, said Dionne. Occasionally they went to a movie in North Bay. But more often they saw movies at home. They had their own movie projector, and Oliva Dionne showed films regularly in the playroom. It was not necessary for them to go out, he said. Last night they had seen *Melody for Three*, an English film. Last week they'd been shown a French one, *Chopin*.

Did they like to dance?

Yes, they did square dances and waltzes, said the father. No jitterbug. And generally with the girls at school. They had never been out to a dance with a boy. In fact, they'd never had a real date with a boy.

"But don't you think it natural that girls of their age might want to see boys of their own age, go out to dances, and have dates?" I asked.

Mr. Dionne shrugged his shoulders. "They don't seem to want it, and I can't thrust it on them," he replied.

ONE thing I had been told about Dionne was that he was mercenary, anxious to exploit his daughters. At no time when I was with him was there the slightest suggestion, direct or indirect, about money, or that he or his family would expect any kind of remuneration from any story that was written about them.

As we talked, I felt there was something pathetic about Dionne. He struck me as a man desperately reaching out for people he could trust. A simple farmer who still reads by slowly following the lines of type with his forefinger, he was totally unequipped to deal with the world that came knocking at his door when that extraordinary accident of birth struck his household. (It happens once in 57,000,000 births.)

When he made mistakes and his daughters were taken away from him, his pride was hurt. But he fought constantly to have his family together again, and after a long struggle he won. If he has overshielded his daughters ever since from a world that has not seemed too friendly, it is at least understandable.

At the moment, managing the lives of his illustrious quintet is a full-time job for Oliva Dionne. While they were still in the specially built hospital, he had time to farm and to run a souvenir shop for tourists from which he derived a good income. But now he has time for neither of these things. As the quints' legal guardian he must prepare an annual budget for the state (which controls the girls' funds), pay all bills, handle all the people who want something or other from the Dionnes, and see to all the administrative details connected with running a house, a school, a chapel, and a faculty. Expenses for running the Dionne household run about $30,000 a year. In addition, he must also manage the details of such things as the quints' visit last January to the Winter Carnival in St. Paul, Minn.

I learned that the quintuplets have always been a self-supporting enterprise. Although it is popularly supposed that the Government has paid many of their housing, hospital, and school bills, this is not so. Everything has been paid for out of the earnings of the girls themselves—the house they live in, the hospital, the school, the doctors and nurses, the rest rooms built for the public, even the salaries of the three policemen who used to stand guard. Money for this came from the quints' movie appearances, endorse-

"She says this carburetor looks perfectly okay to her"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BOB BARNES

ments of various products, picture rights, calendar rights, and the like.

In addition, they earned millions for the Province of Ontario by becoming a unique tourist attraction, luring thousands daily from all over the world. In this way they enriched hotel owners, transportation lines, restaurants, and many others. In one year, when interest in the Dionne girls was at its height, it is estimated that they indirectly added $4,000,000 to Ontario's gasoline tax alone.

I learned little of this from Dionne. Most of it I got later on from the Government in Toronto. At the moment I was not so concerned with financial arrangements as I was with seeing the quints, and this seemed to be a diminishing possibility. During that morning with Dionne, there was no sight of either the quints or the other children. I heard people running up and down stairs and other noises all around me, but met no one but Dionne. It was Saturday, and he explained that the quints were helping their mother. There are no servants in the Dionne household, and the quints make their own beds, dust, clean, and help with the cooking.

WHEN it was time to go, Oliva Dionne asked me if I would care to return in the afternoon and meet the quints. We settled on 3 o'clock.

I went back to Callander and had lunch at the Red Line Inn. Len Wookey was sitting there with a knowing smile on his face. "Well, you didn't meet them, did you?" he asked, a note of triumph in his voice.

"No," I admitted, "but I'm going to this afternoon."

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"That's what you think," he said, shaking his head.

At 3 o'clock, when I was admitted to the study again, Mr. Dionne was sitting with a nun. He introduced her as the mother superior of the school, Sister Marie Reine des Coeurs. We talked for an hour. Still I had no sight of the quints.

Sister Marie spoke about the school. It had a strict schedule. The quints got up at 6:30, went to Mass at 7, breakfasted at 8. Then they practiced the piano and prepared their lessons until 9, when classes started. At 10:30 there was a brief recess for physical culture, and then classes were resumed until noon. Dinner took place at that time, followed by a walk, a skate, or (in the summertime) some volley ball.

Afternoon classes started at 1:30, and were largely devoted to commercial subjects. The quints, I learned, were all becoming full-fledged secretaries. At 4, there was another recess, during which the girls were given an apple. From then until 6 they had a study period. After that, they went home for their supper. By 9, they were in bed.

The regime seemed more rigid than that followed by most American or Canadian girls of nearly 18. "They *have* been brought up more severely than other girls," said Sister Marie to me later. "Perhaps that was necessary."

Just as the sun was sinking behind the Ontario hills and I thought another meeting had passed without a view of the quintuplets, Oliva said, "Would you like to meet them now?"

"If you like." I tried to sound casual, but the long buildup had created an inner excitement which made my knees tremble.

We got up and moved into a big room, part dining room, part family study hall. It was painted yellow and there was some handsome French provincial furniture around the walls. But I noticed none of these things at the moment. The only thing I saw was the 5 most famous girls in the world—the only set of girl quintuplets in history known to survive.

THEY were not impressive physically. Short (about 5 feet, 2 inches), they were inclined to plumpness, but their fresh skins made them look prettier than their pictures. They had dark hair, brown eyes, full eyebrows, and very round faces. They were wearing blue jumpers, cotton blouses of a lighter blue, gold crucifixes, cotton stockings, and low-heeled brown oxfords. You might not notice them singly, but together it was like looking into a trick mirror at the circus. There was something startling about seeing 5 girls look so much alike.

Each one in turn said, "How do you do?" in English with the utmost politeness. Only when they smiled, did their whole appearance change. They had even, white teeth, and the effect was infinitely more attractive than when their faces were in repose. Marie, the only one wearing glasses, was practicing typing when I went in. Emilie was setting the table. Annette, Cecile, and Yvonne were studying.

What struck me most was their extreme shyness. Although well-mannered,

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their conversation was limited largely to "yes" and "no." It was only when I broke out my few words of French that they seemed a bit more at ease. Perhaps my own shyness in that language struck a responsive chord and gave them sympathy for me.

I found out quickly that since French is the first language they learned and the one they still speak among themselves, they are timid about speaking English with strangers. They are afraid of making mistakes that will make people laugh.

I TRIED to find out what they planned to do next year.

Marie, everyone agreed, had the voice. Annette was the best pianist. Cecile was interested in becoming a nurse, and Yvonne seemed to be the student. She was particularly good at commercial subjects. There was talk of her becoming her father's secretary. Emilie was more interested in the domestic arts. All intended to carry on their studies further, but, of course, separately in Montreal or some other city.

Nothing was definite, they said, and plans might be completely changed tomorrow. The only thing settled upon with certainty was that they would have nothing to do with any kind of performing or exhibiting, either as an act, a team, or a group of any kind. They had had enough of that.

Not all of this information came from the quints. Some was from Sister Marie, some from Oliva. While we were talking, Mrs. Dionne came in. She was a large, heavy-set woman with slightly graying hair and a tremendous sweetness of expression. Her manner was as modest and retiring as the simple cotton house dress she wore. She looked like a woman who lived entirely for her family, but since she spoke only French, our conversation was limited.

It was easy to see from the quints' expressions that they adored their mother, as well as their father.

They took me on a short tour of the house. I saw the playroom with its two pianos (I counted 6 in the whole house and school, not including the organ in the chapel), the large living room with its huge phonograph with an album of Gershwin on top, the music room with a score of one of Haydn's string quartets open at another piano. All the rooms contained religious objects, pictures, statues, and crucifixes. The house, spacious and comfortable, had been built almost 10 years ago.

Although the quints are extremely shy, especially with strangers, a visitor can, after a few minutes, observe certain character differences. A word here and there, a glance, a sudden gesture reveal contrasts between them. Marie is the "perfect little lady." She sits, prim, proper, and very erect, on the edge of a chair. Yvonne has a certain dreaminess; she seems to be the most interested in drawing and painting. Cecile has dancing eyes, with traces of mischief in them. Annette is the immaculate one. It extends not only to her dress, hair, and general toilet, but to her bedroom (they all share bedrooms with one other member of the family). Emilie is by far the quietest. None of them uses any make-up, except for a trace of lipstick when they go out in public.

They like to go into town to shop, but this is limited to minor items. "Mother buys most of our clothes," said Annette.

They are perhaps less interested in sports than an American girl might be, but this is more part of the tradition of French-Canadian girls than uniquely characteristic of the Dionnes. In the summer they have a lodge on nearby Trout Lake, where they go for week ends. Yvonne admitted they didn't swim well, but said they like to go out in their father's motorboat.

Several of them said they knew how to drive a car, but rarely did it. "Papa says there is too much traffic in summer," said Cecile, "and that it is too slippery in winter." The result was that "Papa" did all the driving. They love animals and used to keep a tame doe in the back yard. The doe is gone now, but the family has two dogs (collies) called "Tomate" and "Banane."

When the tour was finished, Sister Marie asked me if I'd like to see the school. I thought the quints might go too, but they stayed behind.

At the school, which is 100 yards from the house, Sister Marie called in all the other students. Since it was Saturday, some of them had their hair up in curling pins. After all 10 had trooped in, they stood staring at me silently in a semicircle. I suddenly felt like an imported curiosity. For a few brief moments I knew what it must have been like to be a quintuplet. I was relieved when Sister Marie asked me if I would care to see the chapel.

During this tour, I asked the sister something about the quints' social life: They seemed so reticent. Didn't they ever see any boys? Were there no dances with the opposite sex, no movie dates or junkets of any kind? "Their father said there is plenty of time for that," I said, "but if they are normal girls . . ."

Sister Marie thought a moment. "They *are* normal girls, believe me," she said. "I know their father is strict, and it is true that they have never yet had a real date with a boy. But that will come, perhaps next year. They are looking forward to seeing what goes on in the world, I can assure you."

SHE was silent for a while, then she continued, "They suffered a lot in their early years, you see." As we entered the chapel she added with a sigh, "Yes, there's a place for them somewhere in the world. I wonder where it will be."

That was all she said.

When I went back into the house, I met Claude, the last of the Dionnes' 13 children. He was a handsome, lively youngster of 5, given to blowing horns, playing records on the phonograph, and generally making lots of noise. At the moment, he was the only other Dionne child at home. Two were in Montreal: Pauline (recently rumored to be interested in becoming a nun, a rumor which the family denied) was studying art, and Victor was going to a commercial high school. Oliva Jr. was studying in Quebec, and Therese was teaching at nearby Espanola; Ernest was married and lived across the road in the house where the quints (as well as Mr. Dionne) had been born, and Rose, also married, was living in the neighborhood. Daniel was work-

WHY IS IT?

By Roy L. Fox

That the cowboy, after years of this . . .

. . . and this . . .

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ing in Sudbury, 80 miles away, running a diamond drill.

Before I left, I asked if I might come back the next day and go ice-skating with the quints. Mr. Dionne agreed.

When I returned next day it was snowing. This time Mr. Dionne's study held a priest—Father Wells from Callander. He described himself as Oliva's fishing companion.

We talked for a few minutes, and then I asked where the quints were.

"Down by the lake," said Mr. Dionne.

"Shall I go down now?" I inquired. Dionne shrugged. I could if I wished, he said. Then, seeing I had no boots to wear through the snow, he lent me his.

The lake was on the edge of a forest of birch and fir, and it was frozen solid. From a distance, the skaters looked like a colorful Currier and Ives print. And when I got closer I discovered that the group included not only the 5 quints but their 10 schoolmates as well. I was the only male in the crowd!

I put on my skates—the weather was just above zero—and struck out on a wobbly course. If the quints were shy, their schoolmates were not. I had scarcely completed the first round when one of them came up to me and said, "Would you care to skate with me?" She was a pretty blond girl called Pierrette Mayer. After several rounds she sat down. As if by prearrangement, another asked me to skate.

In this way I circled the lake with all the classmates, but not the quints. They seemed much too bashful. Finally, I asked Yvonne if she would skate with me. She nodded her head slowly, and gave me a faint smile. We locked arms and went around the pond. She was not quite as reserved as at home, but could hardly be described as talkative. One had the feeling she was timid of the consequences. I quickly found that unless conversation stuck to generalities, I was apt to get only "Yes" or "No." After Yvonne, I skated with Annette, and eventually with the others.

AFTER a while, we decided to build a snow man. The physical activity of scooping up the snow and trying to mold and pat it into the shape of a human being made for fun and helped melt the ice (in a figurative sense). With so many hands to help, it soon took credible shape—a ridiculous glob of a man, pompous, solid, and without nationality. The quints entered into the sport with alacrity.

The building of the snow man reminded one of the quints of an incident that happened in St. Paul. I pressed them to tell me about it, and although none of them would tell the whole story herself, I finally got it by piecing together tidbits from each of them. It seems that at one point during the carnival ceremonies, 32 snow queens entered the grand ballroom in strapless evening gowns. Young Claude, who had never seen anything like that before, was asked by his mother what he thought of them.

"Oh," he said in French, "they are very pretty. They have nice eyes and nice faces, but they have forgotten to put their dresses on." From the reaction of the girls, it was easy to see that Claude was the darling of the family.

That day the quints were dressed in the special snow costumes they had been given for the St. Paul carnival, costumes that were all white and were set off with white fur hats that made them look like Russian Cossacks. Each one had her name embroidered on the jacket, but somehow they looked different from when I had seen them in the house. I accused them of mixing up their clothes to confuse me. They laughed and said, "No, no!"

The exercise in the cold had made their eyes shine and their cheeks glow. In a tentative way, they seemed to be having a good time. With a little encouragement and a lot more time, I felt they might overcome their shyness. It would not, however, be done in an afternoon. That would be for other afternoons, in other places. And something about the sparkle in their eyes hinted that they were ready for it. . . .

AFTER a while the biting cold of the lake made my toes numb. I had already borrowed a scarf from Marie to tie up my ears, and since there was no way to tie up my toes, I had to retreat to the warmth of the Dionne house.

While I was taking off Mr. Dionne's boots and putting on my shoes, young Claude came in, took my ice skates from me without a word, wiped them off, and put the leather guards back on them. When he'd finished, he brought them back to me and dropped them in my lap. Mr. Dionne smiled proudly. Then Claude ran out of the room. Soon the phonograph was blaring forth the music of *Slowpoke*.

"Claude put it on—by himself!" exclaimed Oliva with the indulgence parents reserve for their youngest.

It was time to go. I put my skates under my arm, shook Mr. Dionne's hand, and said good-by to Mrs. Dionne, who was sitting in a big rocking chair in the next room knitting. She smiled as she said, "Au 'voir, m'sieu," in her quiet way.

I got in the car and drove to Callander. All the way, the words of Sister Marie kept running through my head: "There's a place for them somewhere in the world. . . . I wonder where it will be."

At the Red Line Inn, I got out and ordered a cup of coffee to warm me up. I drank it and was just putting my money on the counter when Wookey came in.

"Well," he said, "you didn't see them, did you?"

"*Of course* I saw them," I replied.

"You *saw* them?" He narrowed his eyes to an unbelieving squint.

"I not only saw them, but I went skating with them."

Wookey—reputed to be the most talkative man in Callander—was speechless. Automatically he picked up the money on the counter, hesitated, then put it down again.

Finally, he pushed it back in my direction. "No," he said, "this one's on the house. You deserve it!"

He was still shaking his head when I left.

THE END ★★

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She Flew Through the Air

(*Continued from page* 22)

people use when they've gone away off to the farthest attic of their minds and have found something they've thought they'd lost or misplaced. "Yes, there was a lady trapezer who did that to me, Charley."

"Who was she?"

"Her name was La Belle Fleur, which is French for lovely flower. But in all my sixty-five years on this earth, I've never seen a blossom, foreign or domestic, that you could place alongside of her and not have it look like a low-down weed. And when she flew through the air, she was the nearest thing that human eyes can ever expect to see to an angel in flight."

JUST then the screen door on our back porch slammed and Mom's voice came looking for us: "Charley! . . . Granpuh! . . . *Supper!*"

I didn't mention what I'd been thinking about the whole day until we were down to our raspberry shortcake, which had been my Dad's favorite dessert. Sometimes, when we had it, I would catch Mom looking at the place where Dad used to sit, and then she would get up quick-like and leave her plate and not come back. She was the prettiest mom in our whole neighborhood and hardly ever nagged or cried; but I guess she often felt sort of little and lost sleeping all alone in the big walnut double bed while Dad was sleeping out at Woodland Cemetery.

"Mom," I said, before she could get to thinking about the shortcake, "Mom, could I get up early tomorrow morning and watch the circus unload?"

"No. You most certainly can't."

"But why not, Mom? What's wrong with it?"

"Everything's wrong with it. You're too young to fool around railroad tracks with nobody to watch you."

"But there'll be somebody with me, Mom!"

"And just who will that be?"

"Well—" I looked at Granpuh. "Well, Granpuh's coming, too. Aren't you, Granpuh?"

"M-m-m-m-m-m?" He looked up from his shortcake. "What say, Charley?"

"Aren't you going to watch the circus unload?"

"Oh, naturally, *naturally!*" Granpuh replied, just as though it'd been the most foolish question ever asked him. "Why, I've already set my alarm clock for four o'clock so's we won't oversleep and miss it!"

"Then it's all right I can go, Mom?"

"Well—" She handed me Granpuh's cup of tea to pass along. "Well, I guess so. If you both promise to watch out for each other. I don't really trust your granpuh any more than I do you."

"Oh, sure, Mom, we'll be careful—and Mom!" This was the most important part. "*Mom—!*"

"What now?

"Can I stay around afterwards and carry water for the elephants and earn my ticket to the show?"

"You can most certainly do nothing of the sort!" Mom put her cup down just as though it was her foot. "Why, I never heard of such a crazy idea in all my born days!"

"Aw, Mom!"

"You are not going to water any elephants, Charley."

"Sarah—" Granpuh carefully wiped his mustache with his napkin. "Sarah, I think you're being unreasonable."

"This is none of your affair, Papa!" Mom's words snapped like a string of Chinese firecrackers without any fizzers. "And you just keep your oar out of it!"

"If I had an oar I'd paddle you with it." Granpuh folded his napkin to fit in its silver ring. "Of course, being a woman, you couldn't know that watering a circus elephant is a part of any boy's education."

"And *you*, being a *man*, can tell me just how I should raise my own child?"

"Well, I can tell you one thing." He raised his voice as Mom started stacking the dishes, slamming each one on top of the other as though she was going to toss them out the window instead of carrying them out to the kitchen. "Dan wasn't the kind of father who'd want his son to be tied to his maw's apron strings."

"You can keep Dan's name out of this!" Mom's face kind of screwed up, the way it always did when she was ready to cry. "You can just not speak about Dan, Papa!"

"I'm not speaking about him but for him." Granpuh looked her square in the eye. "I'm reminding you that Dan once sat right here at this supper table and told all of us how he used to work for his circus ticket in just the same way his own boy now wants to work for his."

"All right! *All right!*" Mom turned to me. "*Go ahead!* Tear right out there tomorrow morning! Ask them to *please* let you run your legs off! Get yourself a good *sunstroke!* Have your granpuh carry you home for me to nurse the whole summer! *Now get up those stairs!*"

"But, Mom—"

"*You heard me!* No son of mine is going to set off at daybreak to wet-down a whole pack of mangy elephants without his full eight-hour sleep beforehand! Now get out of my sight and into bed before I get mad and skin you!" . . .

THAT night seemed to go by just like nothing at all. I remember lying in my bed and listening to the crickets outside the window, hearing the Bakers' old cat trying out his voice in the alley, watching the crocheted pull on the window shade as it was swung slowly back and forth by the warm breath of the summer night.

The crickets suddenly became a circus band; the Bakers' tom was a roaring lion; and the window-shade pull turned into a beautiful trapezer named La Belle Fleur, who swung through the air with such grace and charm that she shook a man to his very gizzard. In fact, she shook me so hard that I woke up. And there I was in my bed, with Granpuh's hand on my shoulder, and it was Circus Day Morning!

When I was into my clothes, Granpuh and I tiptoed down the stairs to keep from waking Mom, but there was Mom in the kitchen with breakfast waiting for us, and no one would ever have known by her face or voice that there'd ever been an argument the night before. She even came out to the front porch with us when we were ready to start off, holding

"I was fibbing about bringing the boss home for dinner. I just felt like having a good meal!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BOB SCHROETER

me against her apron for a moment and kissing me and saying, "Have a good time at your circus, Charley, and mind, now, be real careful."

Granpuh and I could hear the circus long before we could see it, and when, at last, we stepped onto the magic, weed-trampled lot by the railroad tracks my ears were almost deafened by the largest noise I had ever heard.

Everything of animal, vegetable, or mineral and within sight or hidden was a part of it; the shouts and calls of the sweating roustabouts; the hollow rumble of the red-and-gold wagons as they rolled off the flatcars; the neigh and whinny and stomp of work and ring horses; the clang of sledges on iron-bound stakes; the flat-slap of seat boards and stack-clatter of folding chairs; and the grunting, squealing, howling of the menagerie animals. But clear and distinct, over all this tremendous din, I could hear the soft sluff-sluff of elephant feet on the hard-packed earth. *My* elephants—that were going to need buckets and buckets of water! . . .

It was past dinnertime and almost one o'clock before I heard Granpuh come up our front steps. My ears followed the thud of his footsteps through the hall and into the kitchen, where Mom was. "Where's Charley?" he asked. "Charley not home yet, Sarah?"

"He's down cellar," Mom answered. "I've called him half a dozen times but he won't say anything. Been up to some mischief he doesn't want to talk about, most likely."

"You're speaking inferior piffle." Granpuh opened the cellar door. "Charley?" he called. "*Charley, you there?*"

When I didn't say anything, Granpuh came down the three steps to the landing. "Charley I'm talking to you! Are you down here?"

"Yess'r."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Where's 'here'?"

"Back of the furnace."

"Dang Amighty!" Granpuh clumped down the rest of the steps. "What're you doing back there?"

"Sitting."

"What for?"

"'Cause I want to."

"Well, maybe it's got advantages I never even suspected." Granpuh came over and tried to get his head between the furnace pipe and the wall. "What's back there?"

"Nothing."

"Then why in all—? Are you stuck or something?"

"Nos'r."

"Sick to your stomach?"

"Nos'r."

"Well, just at the moment I can't think of any other calamities. Of course, I've read about folks who jumped off a building when they had financial troubles, but I've never heard of anyone who was in such a mess that he ended his career by squatting behind a furnace. Tell me, did you work all morning at the circus lot?"

"Yess'r."

"Carrying water for the elephants?"

"Yess'r."

"Did you pour too much in one and drown him?"

"Nos'r."

"Dang Amighty! Charley Cooper, you know that I can't stand around listening to a pack of foolish yess'rs and nos'rs! Now, you tell me straight out and plain what's happened to you!"

"Well—" There was a lump in my throat and it was hard to squeeze the words around it. "Well, I worked, Granpuh. I worked real hard. Honest, I did. I carried just buckets and buckets and buckets of water. But—but when I went to the man to get my ticket for the show—he—he wouldn't give it to me."

"*He what?*"

"He just laughed at me, Granpuh!"

"*Why, the black-mouthed, scissor-billed buzzard!*" Granpuh was so mad that his voice squeaked. "Charley Cooper, you get out from behind that furnace and go up and wash your face! After that we'll go out to that circus and we'll talk to the man who owns it. Mr. O. C. Howard, himself! Wouldn't give you your ticket, huh? *Well, we'll just see about that!*"

It had turned out to be one of the hottest days we'd had the whole summer. By the time Granpuh and I walked clear out to the circus lot again, Granpuh's face was exactly the same shade of red as the big circus wagons. But he marched straight up to the main entrance, where a man in a gold-braided coat was sorting tickets.

"Mister," announced Granpuh, "if I might have a modicum of your attention, I'd like to inquire the whereabouts of Mr. O. C. Howard. I wish to speak to him."

"Yeah?" The man laughed. "Well, you'll need a lot louder voice than I think you got, Pop. O.C.'s been dead for fifteen years."

"Well, I might have guessed that, after seeing the way his show's being run," said Granpuh. "Who's the manager?"

"His name's Johnson and he hangs out over there in the office wagon. But he won't be there till after the show."

"Then we'll wait for him! . . . Come on, Charley!" Granpuh started around the outside of the big tent. "Let's find us some shade where we can cool off."

We kept on going, circling around tent stakes and climbing over ropes, but the farther we went, the hotter it seemed to get. I was just going to ask Granpuh if he didn't think we'd better forget the whole thing when somebody said, "Are you boys looking for something?"

Granpuh didn't stop, but I turned around and saw it was a lady standing in the doorway of a circus wagon that was all fixed up like a house. I guessed she must be pretty old, because her face was all puckered up with lots of wrinkles.

"You, son!" the lady called. "You with the cane!"

Granpuh wheeled around and stared at her. "Madam, if you're addressing me," he said, "I advise you to see an oculist. I haven't been mistook for 'son' in forty years."

"Pooh," answered the lady. "When you're as old as I am, you'll think anybody under seventy is a bawling in-

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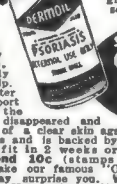

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fant." She pointed a finger at her front steps. "If you both care to sit down and cool off, I've got a pitcher of lemonade."

"Thank you kindly." Granpuh made her a bow. "While my grandson and I are waiting to transact some business, we will be most pleased and grateful to accept your invitation."

It was just about the best lemonade I'd ever tasted and Granpuh and I were down to the bottom of our third glass when the lady said, "Pardon me if my bump of curiosity is showing, but what were you looking for when I lured you to the doorway of my mobile parlor?"

"Well"—Granpuh passed her his glass for a refill—"believe it or not, ma'am, we were searching for justice."

"Oh, you're going to be disappointed, because I'm sure we haven't got that on exhibit. I realize it's a rare animal, but people just won't pay to see it. In fact, in all the years I've been in the business, you're the first one to come along expecting to find justice in a circus."

"Well, I'm kind of funny that way." Granpuh sipped his lemonade. "I also have some funny ideas, like the one that circuses are very important to children—and children are very important to circuses. Another one is that every circus employee has a moral obligation to uphold and protect all the glamour and illusion of a circus, and if, in any way, he betrays his sacred trust and forever spoils the circus for even one child, he should be fed to the lions with a tent pole through his heart!"

"Oh, I think that's much too lenient," said the lady. "I'd spit him on two tent poles and throw him to the hyenas."

"That's perfectly agreeable with me," answered Granpuh. "You have a prime candidate right here on the O. C. Howard Show. He worked my grandson the whole morning, carrying gallons of water to fill up your elephants. Then, when the boy asked for his ticket to the show, the man just laughed at him."

"Oh?" The lady looked at me over her glasses. "Do you happen to know the dastard's name, son?"

"Jughead," I said in a small voice. "I heard somebody call him 'Jughead.'"

"Oh, yes!" The lady nodded her head. "Big fellow with a red face. Perspires like a hippo and thinks like a gnat. And just what," she asked Granpuh, "do you intend to do about all this?"

"Well, ma'am, I had my campaign all figured out. I thought I'd start by punching Mr. O. C. Howard on the nose, and then work right on down the line of lesser proboscides, including the elephants', until I got to Jughead's. But now I've learned that Mr. Howard is no longer with any show, and Manager Johnson, the next candidate, is not immediately available for mayhem. On top of that, the heat and the exercise have sort of wilted my fighting tail-feathers. What I'll probably do is take the boy home and say, 'Piffle on the circus.'"

"I don't really want to see it anyway, Granpuh." I almost meant it, too. "It's probably not much of a circus."

"Well, it wouldn't be as good as the old ones, Charley! Just like I was telling you last evening—the clowns aren't as funny, the animals aren't as fierce, and the girls aren't near as pretty." He turned to the lady: "Ever know La Belle Fleur?"

"La Belle Fleur?" The lady thought for a moment. "Yes. Yes, the name seems to have a familiar sound to it. Bareback rider, wasn't she?"

"Bareback rider nothing!" Granpuh was plain disgusted. "La Belle Fleur was a trapezer!"

"Oh?" The lady shook her head. "Well, I guess she couldn't have been much or I'd have remembered that."

"*Wasn't much?*" I could almost see Granpuh's hair start to rise. "It's very plain to me, ma'am, that you never *saw* La Belle Fleur! *And*, for your information, *she just happened to be the best and most beautiful trapezer there ever was in any circus!*"

"M-m-m-m-m-m," said the lady. "A friend of yours?"

I never even spoke to her," replied Granpuh. "But it was on her account that I got the worst licking I ever had. I was just about Charley's age when they put up a poster of her on our back fence. Every chance I got, I'd just stand there and look at it, wondering if anybody anywhere could really be that pretty. Then, on circus day, I went out and worked, like Charley did today, to get a ticket and see for myself if that poster was anything like La Belle Fleur. And you know something? La Belle Fleur was just ten times prettier!"

"A girl can fool anybody with a lot of paint and powder," said the lady. "Where did the licking come in?"

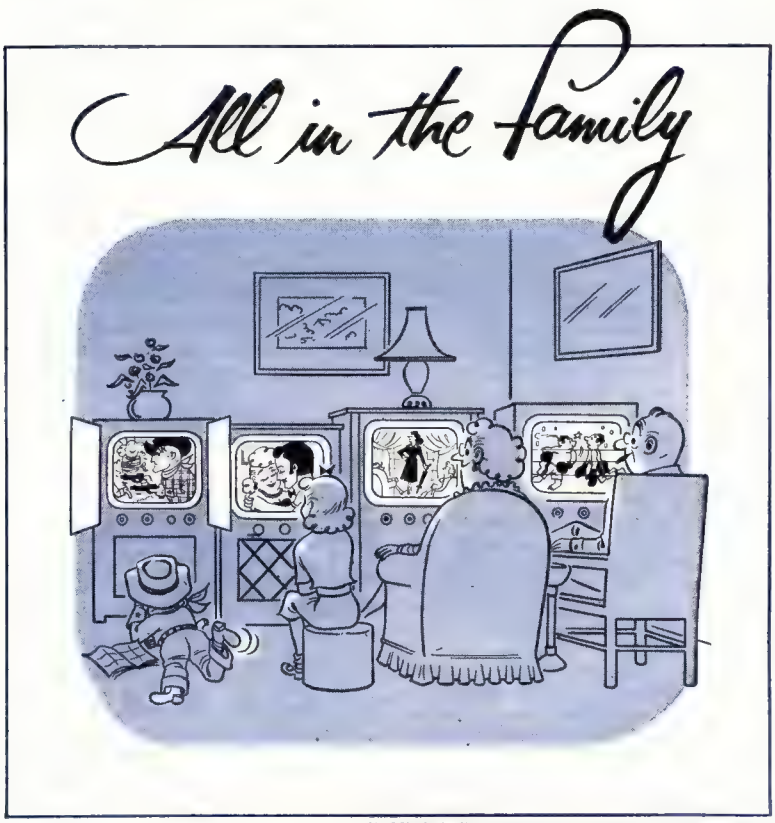
"Well, after the circus had gone, I pulled the poster off the fence and put it on the wall of my room. When my father discovered it he honed me with his razor strap. The bruises on my backside only lasted a few days—but the one that really stayed with me was the one I got when he pulled down my poster of La Belle Fleur and burned it. Well, that was a long time ago. Come on, Charley, say 'Thank you' to the lady and let's get along home."

"Before you go"—the lady reached inside the door and brought out a book and pencil—"I'd like you to put your name and address in my visitors' book. In winter quarters it's nice to look over and remember the places I've been and the people I've met and liked."

So Granpuh wrote in the book, and then I took off my cap, the way Mom always told me to do, and said, "Very much obliged for the lemonade, ma'am."

That night, after I'd helped Mom by drying the dishes, I went up to my room, because I didn't want to go out and see the rest of the kids. I knew that most of them must have gone to the circus that afternoon, and I didn't think I could stand to hear anybody say that it was the very best circus he'd ever seen in his whole life and it certainly was a doggone shame that I'd missed it.

I was just lying on my bed, thinking about what a bad day it had been, when off somewhere in the distance I heard a circus band. I guess the kids must have



AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BILL GRAY

heard it, too, because Skinny Allen stopped right in the middle of yelling, "Allee-allee-out's-in-free."

I got up and leaned out of my window, trying to see where music like that might be coming from. And pretty soon, down at the corner, I saw a circus wagon turn into our street and start down our way.

By the time it got past the Putnams' house, I could tell that it was the biggest wagon with the circus—the Clown Band Wagon, pulled by the six fat white horses with the braided manes and tails. And every last clown who was riding on top was blowing his horn or beating his drum as though he wanted to make more music than he'd ever made before!

The wagon came to a stop with a squeal of brakes right square in front of our house. Then the red-coated driver jumped down from his high seat and headed up our front walk. He was moving plenty fast, but I was standing on the landing in the ten seconds that it must have taken him to reach our front door and put his finger on our bell.

GRANPUH opened it, and right away I could see, even though he'd disguised himself by combing his hair and scrubbing his face, that the man standing on our porch was Jughead.

"Well," asked Granpuh, "what's on your mind?"

Jughead made us a bow so low that his head nearly touched his knees. Then, almost as though somebody had put a phonograph record in his head and wound him up, he started to play in a foghorn voice:

"Dear an' honort friends, I have come here to ast your forgiveness for my sinful conduck of this mornin'—an' to beg you to holt no hard feelin's in your kint hearts for one who hain't—hasn't—used the little brains that was give him."

"Well, I guess we could think about it." Granpuh looked at me. "Couldn't we, Charley?"

"Yess'r."

"Furthermore—" Jughead took a deep breath, "I beg that you an' your sweet grantson will be the honort guests of the O. C. Howard Circus. If you will assept, you can have your choice of two performances: the reg'lar night show, or you kin watch me bein' fed to the lions wit a tent pole stuck through me like a knittin' needle."

"That's a hard choice to make," Granpuh shook his head. "Which would you rather see, Charley?"

"I'd like to see the circus, Granpuh!"

Jughead beamed on me as though I'd just handed him a trillion dollars cash money. "Sonny, I knowed you was a pal! Your coach an' six, wit twelve clowns for footmen, awaits wit'out. An' I will deem it a great priv'lege to drive you an' your granpa to your destitation."

"Very well, my good man," said Granpuh. "We'll be ready in a jiffy."

"Just take your own sweet time." Jughead started to back away, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "Crimey!" he muttered. "If I'd forgot, I'd a-got skun!" He took a step forward and offered Granpuh a letter and a roll of paper that he'd been holding all the while we'd been talking. "I was tolt to be sure I give you these here."

"Much obliged," Granpuh said. "Now, wait for us at the curb and keep the band playing, my good man."

Jughead made us another jackknife bow and then marched off down our front walk. I watched him go, half expecting to see him, the Clown Band Wagon, the six fat white horses, and the whole crowd of kids and neighbors on the sidewalk all fade away or just go up in smoke—because what *was* happening never really *could* happen to *anybody* except in a storybook or a dream!

"Well, Dang Amighty!" Granpuh said, sort of low and to himself. I turned around and saw that he had lighted the gas lamp and was reading the letter.

"What's it say, Granpuh?" I asked, and after a moment he cleared his throat and started in to read it to me:

"'Dear Mr. Corbey: I hope that all this will restore your grandson's faith in the magic and the glamour of the circus. It is, indeed, a very small gesture for me to make in repayment for all the memories that your visit this afternoon brought back to a very old lady, and for the sudden and shameful pride that filled her heart when you so gallantly defended a young trapezer named La Belle Fleur. You see, a very long time ago, I was La Belle Fleur. Then I married Mr. Howard, and now I own the circus.'"

"Golly!" I said. And then I tried to imagine the lady who had poured our lemonade flying through the air the way Granpuh had said, but somehow I just couldn't. "What's the roll of paper, Granpuh?"

"'P.S.'" he read. "'You told me this afternoon that you once prized a poster of that young trapezer. They used to be seen on every billboard and fence, but now only this one is left. I shall be very proud and most happy to know that it is in the possession of such an able champion.'"

THEN Granpuh unrolled the poster and held it up. At the top, in big letters, it said, "LA BELLE FLEUR," and down underneath was her picture.

Granpuh and I just stood there and looked at it, not saying a word.

And you know something?

Granpuh hadn't been talking through his hat at all. Every last word he'd ever said about La Belle Fleur was as true and as right as rain.

She just shook a man right down to his very gizzard.

THE END ★★

. . . Everything But Money!

(*Continued from page* 45)

berries to passers-by for 50 cents a quart.

To keep nine mouths fed, the Parkers have to keep on the lookout for bargains like that, and they are amazingly proficient at it. Eileen has cultivated the friendship of a man who operates a vegetable market on nearby U. S. Highway No. 9, and he tips her off when he has an especially good buy. In this way she is often able to snap up a bushel of carrots or a basket of ripe tomatoes or a bushel of apples for as little as 50 cents.

Then, once or twice a month, the Parkers tool their big car in to the city market in Boston and go exploring for bargains. They make these expeditions on Saturday night, arriving at the market just half an hour before the produce dealers are required to close for the week end. At that time most dealers are eager to get rid of perishable stock at almost any price, and the adventurous Parkers pounce on some astonishing bargains—sometimes mammoth bunches of bananas for a few cents a pound, butter beans for 75 cents a bushel, or fine cabbages for a nickel a head.

They buy in large quantities whatever is inexpensive and good, and govern their eating habits accordingly. One day, while I was with them, the Parker children rushed into the kitchen on their return from school, and came out, one at a time, like so many rabbits, each munching a big carrot. But the next day they did their between-meal snacking on bananas, and the next day on tomatoes. The whole family keeps in rosy health the year round by eating fruits and vegetables, which are abundant and cheap.

Providing meat for the family is more of a problem, but the Parkers don't let that give them any gray hairs, either. Since the six older children get hot meat meals at school every day for only 25 cents each, Eileen isn't too concerned about providing them with meat at night. She often feeds them eggs, cheese, or spaghetti instead, and also relies heavily on chicken soup. She knows a butcher who will sell her six pounds of fine chicken necks and backs for only 90 cents, and from these she can make two servings of tasty and nourishing soup for the whole family.

Steak and roast beef appear on the Parkers' table so seldom that they hardly know what each tastes like, but they often have ham or roast pork on Sunday and, when they feel like splurging—which is quite often—go in for a big turkey. For Christmas dinner, always a tremendous feast for them, they also have champagne, but they don't use alcoholic beverages at other times.

The Parkers haven't got the foggiest idea how much they spend annually for food, they told me, because their expenditures vary, depending on what bargains are available and how much they have to spend. Some weeks they dole out as much as $40 for food, but others no more than $10. But they always have loads of good things to eat and don't know the meaning of hunger.

They are also invariably well dressed. One Sunday morning when I accompanied them to church, I marveled at the style with which the whole family was

turned out. The Parkers are active members of a small Church of Christ, a Protestant denomination which is strong in the South but not often encountered in New England, and the family presented a very smart picture as they sat together in their accustomed seats during the service. The children were garbed in bright spring togs, George wore a suit of fashionable Oxford gray, and I was especially impressed by Eileen's hat.

It was a fetching little creation with a black veil and perky feather and, while I don't pretend to be an expert on such matters, it looked to me as though it might have come right out of some chic shop on Fifth Avenue or the Rue Cambon.

"Guess what I paid for it?" Eileen asked.

It was impossible for me to guess, so she told me. The hat had cost her just 25 cents at a Salvation Army sale, she said, and she had picked up three others just as pretty, at the same price.

I was flabbergasted, but no more so than when I learned of some of the other bargains which the Parkers get in wearing apparel.

Eileen watches the sales, and buys clothes at the end of each season instead of the beginning. In this way she is often able to buy garments at half their original cost.

She has taught the children to take good care of their things, moreover, and they pass them along to younger members of the family as they outgrow them. Little Susie is now wearing lovely jackets and sweaters which previously were worn by Joyce, Gloria, Beverly, and Judy in turn.

Eileen has still another way of beating the high cost of clothing. That is by going to work for a few weeks a year as a part-time saleswoman in a store where she can buy garments at a discount. She usually takes a job around Christmas, to help defray the holiday bills, which used to keep the Parkers in debt all year, but once the family's wardrobes are replenished and the end of the bills is in sight, she promptly resigns.

By the same kind of nab-a-good-thing-when-you-see-it methods they use in obtaining food and clothing, the Parkers procure for themselves all kinds of household possessions and luxuries which many wealthier families consider beyond their means.

When they first moved into their present home, for example, they badly needed a fence or wall to keep the younger children from running out into the heavily traveled street during the excitement of family baseball games. They were broke, as usual, and couldn't afford to buy fencing material, but when a chance to get some for nothing came their way they were quick to grab it.

The street in front of their house was graded, prior to resurfacing, and during the process a large number of field stones were plowed up. Quite excited, but maintaining a nonchalant front, George Parker had a talk with the contractor. Would he mind, he asked, if his kids picked up some of those old stones which only got in the way of the grading machinery?

The contractor said no, he wouldn't mind, and the whole Parker clan went after the stones as though they were nuggets of gold. With wheelbarrows, toy wagons, baby carriages, and even a doll buggy, they carted the rocks into their yard, and now have a fine stone wall, 150 feet long, which would have cost them hundreds of dollars if they had had it built.

The Parkers still haven't been able to afford cement to stick the rocks together, but they'll get around to that in due course. Much of their success is due to the fact that they don't try to do everything at once.

Take the matter of painting, for instance. To have their big frame house painted by professionals would cost them approximately $1,000 every few years—which they couldn't afford—but they get around the problem very neatly by painting a portion of the house themselves each spring. They watch the paint market and, when they see a good bargain, buy five gallons. They paint until the five gallons are gone, then stop till next year. They see no reason why a house has to be completely painted all at once and, by this unusual procedure, have managed to get their house almost completely redecorated in four years without feeling financial strain.

It was by an equally novel approach to home economics, I found, that the Parkers got their yard beautifully landscaped without spending a cent. At the time they bought their home the yard was in terrible shape, overgrown with weeds and briers, but they were mortgaged to the hilt and couldn't see any way of raising $600, which they were told would be needed to landscape it.

Consequently, they had to think of some way of doing it without money. George, who is an inveterate swapper of motor vehicles, owned a tractor at that time with which he made a few dollars doing odd jobs. He learned that one of the local landscape gardeners was going to build a new home and, quick as a cat, offered to dig the cellar with his tractor if the landscape man would beautify his yard. The deal was consummated and the Parkers now have a beautiful lawn planted with many expensive trees and shrubs.

They have made it even more beautiful with a lovely lilac garden which, again, cost them nothing but a bit of ingenuity. In driving along his bus route one spring, George made mental note of suburban homes and farms where especially fine lilacs were in bloom. He returned to them later in his car, politely asked for and was given a slip of each variety, and planted them in his yard. The Parkers' lilac patch is now one of the most variegated and interesting in the whole community.

Perhaps the best example of how the Parkers get everything they want without

"Next time I get married it won't be for love!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MARY GIBSON

money, or with very little of it, is provided by the way in which they obtained their fine house and the many things inside of it. But, to explain that, it is first necessary to go back a few years to the family's beginnings.

George and Eileen were childhood sweethearts in Cambridge, Mass., which is the thickly populated section of greater Boston where Harvard University is located. Neither George nor Eileen went to college, but they lived across the street from each other and attended the same high school when he was a senior and she was a freshman. George likes to say that Eileen carried his books to school for him, and she did on some occasions, for he was Bullet Parker in those days and, sprinting back and forth from school to keep in training, didn't like to be burdened with books. He also permitted her to hold his sweater for him during athletic contests and, since he was a school hero, she was very proud of the honor.

They don't remember just when it was that they first fell in love, but not long after graduation, when George was 22 and Eileen 18, they decided to get married. That was in 1935, in the depth of the depression, and George was working as delivery boy for a bakeshop at $12 a week. He had managed to save $100, however, and grandly asked Eileen if she would prefer him to invest it in an engagement ring or in furniture.

Eileen said she guessed they had better spend it on furniture, but has regretted her decision ever since. If she had it to do over again, she told me, she would certainly take the ring and not be so disgustingly practical.

THEY bought a day bed and kitchen set, and moved into a $20-a-month flat in Cambridge, where they found they could just struggle along on George's income. But he was ambitious for better things. His father had given him a broken-down small car and he traded it for an equally decrepit truck. He mounted a 275-gallon tank on the truck and decided to go into the oil and ice business. If he could earn $12 a week working for somebody else, he figured, he could make as much working for himself.

George sold fuel oil and ice to tenement dwellers in Cambridge and was quite successful at first. He brought home $28 the first week, and that was so much money that he and Eileen hardly knew what to do with it. On Sundays, they made pleasure jaunts in the truck, and when New Year's Eve came around got dressed up and went to a swanky night club in it. They still laugh when they tell about the expression which appeared on the haughty doorman's face when he helped them alight from the vehicle.

They actually managed to save a bit of money while George was in the oil and ice business, but in the end it didn't work out. He says that was because he just wasn't a good businessman. A lot of his customers were very poor people and he couldn't bear to ask them to pay their bills. He sometimes felt so sorry for them, in fact, that he gave them money and food instead of trying to collect. Finally, when $800 in uncollectible bills were owing him, he decided to get out of business and hunt a job.

He found one as a milkman, sold his truck, and, unbeknownst to Eileen, bought a secondhand motorcycle. He was afraid she wouldn't approve, so he kept the motorcycle next door and pretended he was trying it out for a friend. When Eileen learned what he had done she was so furious she wouldn't speak to him for two days, but he finally persuaded her to get on the motorcycle behind him and go for a spin. One ride sold her on it completely. She held on for dear life, closed her eyes, and experienced pure bliss as they roared through the streets of Cambridge.

AFTER that they went everywhere on the motorcycle and had the times of their lives. Often they would stay away overnight, sleeping by the side of a country road, and even when it was bitterly cold they found they could keep warm on the bike by stuffing newspapers under their clothes. The babies started coming along about that time, however, first Joyce and then Bob and Gloria, and they reluctantly decided to swap the motorcycle for an old car, which they later traded for another used car.

In those cars, as in all the many vehicles they have owned—none of which ever cost them as much as $500—the Parkers had wonderful times. Once they drove to the Maine woods, where George ran a race with a fox and almost caught it, and another time went to Niagara Falls. They returned home with their car bedecked with gay posters and souvenirs of all kinds, but without a cent in their pockets, and it was a lucky thing their home was located at the bottom of a hill. They had to coast the last few blocks because they were completely out of gas.

But straitened circumstances didn't keep them from acquiring a house. One Sunday, Eileen saw a 6-room Dutch-Colonial advertised in Natick, Mass., which adjoins Cochituate, and they drove out to look at it. The house was in frightful condition. There was a big hole in the roof, the plaster had fallen in many places, and the floors were encrusted with grime. But it could be had for $3,500, with a down payment of only $500.

George didn't see how they could swing such a big deal, but Eileen said she would raise chickens to make up any deficiency between income and outgo, and they gaily signed on the dotted line. By borrowing on all sides, they were able to scrape together the $500 down payment. Thus they became suburbanites.

The Parkers soon fixed up the house and made it livable, but they had difficulty holding on to it. That was because George didn't do so well as a milkman—again he had trouble collecting bills—and Eileen's chickens all froze to death during a sudden cold snap while they were away from home. Once they had to move out of the house and rent it temporarily, and on another occasion they had to increase the mortgage on it to pay their bills.

But the Parkers didn't let the mortgages worry them; they kept right on having one fine baby after another, and eventually better breaks came their way. After working for a time as caretaker of a skiing lodge and holding a job in an ammunition plant, George had an inspiration and applied for work with the Boston & Worcester Lines, a company which operates busses between the two cities. He had always thought he would like to be a bus driver, but figured it would be impossible to get such a job.

The personnel man in charge of hiring discouraged him at first. "There are two thousand job applicants ahead of you on our waiting list," he said.

"Okay," George replied with a cheery grin. "Will you make me number two thousand and one?"

THE personnel man must have liked his grin, for he changed his tune. "How soon could you come to work?" he asked.

That was in 1943, and George has been with the company ever since. He likes his work so much that he sings on the job every day, as I have said, and upon his suggestion the B & W Lines have published a small songbook titled *Sing While You Ride*, which they issue to passengers on their special busses—those which carry groups on outings, picnics, and the like.

In 1946, the Parkers received another break. Owing to the spectacular rise in real-estate prices which took place during and right after the war, they were able to sell their Natick home for $9,500, and they immediately used the money they got out of the transaction to make a down payment on the Cochituate mansion they now occupy, which they got for $13,800.

That was a downright steal, considering the size of the house. Built around 1900 and formerly occupied by a prominent doctor, it contains, in addition to the kitchen, dining room, and living room, six commodious bedrooms, two sleeping porches, two bathrooms, a laundry, and a tremendous basement. The Parkers were able to get it for the price they did only because it is on a street zoned for business. But they don't con-

EDITOR'S MEMO

Each month THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE brings you the complete story of an outstanding American family. By "outstanding" we do *not* mean a family of wealth, or social position, or political importance, but rather a well-integrated group of parents and children who have made a significant contribution to family and community life.

If you know of such a family write and tell us about it in not more than 500 words. If we decide that it rates in achievement as an American Family of the Month, we will pay $50 for your contribution. Address Family of the Month, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. No letters can be acknowledged or returned.

sider that a disadvantage. In fact, they think they might want to turn the house into a tourist hotel or tearoom some day when the kids are old enough to serve as bellhops and waitresses.

When they moved into the house, with a comparatively few sticks of furniture, the Parkers decided it would be crazy for them to attempt to furnish it in elegant style, because the children would beat up nice furniture, but they determined to acquire every modern, labor-saving appliance they could lay hands on and to make the kitchen the last word in convenience, because that would be the room which would be most used and lived in.

They were stone-broke at the time but, as usual, that did not keep them from getting what they wanted. One Saturday morning, while George was at work, Eileen and the kids impulsively seized axes, crowbars, hammers, and chisels, and started ripping down a wall of the pantry which stood in the way of the kind of dream kitchen they wanted. When George came home that night, the place looked as though an atom bomb had struck it, but when Eileen explained what was going on he immediately caught her enthusiasm and they stayed up half the night planning and scheming.

First of all, George sold his tractor (the yard had been landscaped by then and he didn't need it any more) to get some cash to buy a new stove and refrigerator. Next, he made a deal with a local carpenter. In exchange for an old sink, the carpenter installed some new windows in the kitchen and did other building which the Parkers weren't able to do themselves. They then bought a new washing machine and dishwasher on installment payments, one at a time, and through a stroke of luck were able to get a practically new ironer for $50 from a rich woman who was breaking up housekeeping.

As they could afford it, they gradually put up new cabinets, painted, papered, and linoleumed, and they now have a truly magnificent kitchen. They still owe a few installments on the dishwasher but that doesn't bother them. Just as soon as it is paid for, they intend to plunge into debt again by buying a large freezer.

The rest of the Parker home is somewhat sparsely furnished and the magnificent hardwood floors are scantily carpeted, but they have a television set, which they also bought on easy payments, a $300 combination radio and record player which they picked up secondhand for $10, and an encyclopedia which Eileen got for nothing by winning a word contest.

The radio-record player, incidentally, also serves as a container for Eileen's barber tools. By cutting George's, Bob's, and Ronnie's hair, and by giving herself and the girls permanent waves at home, she saves well over $100 a year which otherwise would go to barbers and beauticians.

Through co-operative family enterprises the Parkers keep their big house spotless and neat. Each child is held responsible for tidying up his own room every morning, and on Saturdays the whole family pitches in and gives the house a thorough cleaning. Joyce, Gloria, and Beverly do the cooking when their mother is not at home, and Bob runs errands on his bike.

The older children also help to earn their keep by doing odd jobs outside the family. Joyce often works part time at a nursery school. Bob earns money cutting lawns in the summer and shoveling sidewalks in snowy weather. Gloria and Beverly get their school lunches free by washing dishes in the school cafeteria.

Even Rascal, the little dog, which the kids describe as a "strooch" because his father was a stray and his mother a pooch, has his responsibilities. The Parkers don't need him as a watchdog, because they're not afraid of burglars and don't even own a key to their house, but at night they post him on duty in the cellar and he notifies them if anything goes wrong with the furnace.

In the recreation field, the Parker family manage to get along just as beautifully without money as in other spheres. They live only five minutes' walk from a beautiful lake, formerly part of Boston's reservoir system, where the children swim in the summer and go ice-skating in winter without spending a cent. George has also arranged it so they can see movies for free. Each summer he takes a part-time job as an usher in a nearby drive-in theater, and it is one of the prerogatives of his job that he can take his family with him when he goes to work. While he does his ushering, Eileen and the kids loll back in the rich upholstery of their limousine and see the picture.

George and Eileen, who are avid admirers of the Boston Braves, also attend many big-league ball games without putting out a penny. They work it this way: During the baseball season, George is frequently assigned to drive special busses filled with fans to Braves Field. In the capacity of bus driver he gets in free and, on Ladies' Days, when women are not charged admission, Eileen meets him inside the park. For nothing at all they have just as much fun as fans who spend fat sums for box seats.

The future doesn't worry the Parkers any more than the present. "As long as we keep our health," George told me, "we figure we're all set. Nothing very bad can happen to anybody in this country any more, what with Social Security and pension plans and health insurance and all the rest of it. Why worry?"

The Parker family have always been extremely fortunate in that all of the members have always been healthy. They have never incurred large medical expenses. But even if illness should strike, they are financially protected to a large extent with hospital and medical insurance.

The Parkers realize they probably won't be able to put their big brood of youngsters through college, but they think that if the kids want higher educations badly enough they will be willing to work for them. In their opinion a lot of parents make a mistake in trying to force their children into high-brow careers they're not suited for. If their kids grow up to be good bus drivers and housewives they'll be just as proud of them, they told me, as if they attain distinguished positions in life.

One of the immediate goals of the Parkers is to acquire a baby grand piano. But they would like even more to have another grand baby—or perhaps two of them. Now that Susie is 4, they miss not having a really young person in the house, and Eileen feels a hunger in her heart every time she sees a small baby. If she and George can only have one or two more she thinks she'll be satisfied to wait until the grandchildren start coming along.

Looking even farther ahead, the Parkers aren't sure what they will do when all their children are grown and the time comes for them to retire, but they told me they might get another motorcycle and go gypsying over the country in it. Whether or not they have any money in their sunset years, they know they can have fun on a motorcycle.

THE END★★

Your Hospital Bill

(*Continued from page* 25)

in their private and semi-private rooms.

Nevertheless, an increasing number of institutions have slipped, under the pressure of inflation, into such practices, until a great many people have come to believe that our nonprofit hospital system is being corrupted.

Private patients are not alone in protesting. The heads of local nonprofit organizations that provide hospital service to members, as well as insurance companies specializing in medical and hospitalization plans, are voicing complaints. They are protesting against being made to foot not only the bills of their own policyholders and subscribers, but the deficits the hospitals incur in caring for the medically indigent. Typical is Louis H. Pink, chairman of the board of New York's Associated Hospital Service, largest of the Blue Cross plans.

"The loss incurred by the voluntary hospitals of New York City, because the city does not adequately compensate them for care of indigent patients," he said, "is shifted to us and is reflected in our rates. This cost of caring for the indigent is also shared by private patients not covered. This is one of the most unfair situations in the hospital field today. There is no reason why private hospital patients should be compelled to contribute substantially, and without their knowledge and consent, to the cost of charitable work performed by the hospitals."

In Chicago, Dr. Paul R. Hawley, director of the American College of Surgeons, declared that the day may come when medical and hospitalization plans will be "too expensive for poor people."

"When that day comes," he said, "there will be compulsory health insurance."

The people of this country do not want government medicine, or medicine controlled by the Federal Government, according to Mr. Pink. But the argument that in no other way can all of the people receive comprehensive protection cannot, in his opinion, be overcome "unless the hospital and medical plans continue to make rapid strides in providing that broad protection which the people want."

STUDENTS of the problem freely predict that unless hospitals everywhere speedily establish and enforce an effective common code of sound business practice, hospital trustees may find it increasingly difficult to raise, from the public, the funds needed to expand facilities and improve service.

"There is a fairly widespread impression that hospitals have changed from philanthropic institutions to hard-boiled, commercially minded business organizations which charge all the traffic will bear," Dr. John W. Cline, president of the American Medical Association, recently warned the nation's hospitals. "The public will no more tolerate what it considers dollar-conscious money grabbing on the part of the hospital than it will exorbitant fees on the part of the physician."

How vast hospital bills have become is pointed out by Frank G. Dickinson, Director of the Bureau of Medical Economic Research of the American Medical Association. Physicians' fees, Dr. Dickinson declares, rose by barely 40 per cent between 1940 and 1950. But in the same 10-year period, hospital rates skyrocketed. Today, they stand two and a half times as high as they did 10 years ago. And the hospitals' share has jumped from 14 cents to 23 cents out of every dollar spent in the U. S. on drugs and medical care.

Hospital directors naturally don't like to talk about such subjects except behind closed doors. Few have so frankly let the cat out of the bag as did Dr. Lucius R. Wilson, director of Philadelphia's Episcopal Hospital. He declared, "It has been the long-standing custom of hospitals to increase charges for auxiliary services and keep room charges at a low figure, so the daily rate, when quoted, will not *seem* exorbitant to the patients." To the layman this means: keep room charges from shooting through the roof by making higher and higher charges for such extras as X rays, operating rooms, drugs, anesthesia, and blood transfusions.

You can get an idea of what happens when this custom is followed from a recent report of charges for appendectomies at Herrick Hospital in Berkeley, Calif. Semi-private room charges there in 1941 averaged $6.30 per day. By 1948, they had been increased to an average of $12.50—almost 100 per cent. But meanwhile, the daily cost of extras had jumped by more than 400 per cent: from $4.13 a day in 1941 to $18.10 a day in 1948.

Thus the postwar patient entering this hospital thought that he would have to pay only twice the prewar price, but discovered on leaving that his daily bills ran nearly three times as high. Instead of paying $12.50 a day, the quoted rate for a semi-private accommodation, he paid up to $30.60 for every day he spent in the hospital.

This hospital is not alone. A recent check of the charges of four leading Boston hospitals showed that their semi-private room rates averaged $12.62 per day. But extras ran the bills up to an average of $19.16 for every 24 hours. The actual cost of hospitalization turned out to be more than 50 per cent higher than the quoted room charges had led most patients to anticipate.

How remunerative these so-called auxiliary services can become was disclosed by a recent survey in Detroit. Studying both large and small hospitals in that area, S. S. Goosen, the administrative director of the North Detroit General Hospital, reported that pathological laboratories represented only 2½ per cent of hospital expenses but produced more than 8 per cent of hospital income.

Even more remunerative to Detroit's hospitals are the charges they make for medicines. Administrator Goosen's survey found that the average hospital incurred 3.5 per cent of its expenses in the purchasing, preparing, and administering of medicines. But these same hospitals, on the average, collected 10.7 per cent of their income from billing the cost of these medicines to paying patients.

At a recent convention of the American Hospital Association in St. Louis, I asked 20 hospital administrators, from institutions all over the country, to tell me the charge they make for the injection of a 100,000-unit dose of penicillin. Their figures ranged from a low of $1 to a high of $2.85. The average charge was $1.75.

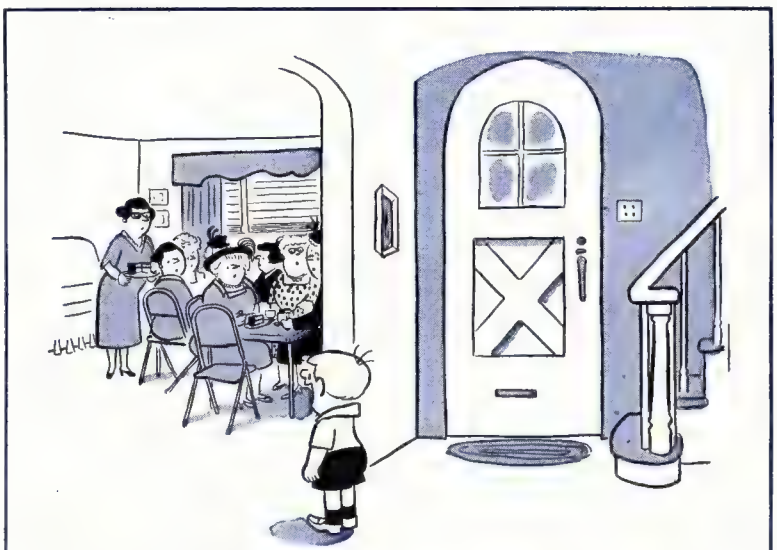
Yet hospitals can purchase their penicillin at a cost of only 22 cents for such a dose, according to Warren W. Irwin, purchasing agent for the University of Rochester's Strong Memorial Hospital.

The cost of preparing and administering such a dose (including nurses' time, sterilizing, cost of needle and syringe, and the labor of supply-room personnel and orderlies) amounts to less than 3 cents per injection, according to a carefully detailed study made by Dr. Robert R. Cadmus, assistant director of the University Hospitals of Cleveland. Together, the cost of the drug and cost of administering it to the patient thus total barely 25 cents a dose. Yet the lowest charge made by any of the hospitals, whose administrators I interviewed, was 4 times as high and indicated a 300 per cent profit. The average charge indicated a 600 per cent profit. The top fee in one hospital involved a markup of more than 1,000 per cent.

Overcharges made for medicines and other extras raise the fundamental question of whether hospitals have a right to make a profit on one service in an effort to cover deficits incurred in others. It would be more businesslike if hospitals tried to put each service they render on a self-sustaining basis.

THE idea of making the hospital pharmacy pay part of the over-all deficit took hold with the advent of penicillin and the other so-called "miracle drugs." Because of the wide publicity given these life-saving medicines, hospitals learned they could bill their patients extra for them—and many hospitals have neglected to reduce their prices on these drugs even though pharmaceutical manufacturers now sell them at a fraction of their original cost.

In vivid contrast is the practice of the 250-bed Hackensack, N. J., Hospital. There, the 100,000-unit dose of penicillin costs the patient only 35 cents. A 250-milligram dose of aureomycin, for which some hospitals charge as much as $2.50,



"The icing won't make me fat!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY STAN FINE

costs the patient at Hackensack only 50 cents. Any simple medications such as aspirin, cough syrups, and ointments—routinely billed to patients at many hospitals—are provided at Hackensack, whenever needed, without any charge.

Some hospitals have not hesitated to extract profit from lifesaving human blood. The standard practice is to charge $25 per pint for the blood itself. When professional donors sell their blood to a hospital or commercial blood bank, the current price is $5 per pint. Most hospitals permit their patients' relatives to contribute a replacement in lieu of the $25 charge. But a survey by the American Medical Association has revealed that one out of every 5 hospitals operating a blood bank demands *two* pints from relatives for every pint given, without a blood charge, to the paying patient. Ultimately these extra pints are sold to patients unable to secure a blood-donor relative.

But the per-pint charge is not the only one made for a blood transfusion. There is also a service charge, supposed to cover the cost of drawing, processing, and administering the transfusion. The Blood Bank Commission of the California Medical Society has determined that the actual cost of servicing a pint of blood ranges from a low of $6.50 to a top of $7.50.

The American Medical Association study of hospital blood banks, however, revealed the "usual" hospital service charge to be $10 a pint. And in a number of hospitals whose bills I have checked, this service charge jumps from $10 in wards to $15 per pint whenever blood is needed for a patient who occupies a private room. In such instances, the hospital nets a gain of between 100 and 130 per cent.

Similar profits are being made by other hospitals on their X-ray departments. The administrator of one medium-sized hospital in the Chicago area, proudly displaying the gleaming new machines with which he had just re-equipped his radiology labs, boasted to me, "We net 50 per cent on our X rays; more than $50,000 a year."

Hospital administrators have an explanation for those who pile charges on paying patients. Ward beds, they point out, are predominately occupied by patients who do not pay their own bills. The state, county, and city welfare agencies and the private charities which foot the bills for free patients have been most reluctant to pay increased rates in line with the rising curve of costs. Thus, over the country, according to the American Hospital Association, hospitals have actually been losing an average of $4.15 a day for every indigent patient on their books.

Yet many hospital trustees have been timorous in fighting the battle with the welfare and government agencies. In the old days when direct charity paid the expenses of treating the poor, it was largely these same people serving as trustees who raised the money, often from their own pockets, to meet hospital deficits.

For many years, however, such large-scale private donations have been drying up under the pressure of rising taxes. And states and cities have been obliged to recognize—in principle—their obligation to meet the burden of the medical care for the poor.

The duty which local government has recognized, *in principle*, however, has seldom been fulfilled in fact. And many hospital trustees, still thinking in terms of old-fashioned private charity, have been reluctant to tangle with the politicians. Instead, they have found it far easier to shift more and more of the burden of charity upon the paying patients who occupy the private and semi-private rooms. Flat on his back, the patient cannot demand to examine the hospital's books, as can a welfare commissioner. Instead, he finds himself an involuntary and unacknowledged contributor to charity, without even the privilege of taking an income-tax deduction on his gift.

The vast majority of paying patients today are from middle-income families. Usually they can meet the costs of illness only because, over the years, they have paid for hospital insurance. By foresight and self-denial they have kept themselves off the charity rolls. Who can blame them for indignation when they find such foresight penalized through runaway hospital charges that tax them to relieve others of a charity burden?

Patients I have interviewed complain that their hospitals have reduced nursing service despite increased room rates.

In some hospitals this cutback in service arises from a real nurse shortage, made all the more acute by the reduction in nurses' hours of work and the change-over from two shifts to three. But at least one superintendent of a large Midwestern hospital had a different explanation: "Our nurses won a wage increase and shorter hours, just after we made a $3, across-the-board rate increase for patients. We couldn't pass on the extra cost, on top of that. So we just cut the nursing staff in the private wing and put the surplus nurses on as private-duty workers. Now, when our patients want service, they hire the same nurses that used to come with the room. But they have to pay them out of their own pockets."

Wealthier patients are merely hit in their checkbooks by this device. They pay each nurse $12 to $15 a day, above the inflated room rate, for service that used to come with the room. But the less affluent, and particularly those who rely on insurance to keep them out of the indigent wards, can't take this expensive way out.

Confronted with room charges of $20 to $30 a day, many people defer operations or forego them entirely. If they can't avoid entering a hospital they cut their convalescence short and leave at the first possible moment to recuperate in their own beds at home.

To make matters worse, certain hospitals have resorted to a deliberate policy of building up the profit-making departments. In one New England hospital, which is not typical but illustrates a point, the chairman of the board of trustees wrote medical staff members urging them to refer more patients to various departments for special and, according to some interpretations, unnecessary services.

When word of this letter got out, local medical authorities raised a howl and the tactless hospital trustee formally withdrew his announced policy.

Drawing the line between necessary and unnecessary laboratory procedures is not easy. There is no question that scientific tests have greatly increased the margin of safety for patients. Today's medical schools, thanks to increased knowledge about the human body, are aware of many new testing techniques, and are teaching their students to make use of all the latest measuring rods in the detection of disease. The modern doctor's tendency, therefore, is to get all the information about you which he can, through tests. It is only when charges for such tests become excessive that complaints are heard from the patient who pays the bills.

The heads of several California hospitals have been condemned by the California Medical Association for offering unethical horse-trades to their staffs at the expense of paying patients. These hospitals informed local doctors that if they wanted to use the hospital beds, they would have to send ambulatory private patients to the hospital's X-ray, pathology, and other profit-making departments. Some hospitals have gone so far as to enter into contracts with X-ray and anesthesia specialists, giving these specialists a monopoly so that they can send their own private bills to hospital patients and pay the hospital a share for rent and overhead.

Under these deals, the X-ray men and anesthetists, if they wish, can charge whatever the traffic will bear.

One hospital in the New York area, for example, formerly employed nurse-anesthetists, working directly under the guidance of the surgeons in the operating rooms. It billed its patients an average of $15 per operation for anesthesia and made a sizable profit on such charges.

Now, however, this institution has granted a monopoly to 3 physician-anesthetists. They work as a partnership group. Thus neither patients nor their surgeons have anything to say about their choice of anesthesia specialists. But, after every operation, the patient finds *two* anesthesia items on his bill. The hospital still charges $15 to cover the use of its equipment, its gas, and other supplies, but now it calls it "anesthesia service." And the doctor anesthetists send their own bills, as consultants, running from a minimum of $25 to $100 and more.

For this hospital, anesthesia service still produces as much income as it ever did. Any increase in other costs is more than compensated for by the saving to the hospital, which no longer pays the salaries of nurse-anesthetists. But the private patients are paying on the average 2 to 3 times as much for anesthesia. And the 3 monopolists are each taking in over $40,000 a year.

The same sort of thing has happened in hospital X-ray departments where new contracts split the take between the hospital and a favored radiologist. Instead of billing the patient for X-ray service, the hospital collects rent and overhead from the chief roentgenologist, charging him enough so that it nets as much as it did before the X-ray department. And the specialist can bill his patients enough more to make his income the envy of his colleagues who are not guaranteed all the business they can handle, free of competition.

In such circumstances, according to John H. Hayes, superintendent of New York's Lenox Hill Hospital, "Many outstanding surgeons, despite their long hours of labor, devotion, and skill, today cannot equal the net incomes of their colleagues in radiology, pathology, or anesthesiology."

So ATTRACTIVE has the idea of everybody billing the patient become that some hospitals have granted monopoly concessions to specialists who do almost nothing except routine procedures once carried on by interns or nurses. Typical is the arrangement by which one "specialist" in blood transfusions pays his hospital a high rent for office and laboratory space he never uses. In return, he is granted a monopoly in blood transfusion.

He doesn't type the patient's blood; that is done by the laboratory. He doesn't operate the blood bank; there is a technician to do that. He doesn't sterilize the needle; nurses do that. But, for inserting the needle into the patient, he earns the right to add one more bill to the paying patient's load.

Thus, in this hospital, the patient first pays either $25 (or a relative's reciprocal donation), for the blood itself. Then for the blood bank service he ponies up another $10 or more. And finally in walks the specialist and chalks up still another bill. Three separate charges cover a single unit of blood.

What happens when this process progresses to its logical outcome? According to Superintendent Hayes, "It would be possible for the patient to get bills from the hospital, the surgeon, the anesthetist, the medical consultant, the radiologist, the pathologist, the cardiologist, the physical-therapist—eight or more bills—and maybe three from his special nurses."

A further complication in the "monopoly" picture is found in resolutions passed by the American Medical Association to discourage hospitals from keeping any physicians (other than residents and interns) on a salary basis. Many hospitals would prefer to have their own radiologists, anesthetists, etc. on regular full-time salary, since this would be more efficient than bringing in outsiders. But the AMA's insistence on maintaining doctor-patient relationships on a fee basis frequently precludes such arrangements.

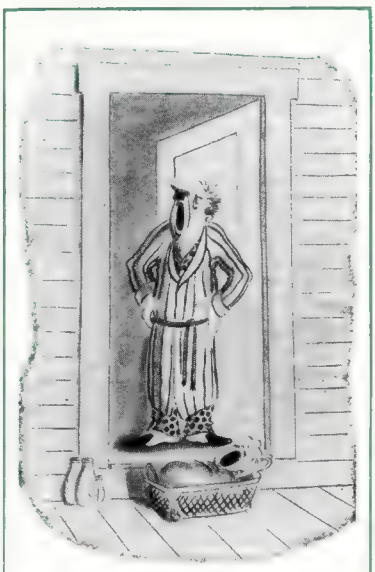
In the hope of protecting themselves against growing hospital charges, more than 44 millions of Americans have taken out commercial hospitalization insurance policies, and millions more have joined local Blue Cross organizations. But, as previously mentioned, these have been forced to reduce their benefits and increase their premiums.

In January, for example, Louis H. Pink announced a sharp increase as of May 1, 1952, the second since 1949, in Blue Cross rates, and blamed the increase on constantly rising hospital costs. This latest rate-rise in the cost of medical insurance ranges from 20 per cent to as high as 60 per cent.

The nibbling away of protection has actually been measured by Dr. Dean A. Clarke, Director of Massachusetts General Hospital. In 1947, he says, Blue Cross or other insurance plans paid 84 per cent of the average insured patient's hospital bill. By 1950, despite far higher premium charges, insurance was covering only 79 per cent of the average patient's bill. Today that coverage is lower still.

The hope for a reversal of this trend in part may be found in an increasing boldness on the part of the hospitals in demanding that the states and cities free them from losses on the care of welfare patients. In Connecticut, last year, 34 general hospitals put their cases before the legislature and won an immediate increase in state payments, from $5 to $10 a day. This has been further raised, for the current year, to $17 a day, enough to free Connecticut's hospitals from any need to extract involuntary charitable contributions from their private patients. In Virginia, California, and Maine, lesser victories have been scored. In most other regions, most hospitals have been weak in laying their case before the public and the responsible government officials.

In New York, for example, the city was paying only $8 a day for indigent hospitalization last summer, while hospital costs had mounted to $15.60 daily.



"Good heavens, Clara! What did you say in that note to the milkman?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON
BY JIMMY QUINN

The United Hospital Fund, an organization to raise money for charity, after months of negotiations on behalf of its member hospitals, finally won an increase to $11 a day. This still left $4.60 of each indigent's daily cost to be made up by private charity, largely by the uncredited charity of overcharged private patients.

Incidentally, New York hospital rates haven't been reduced. In many instances, they have actually been raised in recent months.

Obviously, hospitals will have to go much farther than that before they get into a position to straighten out their unbalanced finances. And, until they do, the only hope of minimizing your family's hospital bills will depend on your own individual actions. One constructive action is to urge upon the board of trustees of your local hospital the importance of establishing an efficient bookkeeping and accounting system—a businesslike system which will determine exact costs of operation as the basis for fair and reasonable charges to patients. In this you can enlist the co-operation of your friends, neighbors, and local civic organizations.

Meanwhile, your wisest course is to take out hospital insurance, either individual or group, if you do not already have it. Usually if the company by which you are employed carries group insurance it has been worked out in the best interests of the majority of employees. However, if you are buying an individual policy, check the rates and benefits of your local nonprofit hospitalization plan against the offerings of commercial insurance companies. Sometimes the commercial company will offer a policy better suited to your needs than the nonprofit organization.

Avoid, if possible, policies that pay fixed daily sums to be applied to room rates. Choose, instead, if available, in your community, a policy that agrees to pay the full cost of either a private or a semi-private room, irrespective of hospital rates.

If you already have hospital insurance, check it for coverage of "extras." You'll want coverage for operating-room charges, anesthesia, X rays, and medications. Check your insurance, too, to see that it is in line with increasing costs of hospitalization.

As a potential patient, you'll have to learn how to detect hospital abuses and how to avoid them. You'll have to avoid, so far as you can, those hospitals which levy unreasonable charges for auxiliary services and those which sell their patients to medical concessionaires. Shop around, except in emergencies, before deciding which hospital you or some member of your family will enter. Don't judge by room rates alone; low room rates may still mean a too big total bill if extra charges are high.

Ask for a printed price list of the charges your hospital makes for its rooms and for its various procedures. The best hospitals print such lists and are glad to give them to patients on request.

Have your doctor or surgeon make

your reservation as far in advance as possible. Make sure it specifies type of accommodation and exact minimum rate. Get it confirmed in writing. Try for an all-inclusive or flat rate, especially if you are going to the hospital to have a baby. Most hospitals have, officially, discontinued such rates. But some quote them and grant them if asked.

If your stay in the hospital is likely to be a long one, arrange to transfer to a nursing home once the critical period is passed.

The best nursing homes often have waiting lists, so make arrangement in advance. Thousands of such homes now exist in the United States, and their number has been increasing rapidly, largely because of skyrocketing hospital rates.

Make it perfectly clear—to both your doctor and the hospital—that no extra charges are to be incurred without your specific authorization, except in the most crucial emergency. Ask, in advance, whether any doctor, except your own physician or surgeon, will bill you for services. If the hospital is handing out monopoly concessions for X-ray, lab tests, anesthesia, or other services, go elsewhere if you possibly can arrange it.

But remember that there are plenty of excellent, up-to-date, public-spirited hospitals in America which, despite the very great financial difficulties under which they are now working, are devoting their new scientific knowledge and new scientific procedures to improving the care and safety of their patients. These are the institutions which deserve the fullest support of the public, both in actual patronage when you or members of your family are sick, and in your freely given contributions when your neighbor comes to your door to solicit funds for the annual hospital drive.

THE END ★★

Command Vengeance

(*Continued from page* 27)

command a liner—having neither the manner nor the inclination—the company regarded the bridge of his freighter as a final crucible for gold-braid material. Most mates and most chief engineers hated him, and that was why Mac MacReady sailed with him. Mac could shrug off the captain's tyranny, and it was he who gave me the little understanding I had of Jack Haag.

We had a short-haul cargo and, because it was better than nothing, our big, deep tank had been steamed out and filled with blackstrap molasses. We were in the Pacific, and it is better if you do not know exactly where.

It was one of those mid-voyage mornings when time has turned into space, when the ship seems suspended in immensity, when thought can become fantasy.

Thinking this idly, the taste of an after-breakfast cigarette good, wondering if I should turn in again, I remember leaning against Irenic's starboard rail. Perhaps I was sleepier than I knew, because I dreamily accepted the feather of spray that somehow, sometime, had begun to parallel her course. I gave it no meaning, and it must have been hard for Jones, the third mate, there on the bridge, to believe it, too. It was not until I saw the blank eye of the periscope plain that I heard voices raised in sudden excitement, and Jones shouting from the bridge: "Get the Old Man. Get him quick!"

The submarine surfaced, boiling up in a smother of foam, and I thought, "There's the Navy for you. I suppose they've been practicing dry runs on us."

EVEN when the blow falls, your mind tries to comfort you. It can't be happening, you tell yourself; it can't happen here. But while her decks were still awash men started pouring out of the sub's conning tower: Men who ran to her gun. Other men who mounted a machine gun. Men whose uniforms were not U. S. Navy, definitely not Navy.

Feet were pounding in Irenic's bridge. I'd been hearing their voices up there as an urgent background to all this. Now there was the rumble of Jack Haag, the abrupt change of pitch that marked the flare of his anger, and then he said, so that you could hear it all over the ship: "Commies! I think they're Commies!"

And in the conning tower a man picked up a bullhorn. The words came loud and clear and electrically harsh over the water:

"Stop! Stop—or I shoot!"

Irenic's stem started to swing menacingly toward the submarine, but the sub's command was equal to that. Already she was beginning to fall a little astern of us, beginning to come about in a tighter circle than the ship could hope to make. Then the sub's big gun went off with a flat, loud sound, and that was when I realized that my cigarette was burning my lips.

It was happening, all right. I didn't know what it was, but it sure was happening.

The shell hit the water close in, and it was a live shell that hammered Irenic's hull and sprayed her foredeck with a glittering geyser. From the wing Jack Haag said, "Stop her," and the bells chimed, and in her funnel the Diesels muttered and sighed and whooshed into silence.

The bullhorn blared again: "Send no radio," and a machine gun authorized the command with a burst into the flying bridge. Instinctively I ducked, and for the first time I was aware of other men, of our whole crew, who had been lining the rail and were now fluttering into the ragged and uncertain movements of fear.

On the bridge wing they'd hit the deck when that burst came over, but the captain stayed on his feet. He looked down at us and said, "Steady, you men. Steady." And it was as though his big hand was on each of our shoulders.

"Buckner," he called to me, "on the bridge here. I want all officers . . ."

But the bullhorn was talking again. "I am coming aboard," it said. "Put down a ladder, please."

"Bos'n," the captain called. "Bos'n, break out the Jacob's ladder, there. All hands stand clear when he boards. Offer no resistance!"

In the bridge, March, the chief mate, was busy scooping papers he'd taken from the ship's safe into a canvas bag. Hendricks, the second mate, was talking to MacReady on the telephone. The sub was maneuvering smoothly alongside, on her batteries, I thought, by her silence

"Gosh! For a minute I thought you had bought another new hat"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LARRY HARRIS

and the absence of exhaust; and her deck was lined with men. Some of them were standing by with bumpers and some of them had heaving lines, and the rest of them were standing by with guns that looked like tommy guns.

The mate and Hendricks were speaking together in low tones when Mr. Jones came out of the wheelhouse. Jones was young, much younger than the rest, and now laughter was bubbling out of him.

"Is this a war?" Jones said. "Is this World Conflict Number Three? I didn't know it would start this way." And he laughed again.

Jack Haag swung his bulk about. "Mr. Jones," he said, "are you hysterical?"

"No, sir," Jones said. "I guess I'm pretty mad, though."

The captain surveyed him. "I see what you mean," he said. "Get it under control, mister." And he turned his attention back to the submarine.

She had glided alongside and her touch, the slight shock of her contact, was like an obscene caress. I heard Jack Haag's breath expel roughly, but he said nothing. Mac MacReady had come swiftly up the bridge ladder with his log books and two heavy wrenches. Everything went into the mate's bag and then the mate handed it to a waiting A.B.

"Two blasts of my whistle," he said to the seaman, "and it goes overboard. And stay out of their sight."

Mac had started below again, but the captain stopped him. "Stay here, mister," he said. "I might want witnesses."

The Jacob's ladder was dangling, and now the sub's commander made a jump for it. It was an athletic bravado leap and his gunmen waited until the ladder was within easier reach before they swarmed up after him. Fore and aft his sailors were throwing up heaving lines, lines that our men ignored.

"Take my lines!" the commander shouted. His armed men, a party of twelve or fifteen, were spreading along the rail. There was still no movement among our crew.

"Take his lines," Jack Haag said.

Chinese, some of them, I thought. And here and there a Slavic face, a straw-colored head. The uniforms were nondescript and meant nothing to me.

THE commander was striding forward. He was flanked by two armed guards and two others followed. He was a short man, lean and trim and tailored about the shoulders; and when he reached the bridge he showed a predatory Slavic face under a high-peaked naval cap.

The commander looked about him with a tight, cold smile, and then he pointed with suddenness at Jack Haag.

"The captain?" he said.

"I am," Jack Haag said heavily.

"Motorship?"

The captain nodded.

The commander rocked up off his heels. A ham, this one, and pleased with his role. "Your ship is now out of command, Captain," he said. "I propose to relieve her of some of her fuel oil."

The control Jack Haag was putting on himself was a tangible thing. But he said, mildly enough, "You show no flag, mister. Is this an act of war?"

The commander smiled. "To my knowledge, no."

Some of the captain's control slipped then. I don't think he knew that he was striding up to the commander until the tommy-gun muzzles gouged into him. "Piracy!" Jack Haag said in the tone of a man who names filth. "Sparks," he said violently, to the radio operator, "call up the Navy. Anybody's navy . . ."

But Sparkie took only one step before the commander spoke in another tongue. A tommy-gun barrel slapped Sparkie high on the temple, and he fell down on the deck. The commander said something else, and one of the gunmen went into the shack, and a moment later there was the racket of his clip being emptied into our radio equipment.

Now we knew, the commander's expression said, and on the bridge there was a stunned stillness after the noise of the shooting.

"Why do you want oil?" MacReady spoke for the first time.

Captain Haag swung ponderously toward him, as though to silence him, and the commander looked at him. I saw his eyes travel to Mac's hands.

"Engineer?" the commander said.

"Chief," Mac said.

"Then you will show me the valves. You will make me a connection. Come." The commander turned, as though to go below.

MacReady said in a flat tone, "I asked you, why do you want oil?" He stayed where he was.

"Be quiet, mister," Jack Haag said to him, and there was ship-love, and ship-jealousy, in the way he shouldered between Mac and the commander. "Who are you?" he said to the commander, and he looked dangerous there, this man at gun's point like the rest of us. His hand reached out and touched Irenic's rail in a curiously gentle gesture, reassuringly, as a man might touch his wife.

I THINK some of this must have reached the commander. His aplomb, the brittle pretense of his role, fell away from him for a moment. He said, "I am Russian. Can you not tell?" He glanced down briefly at the submarine, then back at us. "I have for a crew these—these peasants," he said. "They have made a mistake and pumped overboard all of my fuel. I have perhaps enough to run my motors a few minutes—and perhaps four hours left in my batteries."

There was that appeal, as of officer to officer, that sentimentality which is used as a weapon, and the sickly spell of it seemed to hover over the bridge.

Jack Haag smashed it. "I say, who are you?" he roared. "What is your ship? What is your mission?"

The commander stiffened, remembering himself, falling back into his role. "My mission," he said, and he was smiling that tight, cold smile again. "My mission is to observe certain of your naval movements, and to test out the efficacy of your protective measures. As to who I am, you, yourself, have observed that I show no flag."

Spy and guinea pig. And perhaps more. The commander glanced amidships, and now I could see why he had allowed himself the luxury of any conversation. His men were bringing up a big, flexible line and now they were nearly ready to have a connection.

"Now, Captain," the commander said, "order your engineer, please—"

"No!" Jack Haag said.

"I warn you," the commander said, "I must sink you to ensure my own escape from this area. Co-operate with me, and I will allow you and your crew to get away in the boats. Defy me, and I will sink you with all aboard."

MacReady said, "Why couldn't you have asked for help in the ordinary way?"

The commander made a chopping motion against the side of his neck. "And reveal the presence of my submarine in these waters?" he said. "The penalty might cost me my life."

AND there was the truth. It had crept out of him, this frightened man, this pirate, and I think he didn't realize it. They were hailing him from amidships, and he turned away from us to shout to his men, and in the faces of Irenic's officers the meaning of what he had said was a sudden nakedness. There was only one way this secret could be kept: None of us could live.

"Now, Captain," the commander said again; "your engineer, please. His assistance will save me much time."

Jack Haag said, "I will give no order that dirties this ship, mister."

"Forget the ship," Mac said harshly. "The man is willing to trade our lives for time. Let me fix him up."

"Are you mad?" the captain said. "You know this scum has no intention—"

"You won't give him the oil?" Mac shouted. "You won't give the order?"

"No!" the captain roared.

"Then I will," Mac said flatly. He looked directly at Jack Haag. "I say this fellow needs sweetening, Captain. And I'm going to fix him up."

"You talk like a fool," the captain said. "I forbid it." He glared at the chief engineer. "I forbid it, and this pirate will have to kill me before I allow you off this bridge."

It had hit us all, by then, what MacReady wanted to do. Get some of our cargo molasses into the submarine's fuel system, and the hope of it was hidden in every man's face except Jack Haag's.

MacReady slammed his hand down on the captain's shoulder and spun him about. "Will you listen to me?" he yelled.

The captain knocked his hand away. "You forget yourself, mister," he said. "I heard what you said. Sweeten. Sweeten—" His mouth mumbled the word, as he understood.

Mac gave him no time to show it. He shook a fist under Jack Haag's nose and shouted, "Keep on being stubborn! Keep on resisting the idea!" He pulled his face into the tight lines of fury, and I think now it was not hard for Captain Haag to go along with him. For a few seconds he ranted at MacReady and stamped furiously across the wing. That was when the guards pinned him to the rail with tommy guns.

The commander motioned abruptly

to MacReady and moved toward the ladder. Mac grinned at me and then said harshly, "Buckner! Bear a hand below."

The commander looked doubtful, but Mac was pushing briskly down the ladder. "Second assistant," he said. "In charge of fuel." And that made it all right. The commander was a man who understood a necessity for lackeys.

Two of the armed guards detached themselves and followed us. In the amidships alley some of the Communist seamen had pulled in their flexible line. They were talking loudly, obviously arguing over something.

"Do your men need help?" Mac said.

"They can manage," the commander said bitterly.

The sight of his own men seemed to unnerve him. He was jittering by the time we got below, but he knew what he was looking for. He stopped at the double-bottom manifolds and snapped his fingers at one of the guards. The man handed him a flashlight and the commander examined the brass markers on the wheels.

Over the noise of the generator Diesel, MacReady said loudly, "Tough for you if a warship came along now. Or any ship."

The beam of the commander's flashlight jerked violently. The debonair pirate was showing strain. He turned a drawn face and said, "Perhaps bad for you, too. But a reason for us all to be quick. Which tanks have oil?"

"All," Mac said. "All topped last time in port."

Something shook the commander from the inside out. "You understand," he said; "you understand what happens if you lie to me now." His eyes flickered to the guards.

Mac nodded.

"Then make up a connection to your ballast pump." The commander ran part way up the ladder, shouting to the men at the engine-room door. When he came back he said, "They are ready. Start your pump and I will go now to my ship to see what you give me." He spoke rapidly to the guards, and then added, "These men will shoot if you try to go away or change the valves."

But he was getting the best that we had, and my eyes met Mac's when the commander had gone. MacReady looked forward longingly. There, just below the level of the floorplates and hidden from view by the end of one of the main engines, was a deep tank valve. There was another on the starboard side, and all we had to do was get one of them open and the submarine would be getting one of the best poisons going for Diesel engines.

"Don't even look," Mac said. "If he notices them we'll never get near them."

The commander came back below at a run. "The fuel goes through," he said. "I am glad you know how to co-operate."

Mac said: "How would it be if I cut in the fire pump? You'll get faster delivery with two pumps and I can carry the load with two generators running."

The commander passed a hand over his face, kneading his wearying wearing-out mask. "Do it," he said.

Mac walked unhurriedly to the generator, glanced at the Diesel, and then passed on to the board. There was that moment when he was out of sight, when I knew he would have to stoop and yank at the valve wheel and be up and walking again in one motion. The back of my neck went cold when I saw that the commander had a half notion to join him. I started fooling with a valve, and the commander glanced at me with bleak suspicion, but he made himself stand still.

At the generator MacReady was busy. He fussed with air and water and fuel before he started up, and that gave him another trip to the board, another brief moment with the valve. Somehow, a relief valve got to barking and he had to shut down and repeat the whole performance. I was sweating now, afraid that the ballast pump would change its note as the molasses came through. It seemed to me that already the pump was laboring more.

The commander roused from his stillness and started forward, and I thought, "All right. He knows. Maybe I can grab a gun from one of these gorillas." But I knew I wasn't going to grab any gun, and I watched Mac coming away from the generator with a tight, hard grin on his face that looked genial and wasn't. He met the commander halfway. Mac said something and then he was taking the commander to the fire pump, and the tension oozed weakly out of me.

I don't know how long we pumped. The commander was getting very nervous, and I think he was ready for us to stop long before his tanks were topped off. He did it suddenly, shouting for us to shut down. Then he herded us up the ladders and out on deck.

He forgot about us there. His voice pitched high now; he yelped orders to his men, and from here you could see that they were not very good at their jobs.

Mac and I went forward to the bridge as they began casting off. All the gunmen began moving toward the Jacob's ladder. They covered us and they covered one another until the last man was aboard the submarine and only the commander was left.

He had some of his bounce back. Just as Mac and I climbed to the bridge wing he called, "All right, Captain. Lower your boats now, and stand clear of your ship while I torpedo her. And you may thank the good sense of your engineer that I am allowing you to escape."

Then he went down the ladder, fast. Irenic and the submarine were already drifting apart.

A sigh escaped from Jack Haag. "Stand by to abandon," he said heavily to March, the mate. He turned to Mac: "Did you get any of the molasses into him?"

Mac nodded.

"How long before it gets into his motors?"

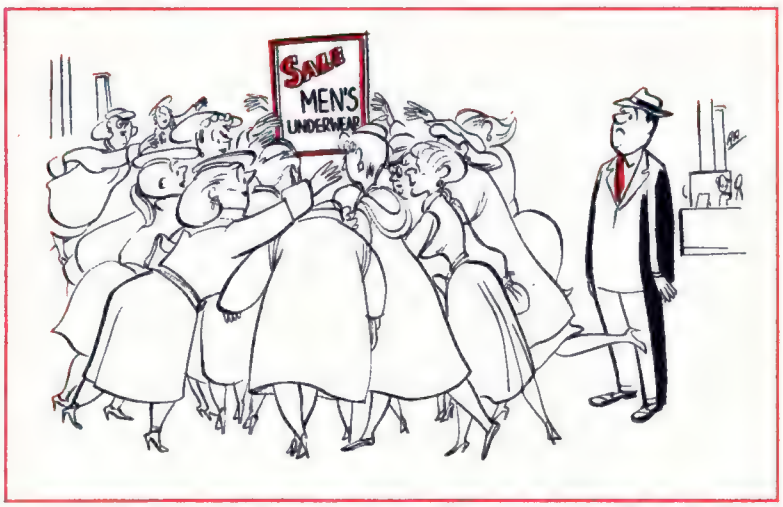
"Who knows?" Mac looked over the wall at the sub. It was gliding away from us, its decks active, a haze of Diesel fumes trailing it. "If his fuel system's in good shape, maybe never. But the way they're acting, some may get through. One slug of it will finish him. Give the boats a chance to get away, anyway."

"He's still got a charge in his batteries," the captain said. "He could still catch up with the boats." He looked at MacReady almost accusingly.

Jones and Hendricks were still waiting for orders. Jones said, "Maybe he really means to let the boats go. Why wouldn't he just let us all stay aboard and give us a torpedo if he wants to get rid of us all?"

"Think, mister, think," the captain growled at him. "Could you torpedo a ship and guarantee no survivors? Some are almost bound to live through it. And plenty of chances for boats and rafts to surface. Men can hide under them."

The captain shook his head and the lines in his face deepened. "Go to your stations," he said with sudden brusqueness. "Pass the word that I want the boats to keep the ship between them and that submarine as long as possible. All swimmers pick non-swimmers to take care of. All hands ready to take off life jackets and submerge if he fires on you. Your best chance of survival is to play it his way and hope he breaks down before he cuts loose on you."



AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY DAVID PASCAL

He made no move, himself, and the two mates hesitated. "Look alive!" Jack Haag said. He leaned over the rail. "Mr. March!" he roared. "Abandon ship!"

I started to go, too, anxious to leave her, seeing in the corner of my eye that the submarine was coming about, but knowing this thing on the bridge wasn't finished.

"Come on, Jack," Mac said.

Jack Haag shifted his feet, as though to plant them more solidly on Irenic's deck. "I'm staying with her," he said.

"Don't be a fool," Mac said. "No admiralty court would convict you of anything."

"Admiralty court?" the captain said. "I don't think that far ahead." He looked out at the submarine. "He's got more speed than I have. But if his engines fail, then he'll only have his batteries, and that'll give me my chance at him."

Mac was silent.

"Mister MacReady," Jack Haag said, "I am in command of my ship again." He leaned against the rail, pressing his great bulk against it. In a thin, distant voice he said, "But I cannot take command—I cannot exercise that command—alone."

"There isn't a chance in a thousand," Mac said.

"Not in ten thousand," the captain said.

Mac turned to me, and there was a hard grin stretched across his face. "Get out of this, Joe," he said. Then, "Come on, Captain. Let the Commie see us leaving the bridge."

We went down and I got into my boat. The men were excited and angry, and when they saw that the chief and the captain were staying aboard that gave them something else to talk about.

"Save your wind for your oars," the captain shouted at them.

He and Mac disappeared among the ventilators, and then Irenic was looming huge over us as we went down. One of the other boats was coming around her stern, and we pulled away from her hard, so that suddenly she seemed small, a helpless thing between us and the sub.

We pulled until the sweat was rolling from us, and every moment I thought to see the leaping black plume of a torpedo strike, hoped to see Irenic come about and somehow show the life that was still in her.

But still she lay and I think none of us saw the sub at first. None of us saw it until it had cleared the ship's stem and was bearing down on us. Mr. March, the mate, yelled, "Scatter!" and the oars splashed awkwardly as panic seized us.

There was no time to scatter far. The sub came on, quiet, making no exhaust rumble and no haze. Somehow, through the Commies' haste or carelessness, or by the odds that were against it, a slug of blackstrap had gone through. I remember grinning, thinking of his lines and his pumps and his injectors all gummed with it now, all crippled, all finished. Then there was no more grinning and nothing funny about any of it after that.

There was confusion in the conning tower. As the sub glided up I could hear the commander shouting, and several men who had been standing by disappeared below. The sub hissed alongside our boat and the conning tower was high above us, and then the commander was leaning over and shouting down.

"Where is your engineer?" he said, and one look, close now, at his face was enough. The *élan* was gone. Nothing was left but the murderer underneath.

He glided past, turning to herd in the boats, and we watched woodenly, afraid to do more than glance at Irenic, afraid, perhaps, that she would never move.

The submarine showed a little white water as the commander used some of his battery power to bring her about. The boats had clustered in again and now all lay hove to, with hardly fifty yards between us and the sub. The commander picked up his bullhorn.

"Your engineer has given me sugar," the electric voice crackled. "Send him to me, and your captain. The rest of you I will shoot."

He turned away, and the mutter of his voice came through the bullhorn. His men went to the machine guns and the muzzles swung down on us.

Did you ever look up the barrel of a machine gun, knowing there's a man behind it, knowing that he's going to go down the line until he comes to you? You don't think. You don't even feel, much, except that everything goes, there under your belt, like a slosh of icy water; and you wonder if you can jump in time, and how long you can stay under.

"Send me the engineer! Send me the captain!" The commander screamed it.

"Never mind them," Mr. March shouted. "They crossed you once and got us into this mess. Let our men flush out your machinery and give you good fuel." March's nose flared whitely with the strain of making a target of himself.

"You will cheat me again," the commander said.

March's eyes darted to Irenic. "Why don't they get going?" he muttered. Then to the commander: "All we want is to get out of this alive. Give us a chance."

There was a pause, and then the commander said, "Send me your captain and your engineer. Then I will talk to you."

Somebody in the submarine yelled. March turned and then swung his arm violently toward Irenic. She was coming about.

"There's your captain!" he roared. "There's your chief engineer! Jump, men! Overboard!"

I rolled over the gunwale, hearing the machine guns opening up, shedding my life jacket, driving down hard into the water. You could feel the burst jarring and slapping, and then that stopped and I let myself drift up easily.

The commander had more important business than us. Irenic was coming at him, creaming up a bow wave now, and I could see the commander in his conning tower, an agitated figure that became suddenly deathly still. The sub's stern was sweeping around and I came all the way up now. Men were floundering all around me, and some, the poor swimmers, struggled back to the lifeboats.

The submarine was lined up now, pointed bow to bow with Irenic. The commander fired two torpedoes and then his deck gun opened up.

How long would it take a torpedo to travel that closing gap? I didn't know. I watched the shell bursts alongside of the ship, and she kept on coming, getting bigger and bigger with more shells plowing the water. A shell blasted bright, then black around Irenic's fo'c'sle, and by then you could feel her screws and I knew the torpedoes had missed.

The shelling had stopped, and when I looked at the sub she was coming about slowly, headed away from us, the beat of her wheels faint over Irenic's. She was coming about, but the men on her deck, at the gun, had broken. They were running for the conning tower and I could see the commander waving his arms.

I suppose he was trying for a shot with his stern tubes. And he might have made it with a little more time or perhaps a little more nerve. But somehow, somewhere in him, he couldn't finish it. The men in the conning tower were disappearing. The commander's high-peaked cap was the last to go, and by then his vessel was settling fast, sloping down in a crash dive.

She slipped blackly into her course, her sides gleaming whitely. But by now Irenic was at the top of her speed. Her stem loomed high, hanging with a kind of awful, deliberating pause over that hull which was slithering away from her, and then she stamped down on it.

There was no sound at first. The sea shimmered with the shock, and the submarine leaped upward with some kind of agonized final buoyancy. Then the roar of the collision came, and the submarine, breaking, rode for a moment broadside with Irenic's stem knifed into her. When she broke we could hear the scrape and scream of her plates against the ship, see the spurts of steam where metal was tortured into heat; and then she was gone. A sea washed over my head and in that instant I heard the last of her, going away, sinking fast now, her vitals exploding out of her.

That was all. Except Jack Haag, up there on the bridge, and MacReady in the engine-room. Afterward, when I asked Mac about it he just grinned and shook his head. Of course, nobody would ever ask Jack Haag what he'd felt when he knew he had the sub where he wanted her.

Maybe he didn't feel anything, in a personal way. It was almost impossible for him to consider himself as shipless. As I've said, his command had always been to him an integrity.

But something in him was dented a little. Irenic was making water, naturally, after that smash, and she was burning forward. We pulled for her, hard, and Jack Haag was standing at the rail as we came alongside.

"Look alive!" he roared down at us. "Can't you see the ship needs you?"

For him, that was almost admitting something. But not quite.

THE END ★★

Cast of Characters

CHARLIE	*The talking calf*	**HOOKS JAEGER**	*A helper*
GERARD	*His young owner*	**DAVE GREER**	*Elderly farmer*
JOE LUCAS	*Who advises his sale*	**PAUL GREER**	*His adopted son*
LON SANDERS	*Livestock auctioneer*	**HAL WATSON**	*Paul's rival for*
MAC SPERRY	*His cashier*	**ESTHER MULLOY**	*Whom they love*

SERGEANT FINNEY *State Trooper*

A killer was loose at the cattle auction, and a boy knew his dangerous secret . . . the secret a calf had told him

by Hugh Pentecost

IN HIS dream, it seemed to Gerard that he heard Charlie crying out to him for help. The man with the hook had come for Charlie and was dragging him away. Gerard struggled with all his might to wake, and finally managed it, forcing himself up on his legs, and rubbing his eyes. Charlie, who had been sleeping with his head in Gerard's lap, was gone!

There were more than five hundred calves in the pen at the cattle auction milling restlessly about. Awake, Gerard could still hear Charlie's plaintive bleating. Gerard tried to wedge his way between the calves to the far side of the pen, but his ten-year-old strength was not enough. He finally fought his way to the railing and climbed up over the fence into the alleyway. At the end of the alley the wild-eyed cow was bellowing and kicking frantically at her stall gate. Charlie was somewhere in that direction.

It was almost dark, except for the low-watt electric bulbs around the walls of the building. Gerard realized he must have been asleep for two or three hours. Then Gerard heard the scream close by, high, harsh, the very essence of terror.

Gerard froze for a moment. Then he started, fearfully, along the alley toward the sound of Charlie's wailing. Once more the scream rose, and was suddenly stilled. The wild-eyed cow redoubled her violent efforts to kick her way to freedom.

Gerard moved toward the corner of the calf pen and hesitated, half afraid to turn it. Suddenly he was caught from behind. An arm went round him, pinioning his own arms, and a calloused hand was clapped over his mouth. A hoarse whisper sounded in his ears:

"What did you see, kid? *What did you see?*"

Gerard hadn't seen anything until that moment, but now, unable to move his head, his bulging eyes were staring through the open slats into the stall of the wild-eyed cow. The animal was rearing up and pounding down with her front hoofs on a heap of what looked like rags lying in the shavings of her stall. The rags flopped to one side, and Gerard cried out behind the muffling hand. It wasn't rags at all. It was an old man, in what had once been a neat blue suit, now torn and filthy. The silver hair was smeared with blood. Gerard closed his eyes as the murderous hoofs started straight down at the old man's white face. Then, mercifully, something struck Gerard on the back of the head and he heard and saw nothing more.

The next thing Gerard knew he was being shaken violently. He opened his eyes. The man with a steel hook for a hand was bending over him.

"Okay, kid. Okay. That's better," the man said. "Now—what happened here? Did you see who did it? Come on, kid. Talk!"

The fog cleared from Gerard's head. He didn't look in the stall again where the old man lay. He didn't speak. He couldn't. He knew it would be useless. Who would believe him if he said he knew, because Charlie had told him, who had been there? People would laugh, because Charlie was, after all, just a one-hundred-and-forty-pound veal calf. . . .

It had all begun with Charlie. They had bound his legs and stuffed them in a burlap bag to keep him from moving. Gerard had preferred this to tying Charlie in the back of the truck, because of the danger he might hang himself on the way to Sanders' place. Gerard rode in the back with Charlie, holding his head and stroking him when he looked up at Gerard with his soft brown eyes and moaned. Gerard couldn't speak to him because the tears were hot behind his eyes and his throat muscles were tight from fighting back the sobs.

Once, when Charlie made a violent effort to free himself from the bonds, Gerard did find his voice.

"I'm going to try my very best to save you, Charlie," he said. "I promise you. I promise." And then the tears spilled down his face and tasted salty in his mouth.

Joe Lucas, the part-time hired man, sang as he drove the pick-up, and Gerard could hear him through the broken back window of the cab. Gerard had grown up with Joe's strange off-key whistling and singing. Joe had been helping Gerard's mother a couple of hours a day on the New England farm since Gerard's father had died, which was so long ago Gerard did not really remember him at all. Joe had been the only man in the setup until today. Today, at the age of ten, Gerard had, painfully, become a man, too.

The process had begun a few nights ago when, for some reason, Gerard hadn't been able to sleep. Lying in his upstairs bunk he'd heard his mother and Joe talking downstairs. His mother had been telling Joe that there was no money. She couldn't pay him. Worse than that, she said she didn't know how she was going to feed herself and Gerard until the stuff in the truck garden was ready for market.

"There's the calf," Joe had said.

"No," Mrs. Richards said. "The calf is Gerard's. It's the only thing he's ever had that he really loves."

"Bring you seventy or eighty dollars at Sanders' Auction," Joe said.

"No," Mrs. Richards repeated. "We'll find some other way. The boy has little enough to give him pleasure."

GERARD had thought about it for two days. Then he approached Joe and told him he wanted to sell Charlie. He didn't want his mother to know till it was done, but he wanted to take Charlie to the auction and bring the money back to his mother.

Joe approved. "You're growing up, kid," he said. "Charlie'll bring a good price from the meat packers. He's a fine veal calf."

That was when Gerard's blood ran cold. He hadn't thought of anything but parting with Charlie; of Charlie's going to a bigger and better farm, where he'd really be happy.

"Couldn't we sell him as a dairy calf?" he asked Joe shakily.

"A bull calf with no papers is no use to a dairy farmer,"

begins on page 136

Joe said. "You'll get ten or eleven dollars if you sell him dairy. A fat veal calf might bring eighty—even ninety dollars. Your ma needs the money, kid."

"If we could get as much for him dairy it would be all right, wouldn't it, Joe?"

"You ask Lon Sanders when we get to the auction," Joe said. "You'll see."

For a few moments Gerard was tempted to give up the whole idea. He couldn't do that to Charlie. He'd seen Charlie born at the big Greer farm next door, and Paul Greer had said they had no use for a bull calf and had given him to Gerard. Paul Greer was everything Gerard hoped to be when he grew up. Could you sell a gift from your very best friend? He tried to argue with himself that you couldn't, but he knew, somehow, that Paul would approve of what he was doing.

So the day came, and Mrs. Richards went to the store, and Gerard and Joe and Charlie set out for Sanders' Livestock Auction. Gerard had never been to an auction and he'd always wanted to go, but the tragedy of Charlie took all the pleasure out of it.

"It's just around the bend up there," Joe called back through the broken window.

The truck slowed down, and Gerard found that they were in a long line of trucks, loaded with cows, horses, calves, crates of poultry, eggs, and produce. They slowed down to a snail's pace, moving ahead a few yards, stopping, moving ahead again. Finally they turned off the main highway and along a dirt drive, between two big barns. Beyond the barns Sanders' Livestock Auction came into full view. There was a cluster of long, low, green-and-white buildings that covered more ground, Gerard guessed, than his mother's whole farm. In the yards around it were trucks, trucks and people.

There were more people than Gerard had ever seen except at the county fair. Men in blue jeans, men in bright-colored shirts, men in slick city clothes. Quite a number of them carried natural wood canes. There were women, too, worn-looking women, who looked as though work had been their only lot in life. They milled slowly around, talking to acquaintances, looking at the stock and produce as it came in on the trucks. There was a peddler's truck, the back end open, revealing shirts, jackets, gloves, shoes, rubber boots, fancy blankets, and robes. No one seemed interested in buying from the peddler at the moment, and he sat on a campstool by the tailboard, a gaunt, unshaven man who looked as though he carried the weight of the world on his bent shoulders.

The pick-up suddenly moved forward. Someone shouted at Joe, "Calves in the third dock, Joe!"

Joe whirled the truck to the right, stopped it, and backed in toward the low green-and-white buildings. Men unfastened the tailboard of the truck and two of them came aboard.

"Hi, sonny," one of them said. He was a big, iron-gray man in blue coveralls. He reached down and, with a steel hook, slashed open the burlap bag that covered Charlie's legs. When he straightened up Gerard saw, with horror, that the hook was something the man had in place of a hand. A jackknife blade flashed, and the ropes were cut from Charlie's legs. Charlie staggered up uncertainly onto his feet, and leaned against Gerard.

A man stood beside the truck with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Name of owner?" he asked in a flat, nasal voice.

"Mrs. Sarah Richards, Wakeville," Joe said. He'd come around from the front of the cab.

"Veal or dairy?" the man asked.

"Veal," Joe said.

"Just a minute, please!" Gerard didn't recognize his own voice.

"Number 582," the man with the papers said.

The man with the hook had a long iron tool in his real hand. He leaned forward and the tool touched Charlie's left ear. There was a snapping sound, and Charlie bleated. A metal tag—Number 582—had been fastened to the ear with a metal staple.

The man with the hook raised his knee and kicked Charlie in the stomach. "Get going," he said. "Yipee!"

Charlie staggered down off the truck onto the dock. Another man with a cane whacked him over the rump with it.

"Veal!" shouted the man with the hook.

Whack went the cane on Charlie's rump, and Charlie moved off down a narrow alleyway.

"Just a minute, please!" Gerard wailed.

The man with the hook turned to him with a tobacco-stained smile. "What is it, sonny?"

"I—I was supposed to talk to Mr. Sanders before we decided whether Charlie was dairy or v-veal," Gerard said.

"Charlie?" the man asked.

"My calf, sir."

"Oh, he's veal, all right," the man said.

"Where could I find Mr. Sanders?" Gerard asked.

"He's around somewhere," the man with the hook said. "Okay, Joe. Get that jalopy out of there."

"But where is Mr. Sanders?" Gerard asked, his voice breaking.

"Better get out of here, sonny. You'll get hurt," the man with the hook said. "Skedaddle!"

Gerard looked around him, helplessly. Charlie had disappeared into the depths of the building. Joe was gone with the truck. Gerard was alone, and once more he couldn't check the tears. . . .

To say that Lon Sanders was a big man was to make an understatement. He stood well over six feet and he was monstrously fat. Three smoothly shaven chins billowed down over the white collar of his shirt. His waistcoat covered a mountain of stomach, and the gold watch chain that spread across it looked heavy enough for a logging operation. His eyes, a strange pale blue, were sunk in deep sockets. He always wore a neat city suit, covered by a filthy raincoat, and his feet were encased in manure-splattered rubber galoshes, summer and winter.

He stood by one of the hog pens in the green-and-white building, looking down at a black sow. A thin, rheumy-eyed farmer leaned on the top rail of the pen beside him.

"How heavy do you think she'll go, Lon?" the farmer asked.

Lon Sanders tugged at a lower lip as flexible as a rubber doll's. "Oh, I don't know, George. Three seventy-five, I'd say."

The farmer's face fell. "I'd 've thought she'd come closer to four hundred."

"Maybe. Maybe so, George. I hope so for your sake. I hope she'll come closer to four-fifty. But I'd say, three seventy-five. A nice hog. A real nice hog. Hope she brings you plenty."

Sanders moved his huge bulk along between the pens toward the sales ring. He carried a cane, like so many of the others, a cane with a pointed metal ferrule on the end of it, and he poked at imaginary objects with it as he walked.

Just before he reached the sales ring an elderly man in a neat blue serge suit came toward him from the other

direction. "See you a minute alone, Lon?" he asked.

"Why, sure, Mr. Greer."

Dave Greer lowered his voice. "They got fourteen head of Black Angus off the Watson farm in Brookdale last night," he said.

Sanders' eyes had the hooded look of a gambler's who's used to working under bright lights. "Fourteen!" he said.

"Backed a truck right up to the lower meadow and carted them off," Greer said.

"It gets me how nobody ever sees or recognizes these trucks," Sanders said. "They must be from out of state. Nobody'd dare use local trucks."

"No," Greer said. There was something about his tone that made Lon Sanders shift his pale eyes.

"How do you mean, Dave?"

"I was agreeing with you," Greer said. "That's over four hundred head of cattle have been stolen in this area in the last two months. Lord knows how many hundred more in other parts of New England."

"Probably a thousand head in all," Sanders said.

"I've given up on the State Police," Greer said. "I'm going to use my own methods for catching up with these people!"

SANDERS' pale blue eyes moved again. "What kind of methods?"

Dave Greer shook his head and indicated something behind Lon. The huge bulk of the auctioneer turned and he looked down at a small, red-eyed boy.

"Want to get by, son?" Lon asked. "I do kind of fill up this here alleyway."

"Why, it's Sarah Richards' boy, isn't it?" Dave Greer asked.

"Yes, sir," Gerard said. "Could you tell me where I could find Mr. Sanders, Mr. Greer?"

"This is Mr. Sanders, Gerard."

"Oh."

"Something I can do for you, Mr. Richards?" Lon asked gravely.

"It's about my calf, sir," Gerard said. "Charlie." He looked at Greer. "The one Paul gave me, sir."

"Oh, yes," Greer said. "He would be about ready now. A nice bull calf."

"It's a question of whether we can get more for him as a dairy calf or a veal calf, sir," Gerard said, looking anxiously up at Lon.

"A bull calf, you say?" Lon's voice was deep and judicial.

"Yes, sir."

"He'll bring twice as much and more as a veal calf, Mr. Richards." Gerard's face quivered. The pale blue eyes stared down at him thoughtfully. "This your first sale, Mr. Richards?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know how you feel," Lon said. "Remember the first time I sold a veal calf. Remember it very well. But after you've run your own farm a while, Mr. Richards, well—you'll find it's all in the day's work. If you want a good price—definitely veal."

Gerard's lips trembled. "Th-thank you, sir," he said. . . .

The inside sales ring of Sanders' Livestock Auction looked a little bit like a small sporting club. The ring itself was a half-circle. Across the diameter was the raised auctioneer's counter, flanked on one side by the exit chute and on the other by the entrance into a fenced pen which was actually the large scales upon which the entering animal is weighed for all to see before it is brought into the ring. Rising around the perimeter of the circle were the spectators' seats, banked in bleacher rows rising two stories high inside the building. To the right of the seats was the office, presided over by the cashier and his clerks and bookkeepers. It was here that the buyers made their payments and received their consignment slips which permitted them to pick up their purchases.

"I've had my eye on you, Paul, a long time," Hal said. "Now I'm going to get you!"

Mac Sperry, a dried-up little man, had been Lon Sanders' cashier for years. He sat behind the window, nodding without warmth to the hundreds of people who came his way, sucking on a dry straw. There was nothing about Mac to notice until he started counting money. Then his agile fingers would flick off a stack of greasy bills with the speed of an expert card mechanic. Mac could tell you today's market price, yesterday's market price, and the price on any given day over the past fifteen years.

Gerard, feeling entirely helpless, had turned away from Lon and old Dave Greer, not knowing what to do or where to go. He had seen Mac sitting behind the window, and there was nothing of warmth or sympathy there to help him. He was about to turn away when he saw Paul Greer coming toward the office.

PAUL was tall and gracefully thin. His movements were quick but controlled, like a good athlete's. He was good-looking, in a regular-featured way, and his tousled blond hair made him look younger than his twenty-five years. He seemed to be lost in thoughts of his own, because he didn't even see Gerard until the boy spoke. Then he stopped.

"Oh, hello, Gerard. Come to see the fun?"

Gerard tried to steady his voice: "It's about Charlie, Paul."

"Charlie?"

"My—my calf."

"Oh. Selling him?" Paul asked casually.

"We—we have to."

"Ought to bring a good price by now," Paul said. He patted Gerard's shoulder. "Be seeing you," he said. He walked away, leaving Gerard with a feeling of complete

desertion. Paul went into the office.

"Hi," Mac Sperry said.

"Hi," Paul said. It was an automatic response. He was looking past Mac at a girl who sat behind a desk at the rear of the office.

"You hear Hal Watson lost fourteen head of Black Angus last night?" Mac asked.

"I heard." Paul was still looking at the girl, who seemed suddenly busy with the papers on her desk.

"Cops don't seem to be getting anywhere with this racket," Mac said. "Most likely in on it themselves, he added cynically.

"Most likely," Paul said, almost as if he hadn't heard. He walked past Mac toward the rear of the office.

Esther Mulloy saw him coming. She was an uncommonly pretty girl, without affectations. Her job was to enter the figures from the auctioneer's clerk's sheets onto the company books. Her job didn't begin until the sales actually started in the ring.

Paul stopped by her desk and stood looking down at her. "I'm sorry about last night," he said.

"It's all right, Paul."

"I meant to call you, but I didn't have a chance."

"It's all right."

"Esther—"

"Yes, Paul?"

"I—I wish I could explain."

"When you're ready," she said steadily.

A door slammed behind them, so loudly that Paul turned. A dark-haired young man wearing blue jeans, a dark blue shirt, leather jacket, and a battered felt hat had come into the office. He walked straight back toward Paul and Esther, his eyes blazing. He ignored Paul.

"Where were you last night, Esther?" he demanded.

The girl's lips tightened into a straight line. "I'm afraid that isn't any concern of yours, Hal," she said.

HAL WATSON dropped his cigarette on the floor and crushed it out under his heel. "I'm past being jealous," he said. "This is more important than that."

"It's still none of your business," Esther said.

Hal Watson turned on Paul, whose face had gone chalky white. "Are you claiming you were with her?" he demanded.

Paul's fists were clenched at his side. "I'm not claiming anything," he said in a low voice.

Watson turned back to Esther: "Were you with him?"

"It's still none of your business, Hal," she said.

Watson leaned forward, as though Paul wasn't there. "Stay clear of this, Esther."

"Stay clear of what?"

"It doesn't matter how I feel. I guess you know. I'm not a good loser. I hate his hide. But I wouldn't be out to get him, just on that account."

"Wouldn't you, Hal?"

"Okay—you think I'm that kind of a heel. But I don't want you hurt." Watson faced Paul. "I've had my eye on you, Paul, for a long time. Your old man has a lot of influence in this neck of the woods. The police wouldn't dream of looking in your direction. But I would!"

Paul just stood there, motionless, pale, silent.

Watson turned back to Esther: "I want you out from under, Esther, when the roof falls in. They took me last night. Fourteen head! Well, I've had my eye on Paul for a long time, and now I'm going to get him!" He faced Paul again, waiting for an answer. When he didn't get one he turned and walked out of the office.

"Paul!" Esther said. "You didn't even answer him. He was accusing you!"

Paul looked at her, misery in his blue eyes. Then he, too, turned and walked away without a word. . . .

NUMBER 582 was a long way from the top of the list, and Gerard, his throat still aching from the constriction of the muscles, knew what he must do. He must spend whatever time there was left with Charlie. He began a kind of half frightened search, through the labyrinth of alleyways between stalls and pens, to locate the place where the veal calves waited their turn to go on the block. He found it, after wandering through the horse sheds, the pens for beef cattle, the hog pens, because of Charlie's plaintive wailing. Gerard knew that sound as well as he would have known his own mother's voice. Several hundred other calves were bawling, but Charlie's special bleat of greeting was distinctive—at least to Gerard.

The veal calf pen was at the very farthest end of the string of buildings and sheds. Just opposite it was a series of box stalls, or single pens. The very last one in the row contained a wild-eyed cow, which was trying with a kind of methodical fury to kick down the rails of the pen. Gerard walked warily past this stall to where Charlie, as if by a sure knowledge of the need for self-preservation, had got just as far to the rear of the pen as he could. Gerard reached his hands through to Charlie, and Charlie licked them with his tongue, rough as sandpaper. Gerard felt as though his heart would burst. It was as though Charlie knew what was coming and was pleading with him.

Gerard climbed over the fencing and into the pen. He had often sat with Charlie in his stall at home. Now they were surrounded by hundreds of other churning, frightened animals. Gerard wedged his back against the corner made by the wall and the fencing. Then he slid down into a sitting position on the soft shavings.

Charlie nuzzled him, and then knelt down on his uncertain front legs. Finally he plopped all the way down and let Gerard stroke his hard forehead.

Somewhere in the distance Gerard heard a sound, vaguely familiar. It was like the tobacco auctioneers on the radio. Lon Sanders had begun his grueling day's work of selling hundreds of items, one by one. It had a strange lulling, soothing sound, even though it spelled the approach of tragedy. The truth was, Gerard had not slept the night before from worrying about Charlie. Now Charlie lay quite still and Gerard put his head down on Charlie's shoulder, and presently he slept.

That was when he dreamed the dream about the man with the hook taking Charlie away. That was when he woke, and climbed the fence, and was seized from behind, and saw old Mr. Greer being trampled by the wild-eyed cow. . . .

The air in the sales ring was fetid with the smells of stale tobacco, sweating animals, wet wool from the clothes of those who had come in out of a late afternoon rain, and disinfectant required by law in the surrounding pens. Three hours had gone by since Lon Sanders, along with his clerk, had taken their places behind the auctioneer's counter. The deep, rumbling voice had gone on continuously for that time, except for one or two brief breaks when Lon was called outside, disposing of poultry, eggs, farm machinery, harnesses, blankets, and wagons. It had continued on with the sale of beef cattle, and went on now toward the end of the sale of horses. Beef cattle, horses, and veal calves went before the animals consigned for dairy sale because the buyers were different. Packing houses bought the first three items.

It was toward the very last of the horses that the ring man led in a heavy-legged work horse with great white globes for eyes. The animal was clearly blind.

"This one doesn't look so good," Lon Sanders said dryly. "In fact, he doesn't look good at all."

There was a murmur of appreciation from the crowd in the seats for the witticism.

"Who'll start this horse?" Lon droned. "There's still work in him. Work single or double. Got to be sound in wind and limb. Who'll start this horse? Do I hear forty? Do I hear forty?" He looked around. "He's got to go, boys. Let's see his mouth, Ed!"

The ring man pushed back the horse's heavy lips, revealing his teeth.

"He's got a fairly decent tooth, boys. A real decent tooth. Who'll start him? Do I hear forty? Do I hear forty?"

"Twenty dollars!"

Lon looked wounded. "Twenty dollars!" The sound of doom crept into his voice. "There's good news tonight! The price of hamburger's coming down." Then the monotonous babble started. "So I have twenty dollars—who'll give me twenty-one? I have twenty, who'll give me twenty-one? Twenty-twenty-one? Twenty-twenty-one? He's poor but honest, boys. Do I hear twenty-one? I have twenty, want twenty-one. Twenty, want twenty-one."

THE man with the hook walked in through the exit chute and went over to the counter. He stretched upward to whisper something to Lon, who stopped his cry for the moment. The ring man led the blind horse slowly around the ring. Suddenly Lon straightened up and brought his gavel down hard on the counter.

"Sold—to Ned Brown for twenty dollars!" He raised his huge bulk. "Ed, take over for me when you get rid of that piece of prime sirloin! Sorry, folks, but

when you gotta go, you gotta go," Sanders said.

He climbed down from behind the counter and followed the man with the hook out through the chute, slapping at the side of his leg with the natural wood cane.

As soon as they were out of sight of the crowd Hooks Jaeger turned to the auctioneer: "It's pretty bad, boss. He's ground to a pulp."

"What was he doing in the pen with that animal? Dave Greer wasn't here to buy."

"Got me, boss."

From down the alley came the frightened bellowing of a steer.

"How'd you happen to find him?" Lon asked.

"That cow Millbanks brought in. We had trouble unloading her and we stuck her off by herself. She's been raisin' Cain ever since she got here, gettin' the calves riled up. I went back to see if I couldn't quiet her down, and found him in with her."

"You left him in there?" Lon asked.

Jaeger stopped and faced the auctioneer. He scratched his cheek with the steel hook. "The cow didn't kill him, boss." He pointed to the iron-ferruled cane in Sanders' hand. "One of them, jammed several inches in between his shoulder blades and broke off."

Lon's face didn't change expression by a hair. "Maybe he fell on it."

"Maybe," Hooks said.

Lon pushed past him. "Nobody else around?"

"Only a kid," Hooks said. "The Richards boy. Came in with a calf and was hangin' around the calf pen. He heard the old man scream, he says. But he didn't see anything."

"We'll have to keep this quiet till the cops get here or we'll have a riot."

Lon moved with remarkable speed for his bulk down the last hundred feet of alley to the cow pen. He saw Gerard cowering against the far wall at the end of the alley, but he didn't stop. In the pen the cow had backed away from the remains of Dave Greer, her head lowered, snorting and pawing at the shavings. Lon reached for the catch on the pen door.

"Don't go in there with her alone, boss," Hooks warned.

Lon didn't answer. He swung the pen door wide and stepped in. The frenzied cow bellowed loud and reared up on her hind legs.

Lon raised his massive right arm and struck the animal a slashing blow over the nose with the crooked end of his cane. It seemed to take every ounce of fight out of the animal.

"Run her into the pen with the other beef animals," Lon said. He walked around and slapped the cow on the rump with his bare hand. Meekly, the cow ambled out into the alley. Lon knelt down beside Dave Greer's crumpled body. If there was a piece of cane stuck in the man's back he couldn't see it, because old Mr. Greer lay on his back, staring with one sightless eye at the whitewashed ceiling. The other eye had been obliterated by the pounding hoofs.

Lon knelt there without touching the body.

"So you had methods of your own, Dave," he muttered. "Too bad you didn't get to tell me about 'em." He lurched upward onto his feet and walked out into the alley.

Hooks came back after having disposed of the cow. "Doctor?" he asked.

"Are you kidding?" Lon said. "Get Mac to call the trooper barracks and tell 'em there's been an accident. And keep your mouth shut, Hooks. The sale has to go on, you know. We don't want all the buyers out here gawkin'."

"You're the boss," Hooks said, and started away.

"And, Hooks! Paul Greer is around somewhere. I saw him earlier. Send him in here."

Lon fumbled in the pocket of his old raincoat and produced a package of gum. He unwrapped a stick, carefully, and put it in his mouth. Then he turned, like an engine in a roundhouse, and faced Gerard, who all this time had remained silent, flattened against the far wall at the end of the alley.

"Mind if I have a word with you, Mr. Richards?"

It was as though being spoken to released Gerard from some kind of spell. He came forward and stood in front of Lon, his eyes lowered.

"You must have had a pretty bad time, Mr. Richards," Lon said.

The small hands were knotted into fists, and the thin shoulders shook.

"I understand you were back here keepin' that animal of yours company," Lon said. Gerard nodded.

"You hear or see anything?"

"I—I heard him scream—twice," Gerard whispered.

"But you didn't see nothin'?" the big man persisted.

Gerard looked up at the pale blue eyes. "I didn't *see* anything, sir," he said. "Not till the man with the hook came and f-found Mr. Greer."

"That's all you saw, Mr. Richards?"

"I s-saw the cow—t-trampling him, sir."

Lon's jaws moved on the stick of gum, as he looked thoughtfully at the boy. There was no chance to talk further because excited voices sounded at the far end of the alley. Lon turned, and saw Paul Greer running toward them, followed by Joe Lucas and Hooks.

Everyone knew about Paul Greer. He wasn't really a Greer at all. Old Dave and his wife had never had any children. It was one of those tragedies that seem most often to happen to people who really want kids. Paul had been adopted when he was a small boy, and he'd been the apple of old Dave Greer's eye. So much so, people said, that old Dave didn't notice that Paul wasn't much like a Greer.

Paul had had every chance: gone to school and to agricultural college. Some day the big Greer farm would be his. But Paul was wild, people said; liked the girls. He'd be out till all hours, which is no way for a farmer. Old Dave didn't know what went on with Paul, they said, especially of late. Dave didn't know, they

The Month's American Mystery Novel
begins on page 136

said, that Paul was drinking a lot and that his company wasn't of the best. He was even giving Esther Mulloy a hard time; a fellow should see more of the girl he's going to marry, and not stand her up on dates or take her to places a fellow wouldn't take a nice, decent girl. It was too bad, they said, that she couldn't see the good in Hal Watson, a steady fellow more her kind.

Paul brushed past Lon now and went into the pen without saying a word. Just inside the gate he stopped and stared down at his foster-father's body. Then, suddenly, he turned away, rested his arm on the top rail of the pen, and buried his face against it. The others watched him, silent, expectant. At last he lifted his head and faced them.

"Why have you left him there?" he asked. His voice was harsh and unsteady.

"We've sent for the troopers, son," Lon said.

"Does he have to lie there in shavings and manure?" Paul demanded.

"The cow didn't kill him, son. Hooks saw a piece of a cane rammed in his back and broke off. We figured he shouldn't be touched till the troopers got here."

"You can cover him, can't you?" Paul said.

Lon made a gesture to Hooks, who went off in search of a blanket. No one spoke again. Joe Lucas stared down at the body, whistling, off-key, between his teeth. Joe never was much of a one for talk. He was dark, loose-jointed, laconic. People said he'd been good to the widow Richards, giving her a lot of free time when he could have been making overtime on his truck-driving job for Lon.

Joe seemed, suddenly, to become aware of Gerard. He walked over to him, and knelt down in front of him.

"You saw it happen, kid?" he asked.

Gerard shook his head. "I heard it, but I didn't see anything, Joe."

"What did you hear, kid?"

"I heard him scream. I—I was back in there with Charlie."

"But you didn't see anyone around?"

"I didn't see anyone. I didn't see anyone at all, Joe."

Joe stood up. "Your mother'll have my hide for letting you in for this. Not that I could help it."

Hooks came back down the alley with a red plaid carriage robe. He started into the pen with it, but Paul took it away from him and gently covered the body.

"I'll stay with him till the troopers come," he said to Lon.

"I guess we'll all stay, son," Lon said. "Hooks, you kind of hang around the end of the runway and see we don't collect a crowd."

"You're the boss," Hooks said again, and went away.

"I'd kind of like to get the kid out of here," Joe Lucas said. "It's no place for him."

Lon tugged at his lower lip. "I guess

you could take him outside somewhere," he said. "Only, he's a kind of a witness, Joe. The troopers'll want to talk to him. So don't take him far."

"I'd rather stay here, sir!"

Lon looked down and saw Gerard standing very close to him, a pleading look in his eyes. "It's not going to be pleasant, Mr. Richards."

"I'd rather stay here, sir."

"It's no place for you, kid," Joe said. "You come with me. Your mother'll have my hide if I let you stay here."

"Please, sir!" Gerard said to Lon.

Lon scowled down at him. "I tell you what, Mr. Richards. You go out for a stroll around with Joe, and then as soon as the troopers get here they'll be wanting you back. Probably ten minutes or so."

"Run along, Gerard," Paul Greer said.

JOE LUCAS took Gerard's arm and led him away. Lon watched them go from under his heavy, hooded lids. Then he turned to Paul Greer. "Wanted to talk to you alone, son, while I had a chance," he said.

Paul's face twisted with a spasm of pain. "I was just talking to him. Not half an hour ago!"

"I was talkin' to him, too, earlier," Lon said. "We were talkin' about these truck rustlers. They got Hal Watson last night—fourteen head."

"Oh?" Paul said.

"Dave said he was tired of the way the troopers were handling things," Lon said. "He told me he was goin' to use his own methods. Got any idea what they were, Paul?"

"No," Paul said, looking down at the toes of his heavy boots.

"He must have talked to you, son."

"No."

Lon chewed his gum for a moment, his big fingers fiddling with the watch chain across his stomach. "I figured maybe he was gettin' on the trail of someone," he said slowly. "No use pretendin', Paul. He was murdered. You know any other reason why somebody'd be out to get him? He was liked around here, well liked."

"No."

"Look, son, I'm your friend. I was Dave's friend. No reason to clam up on me."

Paul looked straight at him. "If I had the answers, Lon, I'd give them to you. I don't know who killed him or why. I wish I did."

"Maybe we can give 'em to you," a voice said, from behind Lon.

The big man turned, and found Hal Watson and Mac Sperry, the cashier, standing there. Watson's eyes were dark with anger.

"He wishes he had the answers!" Watson said. "That's a laugh. Tell 'em, Mac. If I do, they'll say I'm gunning for him on account of Esther."

Mac Sperry chewed on the dry straw in the corner of his mouth.

"What are you doin' away from your window, Mac?" Lon asked.

"Esther's took over," Mac said. "I figured we ought to tell you what we heard. Hooks phoned the troopers from the office; that's how I knew what'd happened."

"What's that got to do with Paul here?"

"'Bout an hour ago," Mac said, "I was helping load the poultry crates, like I always do. Met Hal out there, and we started back towards the office together. Talking about his cattle that was stolen last night. We was just by the Number Four dock when we heard a couple of guys arguin'." Mac took the straw out of his mouth and pointed it at Paul. "Him and old Dave."

"You couldn't help hearing them," Hal said.

Lon's pale blue eyes shifted to Paul, who stood there, staring down at his boots. "Were you arguin' with Dave, Paul?"

"What can he say?" Watson said. "We both heard them."

"Old Dave said he was through with him," Mac said. "Somethin' about he'd given him everything and this was how he got paid back."

"How?" Lon asked.

"Didn't say," Mac said. "Paul give as good as he was gettin', and with interest. He told the old man to lay off or he'd let him have it, even if he was an old man."

"He wasn't that delicate," Watson said. "He told him he'd kill him if he didn't lay off!"

"That right, Mac?" Lon asked quietly.

"I guess it is," Mac said. "'Course he was mad. I don't say as he meant it. You know how it is when you're mad."

"Look in that pen and you'll see how it is!" Watson said. "There've been rumors about Paul for a long time—the kind of people he was hanging out with. He couldn't wait for the old man to die. He wanted money now. Ask him where he was last night when my cattle were stolen. Check back with him on the other thefts. I'll bet my life that's what he and the old man were talking about. Dave had caught up with this louse. He would have turned him in."

Lon turned to Paul: "Well, son?"

Paul Greer didn't face his accusers. "Would you expect me to admit he's telling the truth?" he asked. "And if I told you he's lying, would you believe me?"

Watson moved forward so that there was no way for Paul to avoid him. "You've been coming to these auctions ever since we were kids, Paul. You and I both. When you were ten years old the old man gave you a cane, like all the traders carry. For fifteen years you've carried that cane every Tuesday afternoon of your life. I saw you had it earlier today. Where is it now? You're not carrying your cane now!"

Paul looked down at his hands as though surprised to find the cane wasn't there.

"I'll tell you where it is!" Watson said. "It's broken off in the old man's heart! That's where it is."

Paul's punch started from way back, but it never reached its mark. Lon's left hand grabbed his arm before it could land. The strength of his grip must have been enormous to stay the momentum of the swing.

"Now we'll get to the bottom of this nice and peaceful, Paul," he said. "Nice and peaceful, if you don't mind." . . .

GERARD'S hand was a small ice cube reposing in Joe Lucas's firm grip, and Gerard's heart pounded against his ribs as they emerged from the end of the alley and stepped out onto the deserted loading docks. It was almost dark outside, and floodlights, fixed on the building and circling the yard, illuminated the hundreds of parked trucks. In the background the substitute auctioneer was rattling on, a high-pitched tenor in con-

"Hurry up, Leroy! Here comes the school bus"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BILL HARRISON

trast to Lon's rich baritone. He had just started the first lot of veal calves.

Just across the yard Gerard saw that the peddler was doing a brisk business in bright-colored shirts and weatherproof jackets. The rain had stopped, but there were still puddles on the ground, reflecting the light from the floods.

"Let's take a walk around, kid," Joe said.

"No! Please, Joe!" Gerard said.

Joe looked at him. "What's the matter with you, kid? We'll take a look at things. It will take your mind off—that back there."

"I'd rather stay here, Joe."

"What ails you?" Joe sounded exasperated.

WHAT ailed Gerard was pure, unadulterated, stomach-turning fear. Because Gerard knew who had killed old Dave Greer: the man who had grabbed him from behind, and whispered to him, "What did you see, kid? What did you see?" That same man had struck him, flat-handed, alongside the head and knocked him on his face in the shavings, so that Gerard had only heard the sound of his escaping footsteps and hadn't seen him. But Gerard knew who it was. Charlie had told him. Charlie had told him just as surely as if he had been able to speak the name, like a person.

Charlie had that special bleat of greeting. For months Gerard had heard it every time he approached the shed where Charlie was kept back home. He always had it for Gerard and for his mother, and for the one other person who ever cared for him—Joe Lucas. When Gerard had waked from his sleep in the calf pen, Charlie had been gone, but Gerard had heard him saying hello to someone. Charlie would never have left Gerard except to greet a friend, and the only other friend he had in this terrible place was Joe Lucas!

"Let's walk around," Joe said, tugging at Gerard's hand.

Gerard knew what would happen. Joe would take him out behind the trucks, out into some dark recess of the yard, and there make sure that he never told anyone what only he and Charlie knew. Joe had never been so thoughtful of him before, Gerard knew. Usually he was telling Gerard not to bother him and to get out of his way and not to ask so many questions. Now he was being kind and thoughtful; and Gerard knew that it was a fraud.

"Couldn't we go in and watch the auction, Joe?" Gerard asked.

"They're starting the veal calves," Joe said. "You don't want to watch that, do you? You don't want to see them sell Charlie, do you?"

They would sell Charlie, the only other witness, and then Joe would take care of him, Gerard told himself, and no one would ever know who'd killed old Dave Greer. Gerard's mind raced over a dozen impossible methods of escape and then lit on a simple one.

"I have to go to the bathroom," he told Joe.

The rest rooms were built in sheds at one end of the row of green-and-white buildings. Joe didn't seem to suspect. He took Gerard over to the sheds and told him he'd wait outside for him. Gerard went in with only one thought in mind. There had to be a back way out! He would get away and hide somewhere until Lon Sanders, or the troopers, found out it was Joe and arrested him.

Gerard couldn't tell them, he knew. They wouldn't believe him when he said that Charlie had told him. They'd let Joe go free until they found some other evidence, and Joe would surely take that chance to kill him. Gerard knew he could expect no help from anyone. They wouldn't believe him until it was too late.

Escape from the rest room turned out to be unexpectedly simple. There was an exit at the back into the main buildings. Gerard stepped through the door and found himself very near the sales ring. He saw the rows of people seated around the ring, saw Esther Mulloy's anxious face behind the glass of the cashier's window. He saw a calf come into the pen that was really the great scales, and saw the big, black needle registering his weight.

"I got three hundred of these veal calves to sell," the assistant auctioneer announced, "and I don't aim to take over an hour doin' it. So liven up out there, men!" Then he began the meaningless babble of the calling.

Gerard had no time to waste. He looked around, and saw that there was a narrow opening to one side of the rows of seats, just about wide enough for him to squeeze through. No one was paying any attention to him; they were watching the calf in the ring. Gerard wedged his way through the opening and found himself in a large space under the seats. It was littered with trash: cigarette butts, candy wrappers, pop bottles. In one corner was a stack of mildewed feed bags. Gerard headed for these, burrowed his way under them, and pulled a sour-smelling piece of burlap over his head.

The sounds of the auction went on around him. . . .

SERGEANT FINNEY, of the State Troopers, waited at the gate to the pen, tapping a cigarette on the back of his hand, as the doctor finished his examination of Dave Greer's body. Finally the doctor rose, dusting off his hands.

"Nothing more I can do here," he said. "Can't make a definite report without an autopsy, but I'll say this—if the cane was in him before he was trampled on, it killed him. But the trampling would have killed him, too. Broke darn' near every bone in his body."

"Why would anyone jab the cane in him afterwards?" Finney asked.

"That's your department," the doctor said. "Get the body down to the undertaking parlor and I'll let you know in a couple of hours for sure. Right now I'd say he was murdered by the cane being rammed clean through his heart. . . . Be seeing you, Sergeant." The doctor nodded to Lon, chewing on his cud of gum, to Paul and Hal Watson and Mac Sperry, and went off, carrying his little black bag.

Finney turned to Lon. "How do you figure it, Lon?" he asked.

The auctioneer drew a long, wheezing breath. "Got to figure it by things you know, Finney. I knew Dave Greer. He wasn't no spring chicken any more, but he'd never of turned his back on any man who was lookin' for trouble. Whoever skewered him with that cane, sneaked up on him. Otherwise, Dave would have got it in front. That's the kind of man he was."

"So he was killed and dragged in here so it'd look like a trampling," Finney said.

"With that cane in his back?"

"It broke off. Maybe the murderer figured on pulling it out after he got in the pen. Maybe that crazy cow scared him off, or maybe he heard someone coming."

"Maybe," Lon said.

"You don't go along with it?" the trooper asked.

"I figure it happened right here," Lon said. "The boy heard him scream. Heard him scream twice. I figure that was when he got it from behind. Then the killer pushed him into the pen with the cow. The cane broke off in the wound and he didn't have any time to pull out the piece that was left in."

"What boy?"

"The Richards kid," Hal Watson said. "HE's around when you want to talk to him," Lon said. "Claims he didn't see anything. But he heard Dave scream. He was over there in the veal calf pen with an animal he'd brought in."

"What would Greer be doing back here?" the trooper asked.

Lon shrugged. "It's a public place, Finney."

"I'll tell you what he was doing here," Watson said. "He and Paul were having their argument in the Number Four dock. That's right at the end of this alley. Dave walked away from Paul—just trying to get away from him. Paul followed him down here and let him have it."

"Got anything to say about that, Paul?" Finney asked.

Paul Greer just shook his head.

"One thing, Lon," Finney said. "Most of the canes these fellows carry have no tips on 'em, or rubber tips. I notice yours has an iron ferrule. It would have to be one like that you could use as a weapon. What's the idea of the sharp point?"

"I bought half a dozen of 'em, oh, fifteen years ago," Lon said. "They was made for mountain climbing. Caught my fancy. Turned out to be handy, wintertimes. Lot of snow and ice around pastures where you go to look at animals."

"And it was one of those canes Dave Greer gave Paul," Watson said.

"Your cane has one of those iron points?" Finney asked Paul.

"You've heard from the star witness for the prosecution," Paul said.

Lon nodded slowly. "No use arguin' that one, son," he said. "I gave one of them canes to Dave, and I remember he passed it on to you."

"Where is it?" Finney asked.

"I don't know," Paul said.

"He had it earlier this afternoon," Watson said.

"How about it, Paul?"

"I had it," Paul said. "But I don't

The Month's American Mystery Novel

begins on page 136

know where it is now. I must have put it down somewhere."

Lon slapped his own cane against his leg. "Couldn't tell one of those canes from another," he said, "unless a fellow happened to cut or burn his initials into it."

"Is yours marked, Paul?" Finney asked.

"No," Paul said.

"Tryin' to remember where they all went," Lon said. "There's mine and Paul's. Gave one to a horse dealer over in Kent—fellow's out in North Dakota now. There's one hung around the office a while and somebody snitched it. Never saw it again."

"That was over eight years ago," Mac Sperry said.

"Recollect I gave the other two to dealers from out of state. One of 'em's dead; the other I haven't seen for years."

"So there were yours and Paul's," Finney said.

Lon smiled faintly. He held up his stick. "And which one would you say this is?"

"What're you trying to confuse things for, Lon?" Watson demanded.

"I just ain't a conclusion-jumper, Hal, that's all," Lon said. "Could you swear this isn't Paul's cane?"

"No-o," Watson said. "But you could. I bet it hasn't been out of your hand all day. Never saw you without it."

"Might not be a bad idea to go after facts instead of guesses," Lon said. "I think Dave was killed by someone he'd caught up with in this cattle-rustling business."

"And I say that was Paul," Watson said. "I can produce evidence to show that—"

"And I think," Lon interrupted smoothly, "that Richards kid knows something he isn't telling. Didn't act natural. Maybe he's thought it over now and will do a little talking."

"You think he saw something, Lon?" Mac Sperry asked.

"I think he was holding something back—I don't know what. You better get back on the job, Mac. With Paul here in trouble, I've got a hunch Esther's figures might be kind of haphazard." . . .

Sergeant Finney was not a brilliant man, but he was an honest, thorough police officer. In the small towns he covered from the barracks he was more than an instrument of the law. If you were a man in his position you got to know people. You took the drunks home instead of arresting them. You listened to the hard-luck stories, almost like a priest. You used your judgment, except where infractions of the law were clear. Reckless driving was something you tried to cure before you punished it. You got to be a real part of the community. Finney was liked, and he had been respected a hundred per cent until this cattle stealing had begun a few months back.

It had broken out like a rash. From the evidence of tire tracks and cut wires it was clear that trucks backed up to the pastures in the dead of night and took the cattle. There were never more taken than could be managed in one truckload, but the plague was persistent. Ten here tonight; a dozen fifty miles away tomorrow night; fifteen at the opposite end of the county the next night. The trouble was not limited to Sergeant Finney's jurisdiction alone. It was going on all over New England, and parts of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Consultations with other State Police officials had brought about the conviction that there was some kind of syndicate at the head of this modern rustling enterprise.

Roads were patrolled, but with limited forces; it seemed the thieves always avoided the area where the patrols were in operation. A careful check of all-night diners, the hangouts of truck drivers on the road, revealed nothing. No strange trucks had appeared at separated places which in any way checked with the thefts. Road-blocks at unexpected locations had produced no results.

Farmers had begun to offer violent protests to the higher-ups in the Trooper barracks. Some groups of farmers had banded together to hire private investigators. Local sheriffs had organized posses to patrol the countryside. The men would be out for nights on end, and then gradually the force would dwindle, as nothing happened. At just that moment the thieves would strike again.

Old Dave Greer had been one of the leaders among the farmers who had decided to take matters into their own hands. Dave had been fair enough.

"I know what you're up against, Finney," he'd said. "I know you're trying your best. But maybe we can find our own ways."

Time had gone by, and only a week ago Finney had seen Dave, and Dave had seemed optimistic. "I think we've got a lead," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if something would break pretty soon. When it does, we'll want you in on it, Finney. Need the law on our side. Be waiting to hear from me."

So Finney had heard from him—dead, stabbed in the back, his body trampled almost out of recognition. One thing Sergeant Finney was certain of: Lon was right. Old Dave had been killed because he was on the trail of the cattle thieves.

Finney took Paul Greer into the office back of the salesroom. It was the only place you could shut yourself away from people. Business had to go on at the window, but Mac Sperry and Esther Mulloy were handling that, Mac counting his endless stacks of bills. Finney took over Esther's desk at the back of the office where he could see everyone who might come in. He sat Paul down with his back to Esther and Mac.

"Cigarette?" Finney held out his pack.

"No, thanks," Paul said.

Finney lit one and leaned back in the chair. "Small towns aren't like any other place, Paul. You get to hear everything. It would knock your eye out if you could see the stack of complaints that come into our office—busybodies trying to get the law to interfere in private goings-on. Yes, sir, we get to hear everything."

Paul stared down at his boots in silence.

"You've been on the outs with Dave, lately," Finney said. "I've heard it in a dozen places. What was the trouble?"

"There was no trouble," Paul said.

"Then you weren't quarreling with him this afternoon?"

"No."

"Then what was it Mac and Hal Watson heard?"

"We were having an argument. We weren't quarreling."

Finney sighed. "You've been seen in a lot of strange places lately, Paul. Eating places out of town—bars, juke-box joints. You never used to go out that way."

"Is there a law against it?" Paul asked.

Finney shook his head. "I thought I knew you, Paul. I figured you for a steady, hard-working, progressive young farmer. I figured you and Esther'd get married, settle down, and take over old Dave's place. Lately—well, I don't know."

"My life is my own as long as I don't break the law, isn't it?"

"That's where we're at now, Paul," Finney said. "Was that your cane that was used to kill Dave?"

Paul looked straight at him. "I don't know. I don't know where my cane is. But I didn't use it to kill him, Finney."

"You didn't follow him from the Number Four dock down to the veal calf pen?"

"No."

"Where did you go, Paul?"

"Out in the yard. I didn't go any place in particular."

"What was the argument about?"

Paul's lips tightened. "It was private and personal."

"About Esther?"

Paul was silent.

"I've heard Dave was upset over the way you've been treating Esther lately." Finney waited, but Paul didn't speak. "Okay, Paul; if you don't want to help yourself, I can't help you. For the time being you can figure yourself under arrest."

"On what charge?" Paul asked sharply.

Finney smiled at him. "Holding you as a material witness," he said. "Up to now you're the last person we know who saw old Dave alive. You can stay here in this office if you like. But don't take it into your head to take a powder on me. It would be just the same as a confession, Paul." . . .

Joe Lucas ran into Lon Sanders just inside the Number Four dock. "Darn' kid ran out on me," he said. "Went to the rest room, and came back into the buildings here. I don't know where he's got to."

Lon frowned thoughtfully. "Like to

find him, Joe. I've got a hunch he knows more than he told us."

"You think so?" Joe looked away from the pale blue eyes.

"If he does, it isn't exactly the safest thing for him to be running around loose."

"Safe?" Joe sounded startled.

"Somebody might want to shut him up," Lon said. "Let's circulate."

"Probably gone back to that calf of his," Joe said.

"Let's see."

Lon led the way back down the alley to the calf pen. The ring men were bringing them out now, one by one, to the sales ring and there was a great deal of stirring and confusion. Lon stood by the rail, looking in among the animals.

"Don't see him no place," he said.

One calf let out a particularly loud bleat and came over to where Lon and Joe stood. He stuck his nose through the rail and pushed at Joe. Joe rubbed his head, absently. "Charlie hasn't gone in yet," he said. "The kid would be with him if he was here."

"That the calf?" Lon asked.

"Yeah."

"Can you read the number on that ear clip?"

"Five eighty-two."

"Well, let's find the boy," Lon said.

They walked down to the end of the alley, where Hooks Jaeger still stood guard. "You haven't seen the Richards boy anywhere, have you, Hooks?"

"He came out of the rest room a little while ago," Hooks said. "Went in toward the sales ring."

"Probably got himself a box seat to see the calf sold," Lon said.

He and Joe walked in to the edge of the ring and looked up at the rows of seats. Gerard wasn't there. Lon spoke to one of the handlers standing by, and was answered with a shrug.

"I don't like it," Lon said.

He walked over to the office window and spoke to Mac and Esther, who were inside. Neither of them had seen the boy.

"Probably outside somewhere," Mac said.

Just then Hal Watson joined them. His lips tightened when he heard about the missing boy. His dark eyes moved to the back of the office where Paul Greer sat alone.

"Well, what are we standing around for?" Watson said. "Let's find him."

"Lend us a hand, Mac," Lon said. "You take over, Esther."

The four men crossed over to the end of the buildings.

"There's four rows of pens and stalls in these buildings," Lon said. "Let's each take a row and work from one end to the other. You take the outside, Mac. I'll take the next. You next, Joe, and then Watson."

"He's probably in the yard," Mac said, "listening to somebody's car radio."

Ten minutes later they met at the far end of the buildings. They had not found Gerard. Lon made no comment, but he stood for a long time, his chins sunk forward on his chest, thinking. "Probably scared," he muttered to no one in particular, "and hiding. Where would he hide? Some place small. Some place dark."

"Back of a truck," Watson suggested. "Maybe his own truck. Where is it, Joe?"

They went out into the yard, but Gerard wasn't in the Richards' pick-up. They looked around, a little staggered at the prospect of searching two hundred and fifty trucks. Watson, as if driven by some internal urge, moved on to the one that was parked next to the Richards truck, and then to the next, a bright red new pick-up.

"Lon!" Watson's voice was sharp and excited.

Lon walked over.

Watson was holding half of a cane—the crooked end—in his hand. His eyes glittered in the half darkness. "Look what I found here," he said.

Lon stared at the broken half of the cane. "Got any idea whose truck it is?" he asked.

Mac Sperry scuffed at the dirt with his shoe. "It's Paul Greer's," he said. "Just got it a week or ten days ago."

Lon's pale eyes were fixed, expressionlessly, on Watson. "Right handy for your cause, Hal, to find it in Paul's truck."

"You accusing me of framing him?" Watson blazed. "The next thing you'll be saying I stole my own cattle as a cover-up!"

"An interesting speculation, Hal," Lon said. He sighed. "Well, we better find Finney." . . .

In the cashier's office Esther worked at the window, accepting money from buyers and filling out their consignment slips. Two clerks working at desks behind her made the permanent records of the sales. Paul Greer sat alone at the far end of the room.

From her window Esther saw a consignment of a dozen calves brought into the ring to be sold in one lot. She knew this would take several minutes, and she asked one of the clerks to take her place at the window and went back to where Paul was sitting. He looked up at her, misery in his eyes.

"Why don't you tell them?" Esther asked quietly.

He looked startled. "Tell them what?"

She sat down on the edge of the desk, close enough so that her hand could rest on his shoulder. "I'm a peculiar type girl," she said. "I waited a long time to fall in love. I couldn't make a mistake about the man I love."

"Apparently you have," Paul said, without looking up.

"To coin a phrase—tell it to the Marines," Esther said.

"Do you have to have a blueprint?" Paul asked.

There was an old, wise look on Esther's young face. "You've stood me up eight times, by actual count, in the last month. You seem to have taken to drink. I hear your friends aren't above reproach. I don't believe what any of it seems to mean."

"Esther!"

"I know you, Paul. I know you've had a reason for behaving as you have. I know how you really felt about Mr. Greer. If you were heard quarreling with him, I think it was a fake."

Paul looked up at her, a kind of wonder in his eyes.

"I love you, darling," Esther said. "I know you. You don't have to tell me what it's all about if you don't want to. You see, I figured out long ago what you were up to."

"Esther!" he said, his voice low. "Esther!"

"Can't you tell Finney the truth?" Esther asked.

"I can never prove it, now."

"Why not?"

"Because Dad was the only other person who knew it."

"And I wouldn't be a good witness for you, would I?"

"Esther, I love you," Paul said quietly. "When I get untangled from this we won't wait. We won't wait at all."

"Any time, any place, mister."

The clerk at the window called Esther. She hesitated a second, rumpling Paul's hair with her fingers. Then she went back to her job. Paul reached for his cigarettes, and his eyes were very bright as he watched Esther at the window. Then they clouded over as the office door opened and Sergeant Finney came in. The trooper walked straight back to the desk and stood in front of Paul, his jaw set.

"What have you done with the boy?" Finney asked.

"What boy?"

"Stop stalling, Paul. Where's Gerard Richards?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Paul said. "The last I saw him Joe Lucas had him in tow."

"He ran away from Joe. You must have caught up with him."

"What do you mean—caught up with him?"

"We found your cane, Paul."

"Oh? Where was it?" Paul asked casually.

"The half of it that isn't in old Dave's back was in your pick-up," Finney told him.

Slowly, Paul rose to his feet. "What are you trying to pull off here, Finney?"

"Where's that boy?" the trooper demanded.

"Why don't you use your head?" Paul said, his voice rising. "He went out with Joe. You saw him go. I was with you. You brought me back here to question me, and I haven't left this office since."

Finney was silent, frowning. He was going back over it in his mind. Unless Paul had left the office in the last twenty minutes or so . . .

"Esther might lie for me," Paul said, "but not the other clerks. Ask them, why don't you?"

"Okay," Finney said. "Okay."

"Why would I want to harm the boy? I've always been fond of him," Paul said.

"The boy saw you kill Dave," Finney said.

"What!"

"You *were* close to the boy," Finney said. "I remember. He used to follow you around like a puppy."

"So what?"

"We had it figured wrong, that's all,"

Finney said. "We thought he was scared to talk, afraid someone might hurt him. It was because it was you—he didn't want to incriminate you. That's why he kept his mouth shut."

"Listen to me—just once!" Paul said. "I didn't kill Dad. Gerard didn't see me, because I wasn't there. Gerard isn't protecting me. If he did see something he may very well be in danger."

"I guess not," Finney said. "You and Dave quarreled, Paul, and you threatened him. Right?"

"I was heard, so I guess there's no use denying it," Paul said.

"It was your cane and we found the broken half in your truck. Sooner or later the kid will talk. Meanwhile, I'm taking you to the barracks."

"Still a material witness?"

"The charge is murder," Finney said.

"What are you going to do about finding the kid?"

"He'll turn up," Finney said. "Let's go."

THE trooper took Paul's arm and started him for the office door. Just as they reached it Lon Sanders wedged his bulk through it.

"I'm sorry it turned out this way, Paul," he said. "I'm real sorry."

Paul reached out and his fingers closed on the auctioneer's arm. "Lon! Don't stop looking for that boy," he said urgently. "Finney's making a fool of himself when he thinks Gerard's protecting me. If he saw something or knows something he's in trouble."

A small frown creased Lon Sanders' forehead. "I'd hate to think that, Paul."

"Well, *think* it! I don't care whether you believe me or not."

"You know how the kid idolized Paul," Finney said. "It's pretty clear the reason he was holding back was to protect Paul."

"It could be," Lon said thoughtfully. "I guess he'll turn up, all right."

Paul looked at Lon and saw the frown smooth out. Lon was satisfied. Paul moved, and it was lightning-fast. For an instant Lon was between him and Finney. In that instant he flung open the door and charged out through it.

"Paul!"

Finney reached for his holstered gun, and found Esther clinging to his gun arm.

"Are you out of your mind?" she cried. "Where can he go?"

"Sorry you did that, Esther," Finney said, shaking himself free. "It's aiding and abetting." Finney went racing out after Paul, blowing his whistle to summon his partner, who was out on the grounds.

Lon Sanders didn't move, not even when Esther tugged at his arm.

"Esther, get me the trucking records for the last month," he said, in a distant voice. "And the clippings on the cattle thefts."

"Lon! Are you just going to stand here? That crazy Finney may shoot Paul. Paul didn't kill Mr. Greer!"

"Do what I say, honey," Lon said gently. "I can't help Paul by runnin' after Finney. Can't run a lick." . . .

A calf staggered blindly down the alley and into the scale pen that was to the left of the sales ring. The pen door slammed behind him. The needle on the big, white face of the scales went to 140 pounds.

"Veal calf, Number 582," the assistant auctioneer droned. "Weight, one forty. Okay, boys, let him out."

The ring end of the pen was opened and the calf half trotted, half stumbled out into the ring. He opened his mouth and wailed.

Under the rows of seats Gerard pulled the mildewed bag off the top of his head. He would have known Charlie's voice anywhere. Peering out toward the ring, between the legs of people in the seats, he saw Charlie flouncing around the ring, while the auctioneer began his call. This was it. This was the end for Charlie.

Gerard crept forward until he could stare out between a pair of blue-jeaned legs. Charlie was so frightened. You could see it in his wide brown eyes and hear it in his constant bleating.

"I got sixty, who'll give me sixty-one? I got sixty, sixty-one; sixty, sixty-one. *And* I got sixty-one, who'll give me sixty-two? Sixty-two? I got sixty-two; sixty-three? Sixty-two; sixty-three? *And* I got sixty-three—who'll make it sixty-four? Sixty-three; sixty-four? Sixty-three, sixty-four? *And* I got sixty-four—"

The bidding on Charlie was brisk. He was a fine veal calf.

Gerard was so intent on the movements of the black-and-white calf in the ring that he wasn't aware of a sudden murmur of excitement that began to rise and grow outside the ring. He hardly noticed when the auctioneer pounded with his gavel and asked for a little quiet so the bidding could continue.

And then suddenly a man vaulted

"You hear or see anything?" the big man asked. "I—I heard him scream," Gerard whispered

over the fence into the ring and, slapping Charlie out of his way, climbed up beside the auctioneer. He raised his hands for silence. "Listen, folks! Listen to me a minute!"

Gerard saw it was Hal Watson. In the floodlights Watson looked deathly pale and there was a kind of feverish light in his eyes.

"While this sale has been going on," Watson said to the crowd, "Dave Greer was murdered—stabbed in the back—in one of the pens at the rear of the building."

Voices rose in a low hum of excitement.

"The troopers have arrested Paul Greer for the murder." Watson had to plead for silence after that. "Please, listen! A small boy—the Richards boy—saw the murder. He's missing. And Paul Greer has just escaped from the troopers. He's somewhere around here. He may have harmed the boy. We've got to find him. If we give him time to get away we may never catch up with him!"

Feet scuffled over Gerard's head. People started to climb down from the seats.

"Wait! Listen to me!" Watson shouted. "There's one other thing you should know: Dave Greer was killled because he knew who's been stealing the cattle in these parts. He found out it was his own son!"

THAT did it. The crowd stormed down out of the seats. Gerard heard himself trying to call out to Mr. Watson. It wasn't Paul Greer! Paul Greer wasn't the man in the alley. It was Joe—Joe Lucas. Gerard knew that because Charlie had told him.

But nobody could hear Gerard. Everything was forgotten except a man hunt for Paul Greer, who hadn't done anything. Even Charlie was forgotten, trotting in a frightened way around the ring. The place emptied as though it was on fire.

Gerard found himself deserted except for Charlie. He wriggled between the seats and out into the ring. For a moment Charlie didn't seem to recognize him, but when Gerard spoke to him softly he stood still and let Gerard come up to him. Gerard put his arm around Charlie's neck, and stood there, hanging onto him tightly.

"Gerard!"

The boy turned. Standing just outside the ring was Joe Lucas.

"Gerard! Where the heck have you been?" Joe asked, and started toward the ring.

It was made to order for Joe. There was no one in sight. Gerard could hear the excited voices outside on the grounds. No one would come back here. They knew Paul Greer wasn't in the sales ring.

Gerard let go of Charlie and started to move slowly, half backing, toward the scale pen.

"Gerard! Wait a minute!" Joe said sharply. He began to move faster. His hands were on the top rail of the ring fence and Gerard knew he would vault over it and come after him. Gerard turned and ran through the scale pen into the labyrinth behind it.

"Gerard!" Joe's voice was harsh and angry now.

The pens and alleys behind the sales ring were only dimly lit with low-watt electric bulbs. Gerard had no idea what led where, but to get out of the building seemed his one chance of safety. He heard Joe's heavy boots come clattering through the scale pen. He was only a matter of yards behind.

"Gerard! Wait a minute!"

Gerard's heart pounded painfully against his ribs. He started down one alley and saw, at a last merciful second, that it ran into a dead end. He cut the other way, slipped on some wet shavings, and fell flat on his face.

"Gerard!"

Gerard scrambled up. He was crying now, unashamedly. But he ran, with all the waning strength in his legs. At the end of a long alley he saw an open door and, beyond it, darkness. If he could just make it! Joe's footsteps were closer, running hard. It seemed to Gerard he could almost hear the sound of Joe's heavy breathing.

He got to the door, with Joe, swearing angrily now, only ten or fifteen yards behind him. Gerard dived out the door onto a muddy patch of earth. To the right was the brightly lighted yard, swarming with excited people. To the left was darkness behind the buildings. Gerard didn't have time to think. Darkness seemed safer, somehow, than people. Gerard cut to his left, tottering a little, because he couldn't breathe very well any more.

He heard a violent thud, and Joe's profanity reached a hair-curling peak. Joe had fallen when he hit the wet patch of mud.

Gerard rounded the building. He couldn't see anything. It was pitch-black. Almost at once he stumbled over some trash. The buildings were set in the shelter of a high embankment. Gerard tried to climb it, but loose gravel and earth gave way under his feet and he slid back down on his hands and knees.

"Gerard!"

JOE had not lost him. Joe was rounding the building, heading toward him in the darkness. A sob choked up out of Gerard's throat. He turned toward the building and saw an oblong outline of light surrounding what might be a loose-fitting door. It was set in a little alcove and Gerard made for it. He knew, somehow, that he couldn't go any farther. He huddled there in the darkness, praying that Joe wouldn't see him and would go on past him.

A strong gust of wind swept down the space behind the building. Behind him Gerard heard the squeak of rusty hinges. The wind, he thought, had moved the ill-fitting door. Worst of all, as the door came open, light from inside cast a dim glow over his hiding place. Then, just as suddenly, the door closed again.

"*Gerard!*" Joe's pounding boots were almost upon him.

And then the unbelievable happened. An arm went round Gerard from behind, pinioning him, and a calloused hand was clapped over his mouth. A hoarse voice whispered in his ear, a voice he would never forget. But not Joe's! *Not Joe's!* Joe was still a few yards away, calling to him.

"Now we'll really find out what you did see, kid," the voice whispered.

Gerard tried to call to Joe from behind the calloused hand; Joe, who had seemed so dangerous and who now seemed the only hope left him in this life. The hand dropped from his mouth, but he could make no sound, because the arm had gone round his throat, pulling his head back, choking the breath out of him. His eyes felt like hard marbles, about to pop out of his head. . . .

LON SANDERS sat at one of the desks in the office, hunched over a thick notebook filled with penciled notations. Beside the book on the desk was a stack of worn newspaper clippings. He seemed completely absorbed, oblivious of the excited shouts outside in the yard and of Esther Mulloy, who stood beside him, pounding frantically at his huge shoulders with her fists.

"You can't just sit here and let it happen, Lon! They'll kill him if they find him! It's a lynch mob!"

"Go away, honey," Lon said softly. He wet the point of a pencil with his tongue and made a note on a piece of blank paper.

"Lon! Listen to them! You're the only one who has any chance of stopping them!"

"*Go away, Esther!*" The pale blue eyes turned on her and there was a cold fury in them.

Esther, shocked by the violence of it, stepped away and stood staring at him, bewildered. Then she turned and ran out of the office and into the yard.

A crowd turned loose is a frightening thing. Esther paused on the elevation of the Number One dock and looked out over the flood-lit yard. Groups of men, most of them crudely armed with sticks, pieces of old iron, even lengths of chain, were roistering from truck to truck, searching. Many of the trucks had already been loaded with animals for the return journey. Over the deep-throated sound of human excitement, came the whinnying of horses, the mooing of cattle, the shrill barking of dogs that ran from group to group, caught up in the hysteria.

Beyond the perimeter of the light thrown by the floods, torches winked in the underbrush.

Someone spoke at Esther's elbow: "They'll get him. He hasn't got a chance."

It was Mac Sperry. "They've got roadblocks all round. Finney's sure he never had a chance to take off in a car, but they aren't running risks."

"Mac, isn't there some way this can be stopped?" Esther pleaded. "He didn't do it, you know. He's innocent."

"Why did he run, then?" Mac asked.

"Because he thought Gerard Richards was in danger and no one would listen to him!"

"You're a fine girl, Esther," Mac said. "Too bad you got tangled up with that no-good killer."

"He didn't kill anyone, Mac!"

Mac turned up his coat collar around

The Month's American Mystery Novel

begins on page 136

his neck. The night was damp and chilly. "Sorry, Esther. Facts are facts." He left her to join one of the groups of searchers.

There was only one note of hope, as far as Esther was concerned. Every minute that passed meant that Paul had somehow found himself a hiding place. He couldn't keep dodging three or four hundred men for long. The fact that they hadn't caught up with him meant there was a chance he had got away. It wouldn't mean much in the long run, but right now the hysteria of the crowd was far more dangerous to Paul than incriminating evidence.

Off to the right there were shouts of warning. Someone had lowered the tailboard of a truck, and a heavy work horse, rearing and plunging, had torn loose from his tie rope, jumped down off the end of the truck, and was running wild, plunging and kicking through the crowd. Men shouted and waved at the charging horse to turn him out of their paths. Esther saw an old man go down as the horse veered his course and ran straight over him. People gathered round. Another horse had broken loose from the same truck and was rearing and striking out with his front feet at a man who'd caught hold of his broken halter rope.

For a matter of minutes everyone in the center of the yard concentrated on catching and subduing the two horses. It was during those moments that Esther saw Hal Watson running toward her.

"Esther, go back into the office and stay there!" he shouted at her. His face was white and streaked with sweat. "It isn't going to be pretty when they find him."

"You started this!" she accused. "You've got to stop it."

"Esther! The man killed his own father! He stole my cattle! Right now he may be doing away with that Richards kid!"

"That's nonsense, and you know it."

"Well, I warned you," Watson said. He turned and trotted back across the yard. The two escaped horses were under control and were being led into one of the pens inside the building. The search for Paul Greer began again, under a new head of steam. . . .

GERARD opened his eyes in pitch-blackness. He had no idea where he was. Something was bound tightly over his mouth. He was lying on his back, and his arms, tied behind him, were bloodless and aching almost beyond endurance. He tried to move his feet. They were tied to something that felt like a metal bar. He tried to shift his position, and there was the creaking sound of protesting springs. He realized he was lying on some kind of broken-down bed. At the same moment that the springs squeaked, someone whispered in the darkness.

"Who's there?"

Gerard could only moan behind the gag. Someone stumbled against a piece of furniture, and a moment later hands touched Gerard, moved quickly over him as if trying to identify him by the feel. They moved up to the gag and pulled it down off his mouth. At the same moment a hand went over his mouth.

"Gerard?"

Gerard nodded his head violently.

"It's Paul," the voice whispered. Then the hand came away and Gerard was free to speak.

"Paul," Gerard whimpered. "I didn't see you. I swear it."

"Of course you didn't," Paul said. "I wasn't there." His fingers were working on the ropes that bound Gerard's feet. "Who brought you here, youngster? Who did this to you?"

"I don't know. Honest, Paul. All along I thought it was Joe. I was hiding from him, and then he saw me and I ran away because I thought it was him. Then someone else grabbed me from behind."

PAUL had the foot ropes untied. "Roll over on your stomach, and I'll get those hands untied."

"Are they—are they still after you, Paul?"

"Listen to them!" Paul said. They could hear the voices, still shouting, still excited.

"Where are we?" Gerard asked.

"It's a room at the back of the barns," Paul said. "Lon's truck drivers use it when they get in with a load too late to go home. There are a couple of makeshift beds in here."

Gerard was free, and Paul rubbed his arms to get the circulation started. It was funny, because it was so dark Gerard couldn't even see an outline of Paul, who was right beside him on the bed.

"What happened back there, Gerard, when Dad was killed?" Paul asked.

Gerard told him. How he'd heard the screaming, and how he'd suddenly been grabbed from behind and then knocked out. He told how the same thing had happened again.

"Gee, my throat's awful sore where he choked me," Gerard said.

Paul was silent for a moment, his hand resting reassuringly on Gerard's knee. "I ought to turn you loose and have you go straight to Lon Sanders or Finney and let them know you're safe," he said.

"Please, Paul, I don't want to go away from you," Gerard said. "If you'd come with me—"

Paul's laugh was short. "All I've got to do is show my face to that mob!"

"Why doesn't anyone look for you here?" Gerard asked.

"Because I ran out of the buildings. They probably think I headed for the woods."

"Were you here when *he* brought me in?" Gerard asked.

"Lord, no, Gerard! I wish I had been, because then we'd know. I doubled back in the building and was ducking around there till I found this place, a couple of minutes ago. I didn't know you were here till I heard you move." Paul brought his hand down on Gerard's knee. "Listen! He's going to come back, sooner or later, to make sure you're still tied up. Gerard?"

"Yes, Paul."

"Have you got what it takes to stay here with me? To wait for him?"

"I g-guess so, Paul—if you say so."

"I shouldn't let you. But—"

"Paul! Listen!" Gerard whispered.

They both sat still, scarcely breathing. Slow, heavy footsteps were coming along the corridor outside.

"Quick!" Paul whispered. "Stretch out on the bed with your hands under you again."

"What are you going to do, Paul?"

"I'll be by the door. When he comes in to take a look at you I'll take him. Hurry!"

Gerard lay down with his hands under him. He still couldn't see anything.

"Just lie perfectly still," Paul whispered. Then Gerard heard him move toward the door.

A moment later the door opened slowly, protestingly. There was hardly any light behind it, but there was just enough for Gerard to see who it was before the beam from a lighted torch suddenly blinded him. The huge figure of Lon Sanders filled the doorway.

The next moment the room was flooded with light and the door slammed shut behind Lon. Paul had spotted the light switch. At the same moment that he turned it on, he lunged at the auctioneer. His objective had been the iron-pointed cane Lon carried in his right hand. Paul was wiry and strong, but the big man stood like a colossus, his feet braced. Then he reached out with his left hand and pushed. It didn't seem to involve much effort, but Paul went hurtling back against the wall.

"So it *was* you!" Paul said, panting for breath.

"Don't be a fool," Lon said. "Is the kid all right?"

"Dad suspected you, Lon," Paul said, "when there was never any trace of out-of-town trucks. Who had trucks on the roads carrying livestock every day and night of the week in a half-dozen states? Who would stop one of your trucks loaded with cattle? Everyone knew you. Honest Lon Sanders!"

"I tell you, don't be a fool," Lon said.

PAUL seemed to be gathering himself together for another futile attack on the huge man at the door. The talk was calculated to let him choose his own moment.

"Who had an iron-pointed cane? You and I, Lon. You used yours, and when it broke, you picked mine up. You planted the broken piece in my truck. Then you let that mob loose on me. *You* could have stopped it, but you didn't. You let them get well started, and then you came here to finish off the kid. He saw you, didn't he, Lon? At least, you thought he did."

"Will you stop being an idiot?" Lon said. "I was on the stand all afternoon—"

"You often take a break—not more than a minute or two, but time enough. You could have had a confederate to warn you."

The two men stared at each other, mo-

tionless. Then Lon spoke again in his low, even voice:

"You're wrong, Paul. Your old man put me on the track. I said it had to be out-of-town trucks, and something about the way he answered me stuck in my head. I got thinking—just the way he did. My trucks, that pick up and deliver for this auction, could go anywhere, and nobody would question them. We're all over the county, all over five or six states, every day and night of the week. We know where the cattle are. We know the farms and the pasture lots just like the average man knows his own back yard. We could pick up cattle out of a pasture, drive 'em out of the county somewhere, transfer 'em to another truck, and go on about our legitimate business. If we were stopped by a road-block no one would suspect us. It could be worked, if you could reroute your trucks at the last minute to avoid trouble. And we *do* that! Our drivers call in every few hours to see if we want to reroute 'em in relation to new orders."

"So you're admitting it?" Paul said.

"I think it was my trucks," Lon said. "I've been checking our truck orders against the stealings. Each time one of our trucks was rerouted, it was into an area where a theft took place."

"You think you're going to get rid of me and the kid so we can't tell this?" Paul asked grimly.

"You know," Lon said. "I'm tempted to tell Esther Mulloy she's tied up to a muttonhead! I—" He stopped abruptly, his head turned to one side. "Now keep still, or I may polish you off."

Deliberately he reached out and turned off the light switch, plunging the place into darkness. Outside, hurried footsteps approached the door. The door opened quickly and closed again. There was an agonized cry of pain. . . . The light switched on, and Lon stood there, holding Mac Sperry, the cashier, by the wrist. Mac was groveling.

"Stop, Lon! You're breaking my arm! What's the matter with you?"

Lon did not release his grip. "I came back here looking for you and the kid, Mac. I finally figured it." He turned to Paul: "You might slap him over a little. This kind of rat may just as likely be carrying a gun."

"Don't let him near me!" Mac cried. "He's a killer!"

"Hogwash," Lon said.

Paul went over Mac. In his hip pocket was a small revolver.

Lon went on, "I been going over the books, Mac. I got the whole thing figured out. Now we'll do a little talkin' and find out who the big shots are who were paying you off."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Honest, Lon."

"Okay, let's go," Lon said. "I'll tell my side of the story to that crowd out there and let them judge."

"No!"

Gerard had slid down off the bed and gone over to stand beside Paul. "All the time I thought it was Joe," he said. "Because Charlie told me."

"You did right to run from Joe, son," Lon said. "Mac here was the brains, but it was Joe's truck that Mac always rerouted to the key spots."

Paul's jaw muscles rippled. "Which one was it, Lon? Tell me—which one?"

"I got the answer to that," Lon said. "I checked on Joe. When Dave was killed he was helping the handlers in the Number One dock."

"But Charlie!" Gerard said. "I heard him, and I knew it had to be someone Charlie knew—and there was only Joe."

"I'll tell you something about animals, Mr. Richards," Lon said. "An animal that's hand-raised, like your Charlie, will holler at any human bein' for help when he's in trouble. He gets to trust 'em. Maybe you and Joe and your Ma was the only ones he ever hollered at before, but that's because no one else was ever around him. Right? But down here he'd have hollered at anyone. You was asleep, Mr. Richards, and Charlie was in trouble. When he saw Dave Greer and Mac, here, in the alley he left you and went over to them. Like I said, he trusted people. There was never a calf yet could name a man—or tell time!"

Lon looked down at the groveling Mac Sperry. "How was it, Mac? We'll get it out of you if we have to pull it out!"

On his knees, Mac rocked back and forth with the physical pain of his fear.

"It was him," he said, nodding toward Paul. "All this play-actin' of his—hanging around saloons, talkin' loud about how he wanted to make a fast buck. It was an act that him and the old man figured out. Paul was tryin' to get in with the racket by talkin' out of turn."

Lon glanced at Paul, who nodded slowly.

"He and Dave were talkin' in the Number Four dock," Mac said. "I heard 'em when I went out to load the poultry crates. They were talkin' about your trucks, Lon. I figured the minute they started getting hot on that trail the whole thing would blow. I ran into Hal Watson and I took him back with me. I wanted a witness. Dave and Paul were still talkin', but they must have spotted me, because they started this fake argument. I was sure, then, they suspected me."

"We didn't, as a matter of fact," Paul said. "We thought it was you, Lon. But we figured Mac was loyal to you, and we thought if he overheard us he might go to you."

"It wouldn't have mattered, once you sprang it," Mac said. "I knew I had to act fast. I figured if I got rid of the old man and framed you for his killing, nobody would believe you. So I ditched Hal, went back to the Number Four dock. I figured on following Dave and knocking him out with a bailing iron or something. But you helped me, Paul. You'd left your cane hanging over the top of the dock rail. I saw old Dave walking down the alley to the veal calf pen."

Mac moistened his lips. "I—I took the cane and followed him. I crept up behind him and drove the cane into him. He—he screamed, something awful. I thought sure someone would come running. He staggered against the gate to the pen where that crazy cow was. I unlatched it and shoved him in.

"Then I saw this kid climbing over the fence from the calf pen. I didn't know if he'd seen me or not. I ducked down behind some baled hay, and when he walked past I grabbed him. The way he reacted I figured he hadn't seen anything. So I flattened him and got out of there before he could see who I was." Mac drew a gasping breath. "Soon as I could I told Joe. The kid had already given him the slip and we kept hunting for him. 'Course I had to keep showing up now and then, or you'd have got suspicious. Then Joe spotted the kid. He signaled me. The kid ran, and Joe followed him. I went to cover the back way in case he circled round, and he walked right into my arms. I brought him here."

"What I can't figure," Lon said slowly, "is why you didn't finish him off if you thought he knew. That mob out there would have pinned it on Paul."

"I wasn't sure," Mac said. "I had to find out. Then I heard someone coming. So I tied him up and beat it, figuring to come back."

"It must have been me you heard," Paul said.

"And you, son," Lon said to Paul. "You'd have saved a lot if you'd talked out about yourself."

"I know," Paul said. "But things happened so fast. I could see someone was planning to frame me. I thought if I kept my mouth shut I might catch him at the next move. Then when you found the planted cane in my truck, the boy was missing! It might have taken me hours to convince you. I couldn't risk what might happen to Gerard if he wasn't found fast!"

Lon looked at Mac. "Twenty years you been working for me, Mac. Why? Why?"

Mac's voice rose: "Years and years I been counting your money, Lon—thousands and thousands of dollars every day. I wanted some for myself. They were paying me well, the guys behind this racket. They—"

"Let's get out of here," Lon said. "I feel kind of sick." He yanked Mac to his feet. Then he turned to Paul. "You two better stay here till I get that mob quieted down and everything explained. I'll send Esther to you."

"I'm sorry, Lon," Paul said. "I'm sorry I had it wrong."

"Forget it, son. I am to blame in a way, letting it go on right under my big nose." He moved, and then stopped again. "And by the way, Mr. Richards, the money for that calf of yours is waiting for you in the cashier's office. Ninety-two dollars. Your Ma should be right proud of you."

"T-thank you, sir," Gerard said, his lips quivering.

Lon's pale eyes twinkled. "And when Paul and Esther are ready to take you home, Mr. Richards, you'll find that calf of yours in the back of Paul's truck." Lon's huge stomach jiggled in silent laughter. "A talking calf—even if it ain't so—ought to sort of be kept around as a curiosity is the way I figure it."

Then Lon walked out, dragging Dave Greer's murderer behind him.

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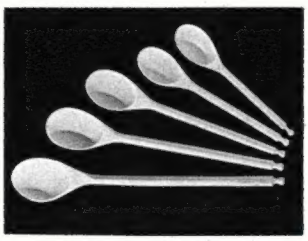

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